June 23, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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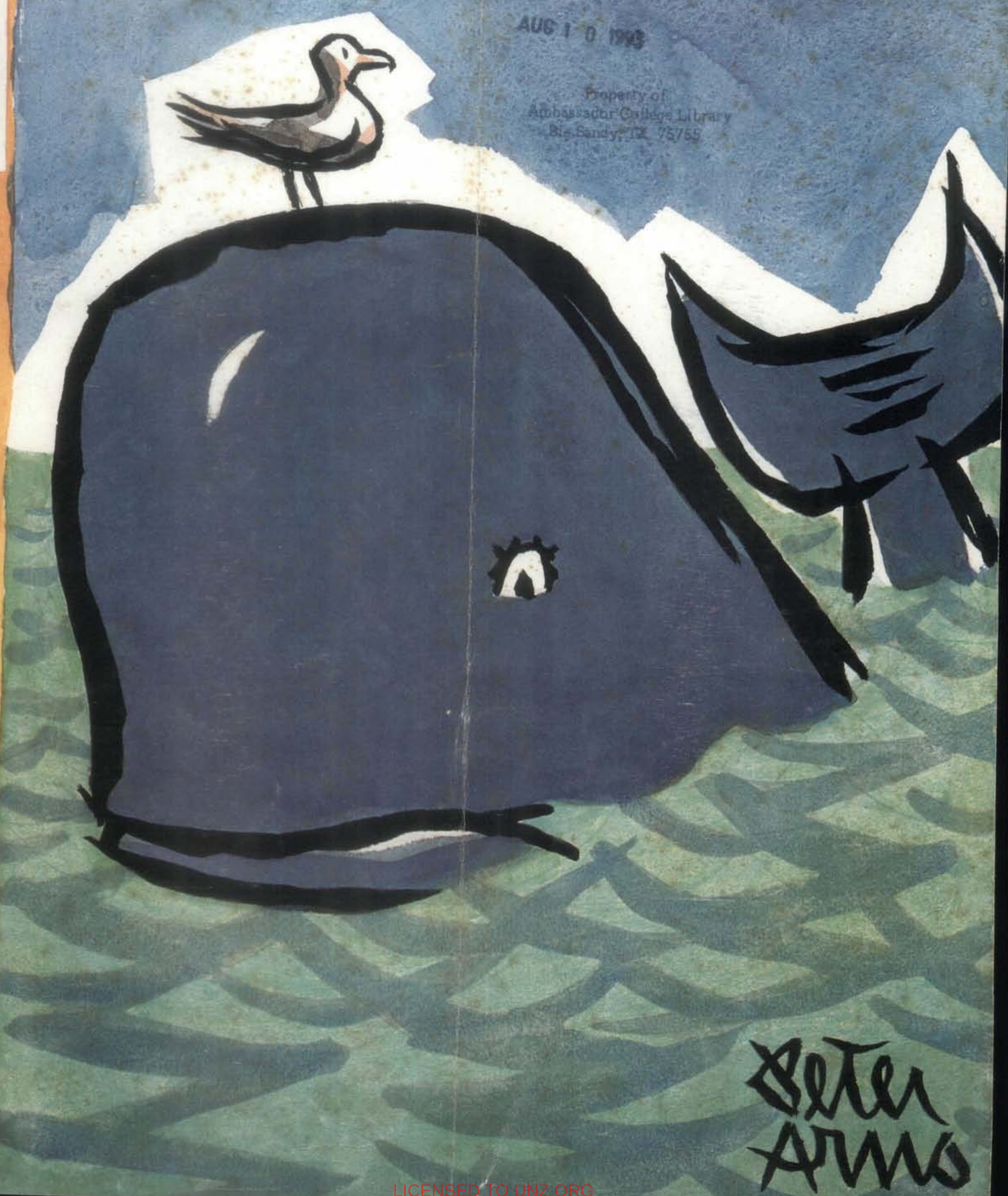

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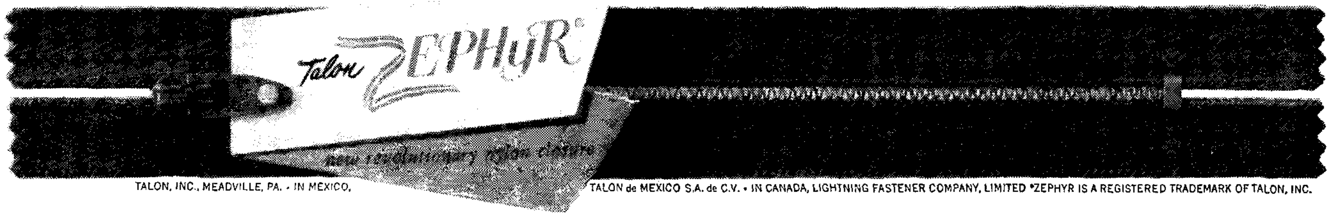
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(*E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.*)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—A distinguished play (by Robert Bolt) and a distinguished actor (Paul Scofield) in happy conjunction. The play concerns Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, and Mr. Scofield's portrayal of him is sympathetic, amusing, exciting, and convincing. Other highly estimable performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. Emlyn Williams will succeed Mr. Scofield on Monday, June 25. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Shelley Winters, and Alan Webb as some mixed-up Tennessee Williams people assembled in a seedy hotel on the west coast of Mexico. Mr. Williams has invented an occasional powerful scene in this drama, which is capably acted, but on the whole it is a loose and sprawling enterprise. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—Julie Harris plays a pert little French maid who is hauled into a magistrate's examining chamber after her lover of the moment—a Spanish chauffeur—is murdered while spending an evening in her quarters. The combination of French farce and courtroom drama doesn't always progress very speedily, but William Shatner, as the examining magistrate; Walter Matthau, as a banker; and Louise Troy, as the banker's wife, lend sturdy support to Miss Harris. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are mildly amusing in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. However, the humor is so low-keyed as to be practically inaudible at times, and the plot isn't long on originality. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** Neil Simon's comedy about the doings of a pair of youths who have absolutely no interest in their father's artificial-fruit business. Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi are in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson (George Grizzard substitutes for him on Mondays), Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bravo Giovanni—Cesare Siepi giving his powerful basso a workout in a rather disorganized play about an Italian restaurateur who finds himself hard pressed by an eating-chain outfit and has to resort to larceny to keep his rivals from getting the upper hand. A. J. Russell is responsible for the book, Ronny Graham and Milton Schafer wrote the lyrics and music, and Stanley Prager provided the direction. Michele Lee, Maria Karnilova, George S. Irving, Lu Leonard, Arnold Soboloff, and Gene Varrone are also on view. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—All the Horatio Alger ground rules for getting ahead in business are broken in this saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. A merry piece of spoofing, which owes much to Frank Loesser, Abe Burrows, and a couple of other collaborators. The best performances are those by Robert Morse, who plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée, who plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The ladies aren't always the most diverting company in the world, but there is dancing galore, and the songs, by Jerry Herman, are rendered amiably by a cast led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—You probably won't split your sides laughing at this Betty Comden-Adolph Green comedy about people trying to survive in Manhattan without money, and the score by Jule Styne may leave you unmoved, but the play is handsomely mounted, includes a couple of splendid production numbers, and has the valuable services of Sydney Chaplin, Orson Bean, Carol Lawrence, and Phyllis Newman. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** King Arthur and all that. With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **CARNIVAL:** Susan Watson plays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. Her associates are Jerry Orbach and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 7.)... ***THE SOUND OF MUSIC:*** *Rodgers and* Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Martha Wright and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Fiorello!," with Sorrell Booke, Art Lund, and Dody Goodman, is the last in a series of three shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Cat's Pajamas—A revue put on by two fellows, Richard Libertini and MacIntyre Dixon, who for some reason call themselves the Stewed Prunes. Sylvia Lord sings in it. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 10:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel, with Robert Brown as a most plausible Stephen Dedalus. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather touching first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosmersholm—David Ross's distinguished production of Ibsen's poetic and surprisingly lively tragedy. Nancy Wickwire is very good as Rebecca West, the lady from the North who isn't quite so emancipated as she makes out. Mark Lenard, Patrick Waddington, and Bramwell Fletcher play Rosmer, Kroll, and Brendel, respectively, and play them well. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

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DAY LINE
SAILINGS
SAILINGS
SAILINGS

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "The Merchant of Venice," with George C. Scott and Nan Martin. The first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe in its new amphitheatre. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, July 14.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. Reopens for the second season on Wednesday, June 27. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The cast of this summer theatre is subject to change without notice. For details, see the daily columnists. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play dance music to encourage anyone for whom pageantry is not enough. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where Renato Rossini's body-and-soul guitar soliloquizes, and Phil Wayne's dance trio burbles, more or less from apéritifs to curfew night after night. Another band fills in for all hands on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Guests should lend a two-track ear to the dinner and supper proceedings in the Persian Room—one track for the snapdragon didos of Eartha Kitt, a top-of-the-evening high-style singer, the other track for the enhancing counterpoint she's given by the orchestrations of her British pianist, Pete Dodd. Before, betwixt, and behind, Emil Coleman's ample orchestra and Mark Monte's small one weave yard after yard of dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano that contains absolutely no harsh irritants is presented (except on Mondays) by Kurt Maier in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is inhabited by the good-natured dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, a huge recreation area, has sounded more like New York since Gunnar Hansen's band reported for duty. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The pennies from this genuine heaven are provided by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and the Jean Berleaza ensemble, and the continuous cotillion is provided by the guests. No action on Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—On Friday, June 22, the Columns, that handsome Italian villa, dispenses with its hearts-and-flowers trio (no dancing) and everything else *until autumn*. . . . ¶ Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends every night but Sunday from cocktails through supper in the leisurely Savoy Room, will continue to turn out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Uprooted denizens of Park Avenue still return, their damsels on their arms, to the scenes of their childhood—namely, the big Embassy Club (where Lazaro Quintero's and Roger Steele's bands do dance tunes in New York style) and the wee Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi fiddles while the midnight oil burns). Both pleasure domes are closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—From five to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday, in Peacock Alley, Joan

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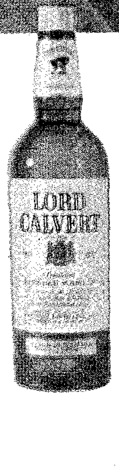

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): People you know going on just as they would on their own front porch, even though there's a leavening of utter strangers. For one and all, Budd Gregg plays social piano from eight on. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, around about midnight; Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His pianoforte, decisive without being domineering, is in operation from cocktails until one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This road leads to Rome. Nobody is more expert at threading the traffic than the management's élite corps of ambulatory violinists who are on the move until all hours. Lest the night ever become silent, a brace of accordionists are likewise on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): An excellent opportunity to be in Florence, now that spring is here. It is garnished with native dishes and native operatics. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department, up to and including the conducting of a minute troupe of opera lovers. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri IV's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor a violinist and a pianist make their way every evening but Sunday. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Isobel Robins, a fresh (in the best sense) little dandelion, sings of the world's wicked ways; Don Adams, a foreboding humorist, tells the stories; Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, the court musicians, show which way madness lies. Closed Mondays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Not a bad little palace on the Danube, with the menu you'd expect and the zither you'd expect. Ten is the finish of the zither recital, and Friday, June 22, is the finish of the establishment's season. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Implications of the Alhambra are everywhere to be seen, but the restaurant is as American as smog, and so is the drifting-and-dreaming piano of Conrad Monjoy, which begins at six and keeps on until midnight, or a bit later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest revisited in the midst of a midsummer night's dream. The heady air is filled by the earnest and ceaseless rumblings of zimbalons and fiddles, and by the carolling of vivacious natives. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians, who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park, giving it a professional touch from cocktail time to suppertime. His last night is Saturday, June 23. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The late, late edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, along with (from eight-thirty until perhaps two) George Feyer's piano, which is Byzantine. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can go on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Every once in a while, the prevailing calm is broken by a set of singers and dancers who like to do things the hard-as-nails Spanish way. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. Sundays, there's dancing from two to seven; Thursdays and Fridays, there's dancing after eight. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic's whoop-de-do voice and piano start their call to arms at ten in the well-cushioned small greenroom, and Andy Hamon's sort of soulful voice and piano are due at the same hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The corner room of the Hotel Delmonico, and not so small that it can't accommodate a dinner for two, three, or four, plus the baby grand of Marty Berns, who uses it softly and well from six to one every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A neat little dining room, where piano and guitar quietly think things over until around dessert time, when there's the first recital of ballads by Rita Dimitri, once of "Can-Can," whose manner is just-for-fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The tiny buttery of the Hotel Stanhope offers mural work that is literally an eye-opener all the time. From nine-thirty to one every night but Monday, it also offers casual piano work.

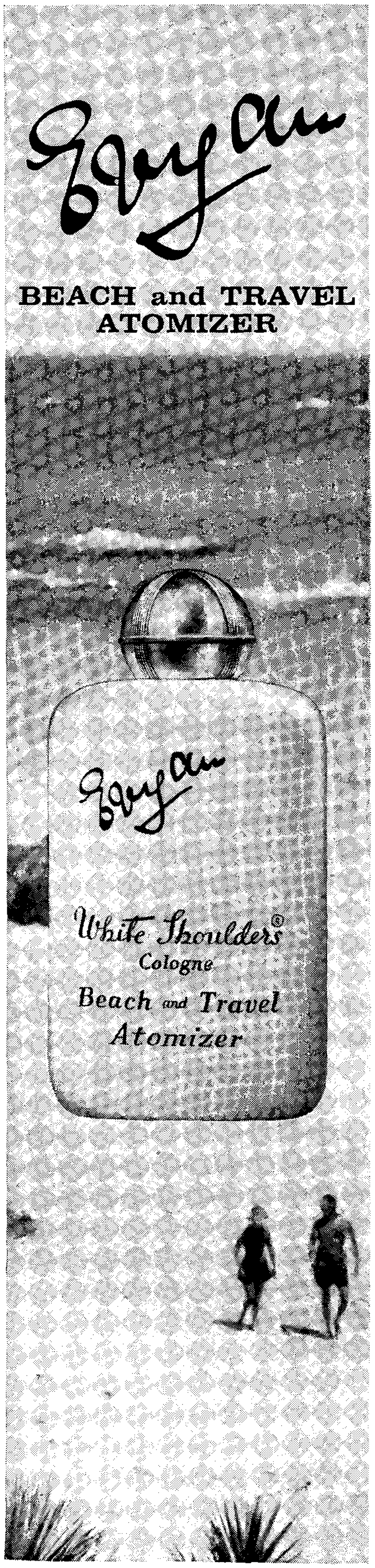
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Nothing here troubles the careworn mind, since the subject matter is not the body politic but the body beautiful. Among the numerous specimens are the girls of an enormous earthbound ballet, not to mention the girls of the Wallenda aerial ballet. The Tonelys, who are European, contribute free-floating acrobatics. And who should be contributing soulful tenor, a true voice from the past, to the proceedings but Dennis Day? Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The speaker at the banquet is Mort Sahl, who has been called in at nearly the last moment to redesign the world. George Shearing's band, part jazz and part idyllic thought, and Nancy Wilson, the singer of the evening, withdraw on Saturday, June 23. The newcomers, due on Monday, June 25, are Carmen McRae, a spitfire singer, and Oscar Peterson's trio. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Peter, Paul, and Mary, a picturesque splinter group in the arena of folk music, manage—with voices of exceptional quality—to make things sound like all fun and no work; Reneaux, our foremost pigeon fancier, is a sleight-of-hand man who makes his feathered friends and everything else appear and disappear as if—well, by magic. Peter, Paul, and Mary will depart on Wednesday, June 27. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bobby Short restores life after dark to its golden age by pouring forth his wake-up-and-live piano and lyrics without stint. Beverly Peer's bass and Dick Sheridan's traps are his aides. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Seven Come Eleven," Julius Monk's most recent revue, is a detailed explanation, couched in hundreds of well-chosen words and grace notes, of what ails us all and how to laugh



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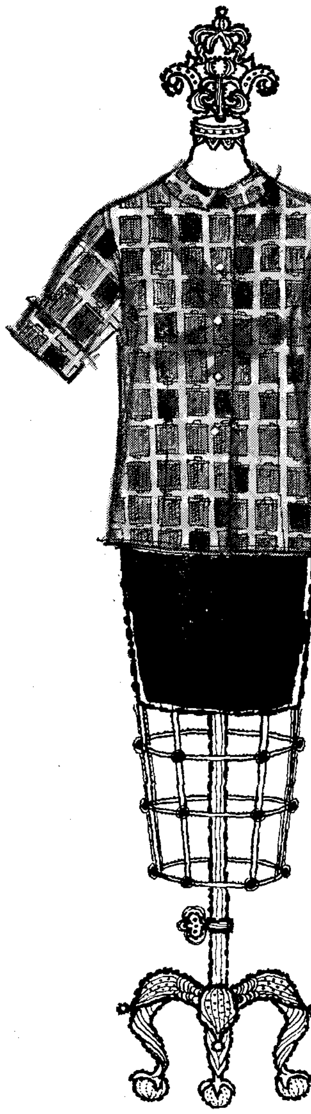

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it off. The mourners (all of them radiantly professional) are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, ministering archangels of long standing, and a flock of blithe new cherubs—Rex Robbins, Donna Sanders, Steve Roland, and William Bogert. The music is the pianos of Carl Norman and Sam Pottle. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): An earlier and just as carefree example of the Julius Monk revue. Its lifetime inhabitants are Freddie Weber, girl gallimaufry, and her mischief-loving guardians, Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle; their newly acquired aide is Carol Morley, a dizzy Canadian caper. The keyboard work of Robert Colston and Robert Milrad is also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): No matter who's onstage—at present it's the Ximenez-Vargas company of Spanish adventurers—one can always be sure that the music will be furious and the dancing will be a series of impassioned lovers' leaps. Between the sessions of song and prance, Pupi Campo's dance band calls upon the customers to be agile, too. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . ¶ After ten, in a fine little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes often persuade the clients to join in.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is heading up a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Carol Sloane, a rugged but beautifully tempered individualist, sings jazz that is perfectly underwritten by Bill Rubenstein's piano; Oscar Peterson's piano, which heads a trio, is much more predictable. On Tuesday, June 26, a new state of affairs: Abbey Lincoln, a Chicago seraph with a come-hither voice; the Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer quintet; and Mal Waldron's trio. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland lays a pair of feminine but firm hands on the local piano in successful pursuit of the modern idiom; Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her lively aides. Howard Reynolds plays adequately awake piano during intermission. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The instruments of choice are the pipes of Pandemonium. Now they're played by the Dukes of Dixieland and Sol Yaged's quintet. As of Friday, June 22, they'll be played by Art Mooney's band and Charlie Shavers' foursome. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Cannonball Adderley is the principal blowhard of a quintet with four-wheel drive; Olatunji is the principal tub thumper for a brand of music imported from Africa. Their last night will be Wednesday, June 27; the next day, Dinah Washington's voice and Horace Silver's nervous set of five take over. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Not much farther out of town than the music it affords. Right now, the sound comes from the quintet led by Lennie Tristano. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The uproar of the basket parties often suggests a fête worse than death, but Jonah Jones' quartet (good old days) and Ray Bryant's trio (happy new era) often break through. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Roland Kirk's quartet bends every effort (and every ear) in setting forth its version of the truth about music. It's off duty Tuesdays. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Herman Chittison just keeps rolling along his piano in his steady, measured way from eight until two every night but Sunday. His post is a corner of the bar. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): If lemon peel is an insufficient supplement to one's espresso, there's always folk music of sorts in this frontier tavern, and folk music of an excellent sort from the lips and guitar of young Mr. Mike Settle. The players stay home Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Chris Connor's voice is shuffling off into many coils, some just mortal and some immortal, and Herbie Mann's flute-and-drum corps is presenting its full-of-fantasy impressions of life in the Caribees. Jam sessions Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through Friday, June 29. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

JULIO DE DIEGO—Paintings on the theme of "The Armada;" through Friday, June 29. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract paintings and collages; through Saturday, June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PAUL KLEE—Water colors and drawings; through Saturday, June 23. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LOUIS SCHANKER—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, June 23. (Dewey, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CHARLES SCHUCKER—Non-objective paintings; through Friday, June 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

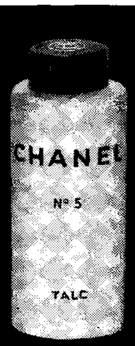
SUSANNE SUBA—Pen-and-ink drawings that have appeared in this magazine; through Saturday, June 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

BENJAMIN WEST (1738-1820)—Historical paintings, landscapes, and portraits; through Friday, June 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SCULPTURES—*Monumental pieces for architecture and outdoor settings,* by Jacques Lipchitz, Aristide Maillol, Fritz Wotruba, and other Americans and Europeans; through July 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—At the **AMERICAN GALLERY,** 843 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Drawings and water colors by Robert Beauchamp, John Hultberg, Frank Roth, and others; through July 7. . . . **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: Drawings by Lee Bontecou, Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Moscowitz, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, and Jack Tworkov; through Saturday, June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **THE DRAWING SHOP,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: "The Non-Dissenters, David through Puvis de Chavannes," a showing of nineteenth-century French drawings; through Friday, June 29. (Open Thursday evenings until 10, and Saturdays.) . . . **ESTE,** 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "The Eighth Annual Exhibition of Master Drawings from Five Centuries." Among the European and American artists are Tiepolo, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Frederic Taubes. Through Saturday, June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Tom Hardy, John Koch, and Andrée Ruellan are three of the participants in a display of contemporary drawings; through Friday, June 22. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: A summer show of drawings and water colors by (for example) Jacques Hnizdovsky, Noel Rockmore, and Rico Lebrun; through July 20. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **SLATKIN,** 115 E. 92nd St.: Nineteenth-century French drawings, by Renoir, Degas, and Gauguin, for instance; through Saturday, June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **SMOLIN,** 19 E. 71st St.: Prints, drawings, and water colors of the thirties, by George Constant, Boris Aronson, Carl Holty, and others; through July 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK,** 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters, including William Merritt Chase, Everett Shinn, and Louis M. Eilshemius; through July 25. . . . **DE NAGY,** 149 E. 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and reliefs by, among others,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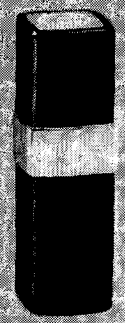

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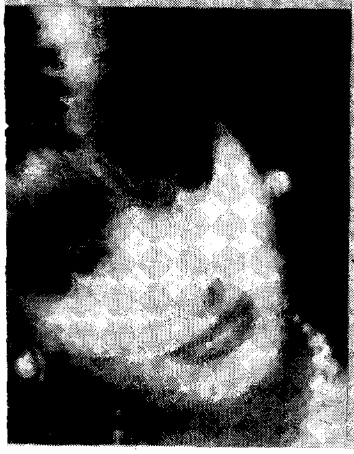
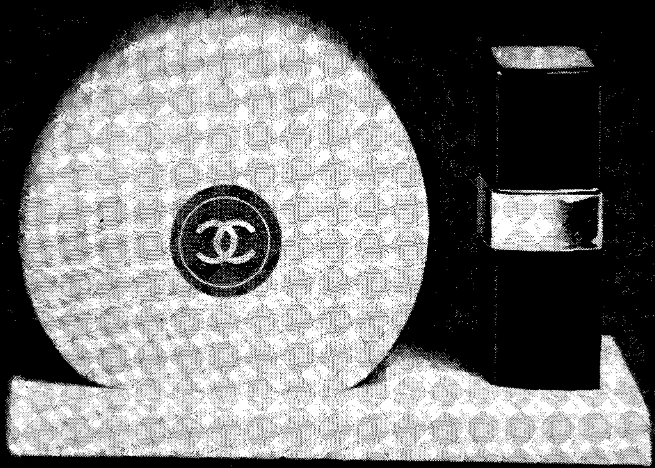


summer classics



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jane Wilson, Peter Forakis, and Ilse Getz; through Saturday, June 23. . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Alfred Jensen, Albert Kotin, George Ortman, and seven others in a show of paintings called "Multiples;" through Friday, June 29. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 8 E. 79th St.: Figures by such artists as Charles Cajori, Robert Goodnough, and Marcia Marcus; through Friday, June 22. (Closed mornings.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Raymond Puccinelli, and other gallery artists; through July 6. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors, by Aaron Bohrod, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni, to mention a few; through Friday, June 29. . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with predominantly American works by gallery artists and guests, including Kurt Seligmann, Charles E. Martin, and Edward Renouf; through Friday, June 29. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Portraits (paintings and sculptures) by Leland Bell, Gandy Brodie, Mary Frank, and others, through Saturday, June 30. (Open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Sculptures, drawings, water colors, and prints of three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), by William Blake, Antoine-Louis Barye, Jack Levine, and so forth; through Friday, June 29. . . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by American and French artists, among them Preston Dickinson, André Lhote, and Maximilian Luce, plus bronze sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 10. . . . **THIBAUT**, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Harold Baumbach, Philippe Hosiasson, Umberto Mastroianni, and others; through July 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Afro, Bernard Perlin, Henry Henghes, and other painters and sculptors; through Friday, June 29. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Contemporaries of the School of Paris (including Renoir, Vuillard, and Segonzac) in a showing of landscapes, flowers, and still-lifes; through Saturday, June 23. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, Asger Jorn, and others, most of whom live in Paris; through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Museum's collection of Greek and South Italian painted vases (dating from the eighth to the fourth century B.C.) may now be seen in a new chronological arrangement in four consecutive galleries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ In the Museum's sculpture garden, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a glider, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and whatnot) gathered from seventeen countries; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A new gallery devoted to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Spanish-American Colonial sculptures, paintings, furniture, and fabrics, from Mexico and Peru. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods of Asia," an exhibit of sculptures and paintings from India, Japan, and China, assembled from American sources and having to do with the gods and goddesses whose legends inspired the artists of ancient Asia; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings (mostly abstract) and drawings done since 1941 by Philip Guston, a leader of the New York School; through July 1. . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century drawings, by Goya, Constable, Delacroix, Homer, and other Europeans and Americans, borrowed from museums and private collections; through July 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Charles Dickens," an exhibition commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his birth and consisting of autograph manuscripts, first editions, autograph letters, and original drawings for Dickens' book illustrations; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A one-quarter-scale model for a children's sculpture playground called "Sculpture Continuum: Playground Group," made up of abstract forms in wood designed by Oliver O'Connor Barrett; through Sunday, June 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

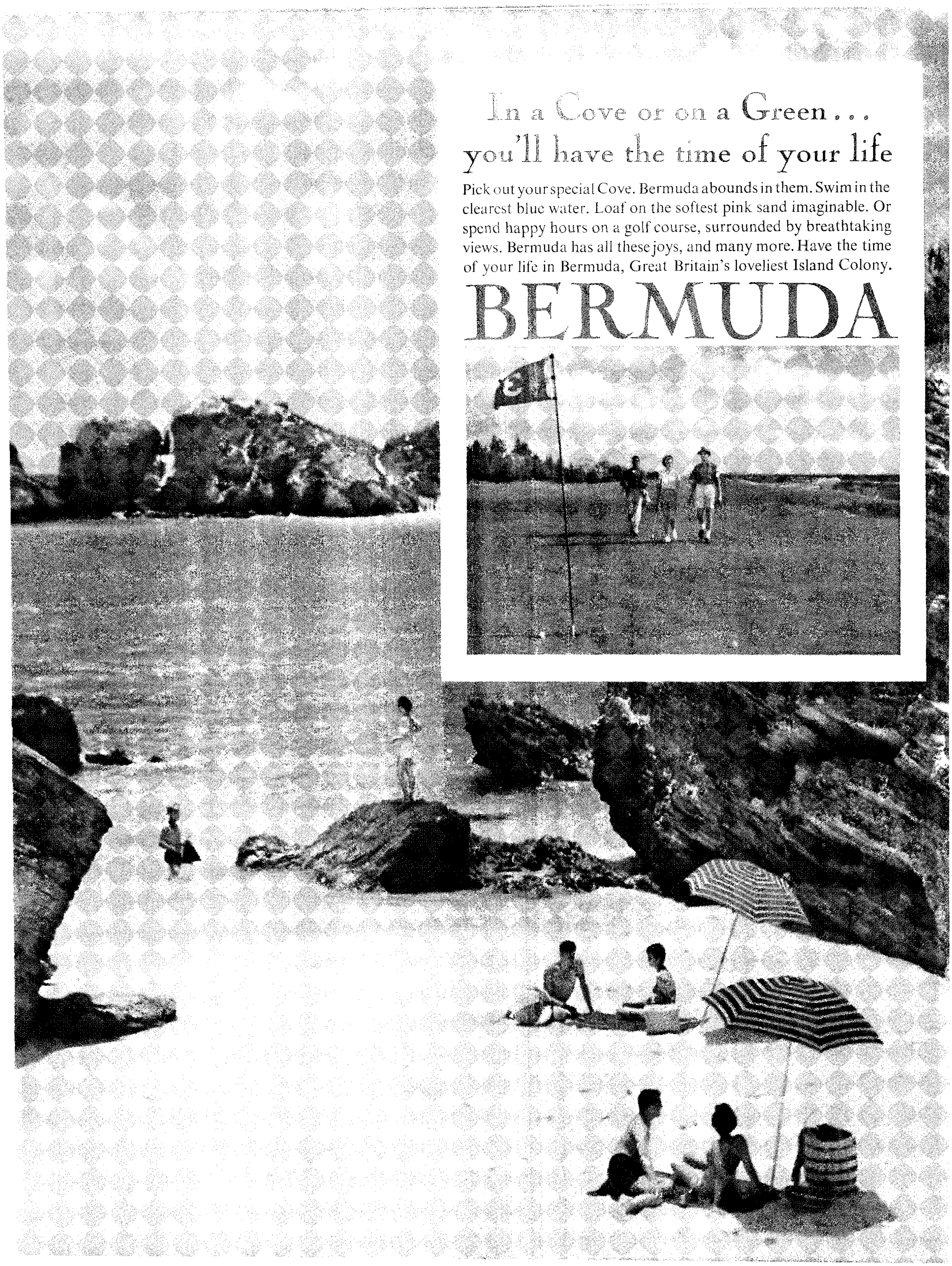
(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460.)

CASALS FESTIVAL—At Carnegie Hall, the Casals Festival Orchestra and members of the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. Thursday, June 21, at 8:30: Alexander Schneider and Robert Shaw directing, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: Pablo Casals directing the New York première of his oratorio "El Pesebre" ("The Manger"), with Adele Addison, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Paulino Saharrea, tenor; and William Warfield, bass.

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 11—Tuesday, June 26: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Erica Morini, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27: Vladimir Golschmann conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28: Vladimir Golschmann conducting a program of Russian music, with Ivan Davis, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30: Franz Allers directing a Lerner and Loewe program, with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Charles K. L. Davis, tenor; Earl Wrightson, baritone; and a chorus. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK CONCERTS—A chamber orchestra in the first two in a series of four free concerts of symphonic music. Thursday, June 21: Richard Korn conducting. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28: Claude Monteux con-



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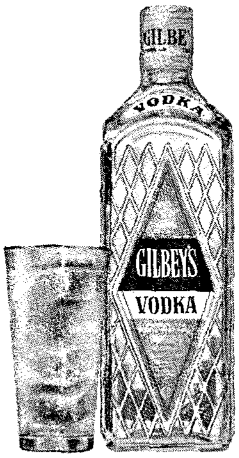

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting. (Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, June 21: The Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28: Herbie Mann's sextet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Eugene Collins and Paula Tennyson, Al Huang, Louis Falco, and others. (Lee, Mass. Thursday and Friday, June 28-29, at 8:40, and Saturday, June 30, at 3:30 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Houston, Friday, June 22, at 6; Saturday, June 23, at 2; and Sunday, June 24, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, June 26, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 27-28, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 29, at 8, and Saturday, June 30, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, June 23: Joey Archer vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30: Gene (Ace) Armstrong vs. Luis Rodriguez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Dunes Club, Myrtle Beach, S.C. Thursday through Saturday, June 28-30.)

Polo—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho: Sundays at 4.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 30. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 23; the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Monday, June 25; and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, June 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:45, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.: Saturday, June 23, at 10. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, June 30, at 11.

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club. East Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, June 24.) . . . ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Saturday, June 23, through Sunday, July 1.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, July 31. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:15 daily.

Poetry Readings—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (New School Courtyard, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, June 24, at 8:30.)

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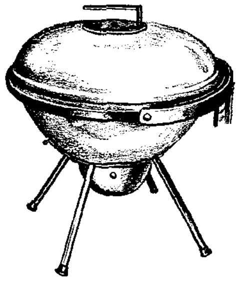

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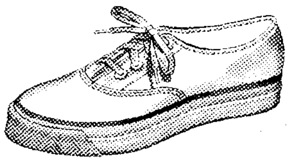

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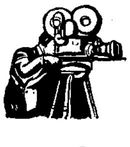

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's smooth melodrama about political life in an imaginary city called Washington, D.C. Superlative acting by a passel of attractive stars. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

La Belle Américaine—Robert Dhéry and company have a high old time with a vast American car in a working-class corner of Paris, where bicycles are still à la mode. A practically perfect family comedy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 27.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—A plausible English thriller, laid in a future that, thanks to our having set off too many bombs, threatens not to last very long. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 27, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges, on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this beautiful French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—Grandma's boy made good in pictures a long time ago, and this one shows just how he did it. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lolita—A surprisingly successful adaptation of the famous novel. Screenplay by Vladimir Nabokov, who has known what to omit from his original work, and direction by Stanley Kubrick, who has drawn the performance of his life from James Mason, and admirable performances from Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Lover Come Back—A nonsensical comedy involving mistaken identity, false advertising, woman-chasing, and other current social problems. Deftly enacted by Rock Hudson and Doris Day, who have come a long way, and by Tony Randall, who was already there. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 24. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 27, tentative.)

The Mark—An Anglo-American production, starring Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. A man in his thirties discovers, to his horror, that he is attracted to little girls, and is enabled by means of psychoanalysis to uncover the origins of his sickness, and slowly, painfully, overcome it. The picture itself is often painful; luckily, there are light moments along with the dark, and the three principals are excellent. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 24.)

The Miracle Worker—An immensely moving version of the play, which, as you will recall, was based on the early life of Helen Keller. Anne Bancroft is brilliant as Miss Annie Sullivan, and Patty Duke is her match as the fierce child held incommunicado by deafness and blindness. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Murder She Said—Homicide is practically a parlor game in the Agatha Christie country, where this perfectly splendid comedy is laid. Margaret Rutherford makes an incomparable sleuth, golfer, and housemaid. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 27, tentative.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney wrote a fine play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. The director, Tony Richardson, has managed to make the movie even better than the play, and the cast—among them Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin—is without exception superb. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

That Touch of Mink—An outrageously second-hand and yet glossily new version of the farce about the wealthy man-about-town who tries to seduce a poor but pretty virgin. Starring Doris Day and Cary Grant, who have their parts down pat, and no wonder. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Through a Glass Darkly—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Ingmar Bergman and his usual troupe at their incomparable best. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. Remarkable for acting, direction, and photography, and containing, of all things, an urgent plea for international fraternity. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 26, tentative.)

Town Without Pity—Four drunken G.I.s stationed in a small town in Germany rape a pretty girl and face the death penalty in a public court-martial. In essence, still another courtroom drama, but the magnificent acting of Kirk Douglas, Christine Kaufmann, and Hans Nielsen gives it unexpected power. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through June 23, evening performances only, except on Saturday.)

Viridiana—From Spain comes Luis Buñuel's frightening, masterly account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 27, tentative.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Sundays through Wednesdays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting June 26.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 27, tentative.)

The Big Deal (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 27.)

Chaplin Comedy—"The Immigrant," a one-reeler from the silent past. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through the afternoon of June 25.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 21.)

Gates of Paris (1958)—René Clair's description of some denizens of an impoverished district in Paris. A French film, with Pierre Brasseur, Henri Vidal, and Dany Carrel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 27.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 22-25.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

The Misfits (1961)—Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable as a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; June 24-27, evening performances only, except on Sunday.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 26.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 22-25.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through the afternoon of June 25.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

Two-Way Stretch (1961)—An unserious study of British penology. Peter Sellers is the chief jailbird. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 26, tentative.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 24.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Four programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—June 21: "Fig Leaves" (1926), with George O'Brien and Olive Borden. . . . ¶ June 22-23: "A Girl in Every Port" (1928), with Victor McLaglen and Robert Armstrong. . . . ¶ June 24-26: "Tiger Shark" (1932), with Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ Starting June 27: "Twentieth Century" (1934), with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sky Above--the Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THAT TOUCH OF MINK.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 27 (tentative): **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through June 23: **TOWN WITHOUT PITY;** and "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.
June 24-27: **THE MISFITS,** revival; and "The General" (silent), Buster Keaton.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 26 (tentative): "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.
From June 27 (tentative): "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 26 (tentative): **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French); and **TWO-WAY STRETCH,** revival.
From June 27 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID;** and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES,** revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 23: "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.
June 24-26: "The Tartars," Orson Welles, Victor Mature; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.
From June 27: "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Stowaway in the Sky," a French film, narrated by Jack Lemmon.

CINEMA I (PL 3-6022) and **CINEMA II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
From June 25, at 8:30: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg. (Opening night is a benefit performance.)

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 24: **LOVER COME BACK.**
From June 25: "The Important Man" (in Spanish), Toshiro Mifune.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 26: "The Valiant," John Mills.
From June 27: "The Road to Hong Kong," Bob Hope, Bing Crosby.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 26: "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.
From June 27: "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 26: "The Tartars," Orson Welles, Victor Mature; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.
From June 27: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Invasion Quartet," Bill Travers.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 21: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
June 22-25: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** and **GRAND ILLUSION** (both in French and both revivals).
From June 26: **PATHS OF GLORY,** revival; and "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.

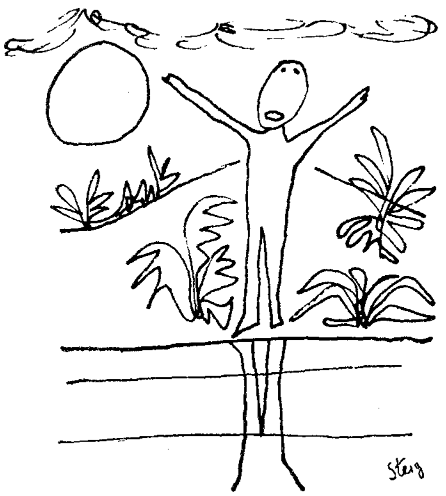
WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 26: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.
From June 27: **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French); and **GENEVIEVE,** revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 27 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK;** and **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 26: "The Tartars," Orson Welles, Victor Mature; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.
From June 27: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Invasion Quartet," Bill Travers.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 26 (tentative): **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French); and **TWO-WAY STRETCH,** revival.
From June 27 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID;** and "Back Streets of Paris" (in French), revival, Françoise Rosay.



GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through June 24: **THE MARK;** and **TWO WOMEN,** revival.
From June 25: "The Important Man" (in Spanish), Toshiro Mifune.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sky Above—the Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
To be announced.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 26: "The Tartars," Orson Welles, Victor Mature; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.
From June 27: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 25 (last showing at 1:10): **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDY** (silent).
June 25, at 6, 8, and 10: "The General" and "The Cops" (both silent films, with Buster Keaton).
From June 26: **THE BANK DICK,** revival; and "Frankenstein," revival, Boris Karloff.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 26: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.
From June 27: "Girls at Sea," Guy Rolfe; and "The Girl Chasers" (in French), revival, Jacques Charrier.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 21: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
June 22: "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Dany Robin; and "Forbidden Fruit" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Françoise Arnoul.
June 23: **GATES OF PARIS** (in French), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
June 24: **SONS AND LOVERS,** revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
June 25: **THE INFORMER,** revival; and **CITIZEN KANE,** revival.
June 26: **SAPPHIRE,** revival; and "The League of Gentlemen," revival, Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.
June 27: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival; and "Rififi," revival, Jean Servais.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 26 (tentative): "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.
From June 27 (tentative): "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 26 (tentative): **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French).
From June 27 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID;** and a second feature, to be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 26: "The Tartars," Orson Welles, Victor Mature; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.
From June 27: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 26 (tentative): "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.
From June 27 (tentative): "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Nearly a Nasty Accident," Jimmy Edwards, Kenneth Connor.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ABOUT three weeks ago, the President of the United States cancelled his subscription to the *Herald Tribune*. That estimable journal was clearly aghast at this sudden severance. We have never known a paper to be so stricken by the loss of a subscriber. It simply couldn't leave the subject alone. On the first day, in a statement on page 1, the editors expressed confidence that, even without a subscription, the President would "somehow" keep himself informed of the news and opinions contained in the *Tribune*, and a bit inconsistently registered the hope that he would subscribe again very soon, so as not to miss anything. On the second day, the inside pages carried a long and thorough story revealing that the President remained a non-subscriber. On the third day, a shorter article made it clear that there was no change in the situation. On the fourth day, the incident attained the front page again, this time figuring as the subject of a drollery by Art Buchwald. On the fifth day, the *Trib* displayed a touch of impatience with the First Subscriber, who still had not sent along his check. The editorial columnist David Lawrence pondered the cancellation at some length and soberly inquired, "Is this the kind of image that any man in the White House would really want people to have of their President?" On the sixth day, Mr. Buchwald's article of the fourth day was reprinted, for no immediately apparent reason. On the seventh day, Mr. Lawrence offered further and darker thoughts. He looked upon the cancellation of subscriptions with considerable severity, as "a tactic which Mr. Khrushchev might enjoy." He had, moreover, taken unflinching measure of the catastrophe, and sounded a note of warning about its larger implications. "The tragedy is not that one newspaper got a rap on the knuckles from the President of the United States," he wrote. "The real tragedy is that again it has been demonstrated how little the inner White House circle knows about the world of reality or the process by which the American people are privileged to enjoy a free press." At this point, we abandoned our researches, finding them too painful to pursue. But even a rather shrinking scrutiny of the paper continued to reveal a sense of unrelieved institutional pain. On Tuesday of last week, we read:

> House members who want to read the New York *Herald Tribune* are finding it again in its accustomed place in the newspaper rack in the reading room off the Speaker's lobby, a check disclosed.
>
> It was missing last Tuesday and Wednesday, together with the customary week's back copies, suspended on an iron rack.
>
> No one yesterday could explain either why the paper was missing for two days nor [and what a world of insecurity is in the phrase!] why it was restored last Thursday.

If the President ever was annoyed by the *Herald Tribune*, he has taken ample, awful, and subtle revenge. It is not, we instinctively feel, the slight dip in circulation that has produced all this distress, or even the wounding power of a snub from the Presidential regions. It is the mere idea—so unbearable to the conscientious journalist—of someone's attempting to run the country without constant recourse to the journalist's opinions. We are a journalist ourself. We urge the President to cancel no more subscriptions.

HARD on the heels of the White House's cancellation, another lapsed out-of-town subscriber, whom we happened to run into at dinner, told us of the paper's response to *his* dereliction, and, reaching into his pocket, proceeded to document his account. He received from the *Herald Tribune* a small bouquet of artificial forget-me-nots, along with a printed message reading, on the outside,

We hope
it's just because
you forgot,

and, on the inside,

We hope
that's why you
haven't sent in your
subscription to the
Herald Tribune.

The forget-me-not is to
remind you to call
Mr. Rockman at
PEnnsylvania 6-4000 and
tell him to start
delivery again.

Please do it* now.

If you'll call Mr. Rockman
within a week, you can get
70 weekday issues of the
Herald Tribune for
only $2.95.

Or the weekday and
Sunday editions for the
same period for only $4.95.

Please call now.
*Collect, even.

He handed us these exhibits, and we noted that entwined about the forget-me-nots' stems was a label reading "Made in Japan." Has the President received a similar come-on, or come-back—the product of a happy wedding of Occidental exhortation and Oriental horticulture? Has he, after turning the blossoms over to the First Lady for the East Room, called Mr. Rockman, collect, and told him to start things up again?

At any rate,

We hope
So.

Old Phones

ONE day last week, we had a talk with George Levine, a Sixth Avenue antiques dealer who, in his own little way, is annoying the hell out of the Telephone Company. Mr. Levine, a graying, quiet-voiced gentleman of thirty-eight who somewhat resembles Leonard Bernstein, didn't intentionally set out to bother the Telephone Company; rather, he began doing it inadvertently a couple of years ago when he took to dealing in antique telephones. Of course, antique phones as curiosities and objects of nostalgia have been available in shops around town for years, but Mr. Levine's phones are something else again. He's had his old phones—mainly Continental turn-of-the-century types from Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Paris—completely rewired and equipped with dials and with modern high-fidelity Western Electric transmitters and receivers, so that they work just as well as the newest Bell phones. Adding a cord with a four-pronged plug, which fits into one of those wall jacks the Telephone Company installs so that one can move a phone from room to room, he sells the phones not just as curios but as fully functioning instruments.

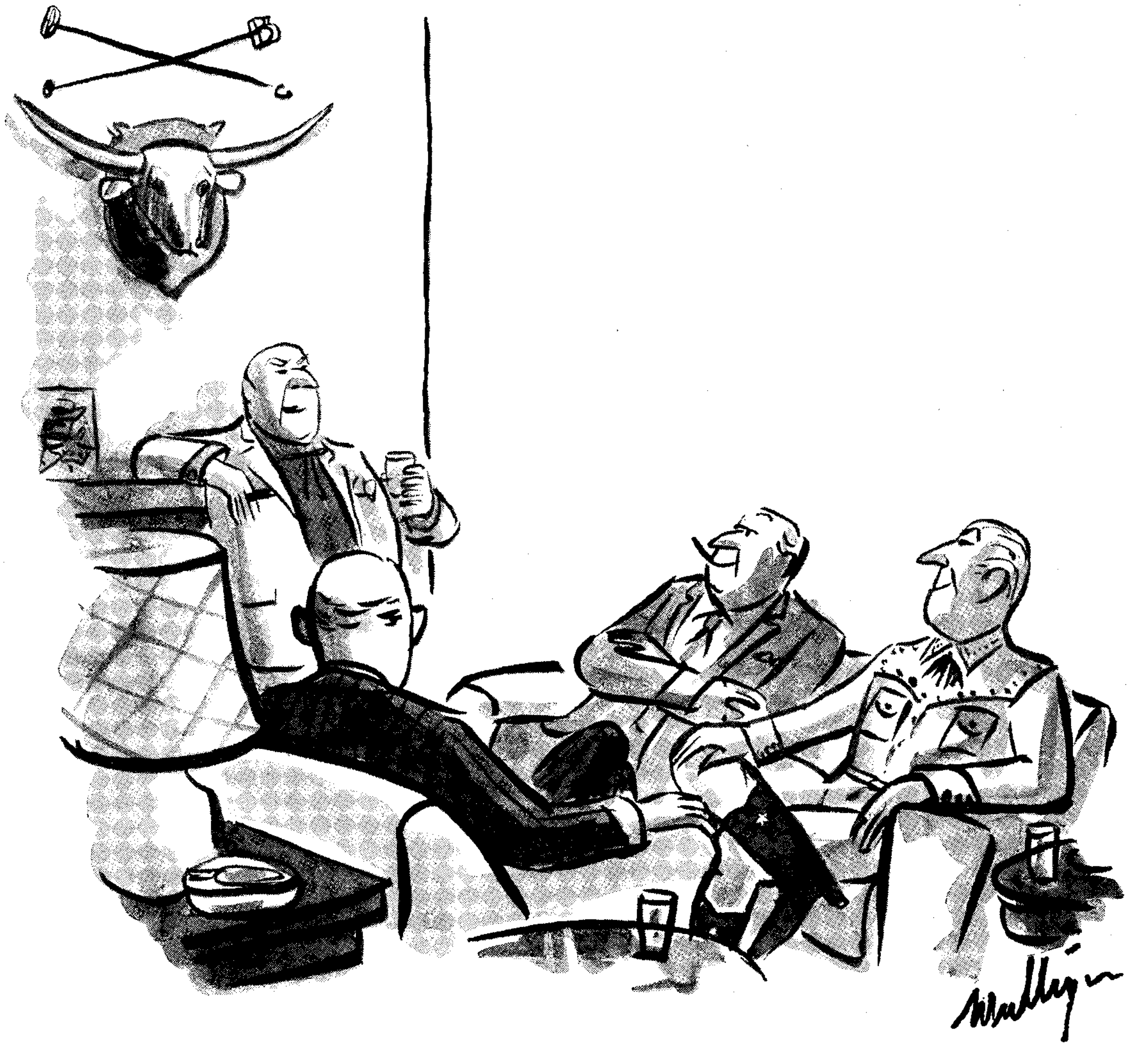
"Right from the start, the Telephone Company wasn't pleased about my venture, but there wasn't anything they could really do about it," Mr. Levine recalled when we dropped in on him in his shop—known officially as George's Furniture Galleries—at 1334 Sixth Avenue, on the corner of Fifty-fourth Street. "Not surprisingly, they refused either to install the phones or to service them. However, a great many people already have jacks in their apartments or offices, so for them installing one of my antique phones is no more complicated than plugging a lamp into a wall socket. For this reason, as word got around of an opportunity to get away from the tyranny of the Telephone Company's styles, more and more people began buying them. I'm pleased to say that my phones are something of a small fad at present, and that, including nationwide mail-order sales, we're selling about four hundred of them a month. Of course, four hundred phones are just a grain of sand on the A.T. & T. beach, but the company is nevertheless unhappy that those four hundred customers aren't ordering a Princess phone instead, or one of their colored extensions. Besides, they're hurt that people are using other types of phones over *their* system."

Showing us his selection of phones—an impressive array of glittering instruments in a variety of colors, old-fashioned-looking only in style—Mr. Levine explained that he didn't just rewire and otherwise reëquip the phones internally but also redecorated their exteriors. "We replate any worn nickel surfaces with twenty-four-carat gold, and then paint the phones in one of thirty-two decorator colors—everything from lavender to Chinese red," he said, adding that he buys most of his antique phones from the Copenhagen Telephone Company and that a large part of the remodelling is now done in a workroom he's set up in the basement below his shop. "This is the oldest phone we have for sale," he said, pointing to a particularly baroque-looking Victorian contraption. "It was introduced in Stockholm in 1892 and has a hand-cranked gear magneto. Gold-plated, in perfect working order, and with our standard three-year guarantee, this instrument sells for a hundred and fifty dollars, making it the most expensive phone in the shop. The same phone in the original nickel plate goes for a hundred dollars, while most of our other phones

YOUR
PHOTO
IN A
SPAC
SHIP

cost anywhere between forty and seventy dollars. At first, this might seem a lot to pay for a phone, but when you consider that a regular black phone-company extension costs a minimum of a dollar a month, and thus sets you back a hundred and twenty dollars over a ten-year period, it doesn't look so expensive. Anyway, we feel that our phones are a good deal more exciting and decorative than the drab everyday phone.”

Mr. Levine, who started in the antique-phone business in 1960, after inheriting George's Furniture Galleries from his father, has had several competitors pop up to challenge him, and in order to keep ahead of them he's branched out into other types of phones, including ultra-modern European phones as yet unavailable from the Bell System, and antique American phones. “The old standup American phone of the twenties—the Eliot Ness phone, as I like to call it—is a popular new item, and it's cheaper than the other antique phones, selling for only twenty-nine dollars, with a dial,” he said. “People seem to enjoy giving our phones as presents. The other day, for instance, Sammy Cahn, the songwriter, came in and bought one of our Copenhagen antiques as a gift to be shipped to Dean Martin.”



“Just show me one other little ol' state that could come up with a Billie Sol Estes.”

•

SIGN outside the First Baptist Church of Placerville, California: “Pastor on Vacation. Please Be Careful.”

Open House

WE'VE been up to see the New York Shakespeare Festival's new summer home in Central Park, hard by Belvedere Lake, and we can safely pronounce it a dandy. A four-hundred-thousand-dollar grandstand-theatre, done up in several shades of cool and, at the moment, glistening green, it seats—on banks of contoured stadium chairs—an audience of twenty-three hundred, whose view of the semi-arena stage is unobstructed by the amplifier and lighting-fixture poles that were an unfortunate but necessary feature of the previous Festival Theatre. Performances are again cuffo, as they say around box-office theatres, *free* Shakespeare being the unwavering rule of the Festival's tireless founder, Joseph Papp. As it happened, it was Papp himself, a boyish, black-haired forty-one-year-old, who spiritedly showed us around the premises one veritably Mediterranean spring morning last week, before a rehearsal of “The Merchant of Venice,” the season's inaugural offering, which opened this week, under Papp's personal direction. After walking us around the outer walls—and manfully ignoring a chalked scrawl on a construction shed that read “Xperc Go Home”—Papp led us into the sun-filled theatre, which presented a scene more suggestive of Bedlam than of Venice. Workmen were still hammering down grandstand seats, the snorting of a bulldozer could be heard from behind the stage, and the stage itself was a jumble of baroque furniture, Venetian blinds, crawling and climbing carpenters and electricians, and declaiming performers in full Adriatic kit.

“We're having our first dress parade today,” Papp told us in explanation of the last phenomenon, adding that he was fortunate to have back with his troupe, for the role of Shylock, probably his most famous alumnus, the award-declining George C. Scott, a Midwestern Gentile. Sure enough, a few moments later, Scott, bearded and twirling a gnarled cane, swept onstage in skullcap and long, usurer's robe.

“I'm glad we've got a non-Jewish Shylock,” said Papp, himself a Brooklyn Jew. “Jewish actors tend to play Shylock as if he were terribly misunderstood. In fact, when I started rehearsing the play I found *myself* trying to justify his behavior, probably because I was self-conscious about criticism. As soon as the play was *announced*, I started getting it from a number of Jewish groups. But I decided we'd reached a stage of maturity in race relations where there was no reason to ignore one of Shakespeare's best plays. However, for the first week I hated it. It went all wrong. The trouble was that I tried to prove a point *contrary* to Shakespeare, who really wasn't thinking in terms of a race problem at all. Let's face it—you have to deal with the material as it is. Shylock is a man with a compulsion. He *wants* that pound of flesh. He can't help himself. There's pathos in that, no matter how villainous he becomes. It's almost like Coriolanus, with his 'I hate the crowd.' And as far as the greed is concerned, Shakespeare was fascinated with the effects of money *throughout* the play. For instance, the love scene between Portia and Bassanio is full of money images. Have a cigar. I've joined the Cigar Club. You get thirty-cent Havanas for twenty cents."

Lighting up, Papp went on to say that the theatre fulfilled his three main aims—a decent stage, dressing rooms for the performers, and a good audience relationship to the stage. "We gave up other luxuries for that," he said. "For example, we settled for two Department of Public Works generators to supply electricity, instead of hooking in lines from Central Park West for an extra thirty-five thousand dollars."

We asked who the Festival's angels were, and Papp reverently named them, in order of contribution, as Mayor Wagner, who had prevailed upon the Board of Estimate to kick in two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the theatre and a hundred thousand toward the cost of this season's three plays ("The Tempest" and "King Lear" will follow), and upon the Board of Education to give fifty thousand for a public-school Shakespeare program; George T. Delacorte, Jr., board chairman of the Dell Publishing Co., who put up a hundred and fifty thousand to cover the rest of the theatre's cost; and a host of lesser contributors, both institutional and individual, including some five thousand so-called Seven-Fifty Audience Sponsors, who, for that sum, are entitled to attend one of four special performances of each play without having to stand in line for an hour beforehand. The Parks Department and its commissioner, Newbold Morris, whose jurisdictional baby the theatre technically is, also lent stout helping hands. Papp added that he harbors no grudge against former Commissioner Robert Moses, with whom he had a celebrated public hassle over the future of Shakespeare in the Park some time back. "Greatest publicity the Festival could have had," he recalled happily, and escorted us over to the stage to meet "Merchant's" two leading players (the Festival disdains the term "star"), Scott and Nan Martin, a deeply tanned wheat-straw blonde who plays Portia and who, onstage, has features as aristocratically pure as Scott's are aristocratically villainous. They proved equally amiable offstage.

"We're like gypsies out here," said Miss Martin, who had doffed the shoe-length Venetian-lawyer robe that she had been wearing over a light-blue summer dress, and who was languorously stretching two bronzed arms toward the sun. "When I first came up here to work last summer, as Beatrice in 'Much Ado,' it was straight from an eight-dollar-top, cliché theatre situation downtown, and I felt like a bird who's been released. We're probably the healthiest troupe in the country. I don't even have to use makeup."

Papp beamed patriarchally, then excused himself to attend to a directorial chore or two.

"Most remarkable man in the theatre today," Scott commented, with un-Shylockian generosity.

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GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: Rubins Delicatessen, on Third Avenue, near Seventieth Street, is advertising Hot Beef Tongue (Cold).

Maharaja

A TELEPHONE (plain black) rang in our office the other day. The government of India was on the line. "The Maharaja of Mysore is in town," the voice said. "You know, in the olden days maharajas used to go to Europe to collect harems or play roulette at Monte Carlo, but this maharaja comes out to give lectures, to spread the wisdom of India abroad; indeed, he's one of the best cultural ambassadors we have. He is a model for the new days. He is the people's maharaja. He is one of us. He is a philosopher and a politician. He's the only prince to hold a great political office in India—the governorship of Mysore." The voice went on to read out a publicity release. It announced that the Maharaja was born in 1919 and that he is chancellor of three Indian universities, chairman of the Indian Board of Wild Life, author of a published philosophical book, titled "Dattatreya—The Way and the Goal," and of eight as yet unpublished books, titled "The Orb of the Mind," "Suresvaracarya," "Indian Forestry," "The Role of Water in Life," "Indian Logic" (four volumes), "A Volume of Short Stories," "Aesthetic Philosophy of India," and "Rivers in India's Developing Economy."

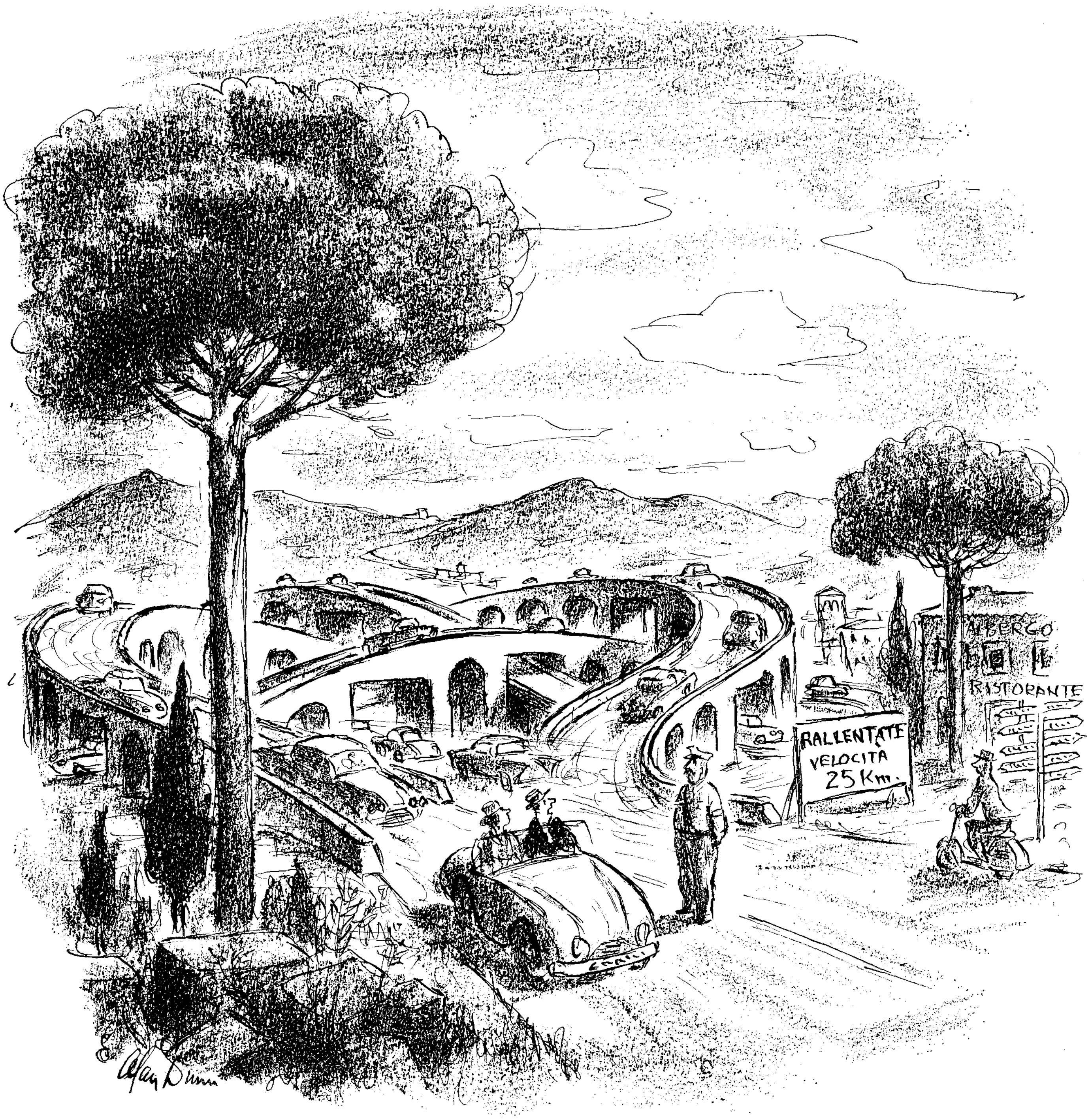
We got an appointment, and on a hot morning last week, when New York seemed to be in a torpor and the Indian sun made everything the same, we went up to the Waldorf-Astoria, where we found His Highness Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar, Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, in his suite. He was a portly man, and looked every bit of his three hundred and fifty pounds. His large hand was studded with rings, which sparkled like stones in a diadem, but he was dressed in black, and was surrounded more by the aura of a priest than by that of a prince; the room was thick and choked with incense.

"While in university," the Maharaja said in a barely audible voice, lowering himself onto a big couch, "I studied history and economics. But now I have become a philosopher, although I don't claim to know anything about Western philosophy. My philosophy is that we are all human beings, we all have crises, and we must have faith and belief to see us through the crucial periods of life."

We expected to hear at any moment "Boum, boum, bou-oum, ou-boum"—the swallowing noise of the Marabar Caves, which reduces the squeak of a boot to a "boum." We asked him how things were going in India.

"Couldn't be better," he said, in a temple whisper. "Everybody is doing his best. I am not at all worried. Everything is for the best." The Maharaja sneezed, and took out a beautiful white handkerchief.

We mentioned his cultural activities, and he said, "I am not an exception. There have been other maharajas who were scholars and took an interest in music and world affairs." He sneezed again. "I have an ordinary life," he continued. "I pass my day like anyone. I get up at six o'clock, and after ablutions I look through magazines and papers for an hour. Then I take a bath, and after I am cleansed I pray and meditate for an hour. Then I go out riding for half an hour in the compound of my palace, which is not very large—only about twenty acres. Then I go to my office in the palace, where either I interview somebody or somebody interviews me. Then I have a lesson—one hour long—with a great Sanskrit teacher. We read together the texts of Vedas, Upanishads, and Bhagavad-Gita, and go over the commentaries—I never miss a day's lesson. Then I have lunch, after which I settle down for an hour and a half to do my writing. No, I don't dictate; dictation is oral, and everything oral is slipshod. I write with my own hand, even though that is laborious; in the long run, it pays.



“Is that right? No matter how I go in, I come out on the road to Rome.”

* * *

After writing, I take my dog, Caesar—he's a Great Dane—for a walk. At four-thirty, I go and play golf, and at six-thirty I am in my mother's palace, where a lot of people gather at that hour. At eight-thirty, like anyone, I have dinner, and then I say a prayer and go to bed.”

We asked him what sort of palace he lived in.

“It's just a home,” he said. “The old part is built out of wood, the new wing out of stone, and there is the usual staff of secretaries—fifteen or twenty—and the servants. I have a big park of elephants. And then there are my wife and five children. My oldest daughter, who is sixteen—she is called Princess Gayatri Devi—has just started her first year of university. My youngest daughter, Princess Indrakshi Devi, is two months old. I named my son Prince Srikanta Datta Narasimharaja, and my two other daughters Princess Meenakshi Devi and Princess Kamakshi Devi.” Once more, he sneezed. The telephone started ringing insistently, obliterating his words, but he went on speaking. Finally, he got up and answered the telephone.

After completing his conversation, he said, “I regret I cannot talk longer, and tell you about my library of Western music, which is the largest in India. I play the piano and the pipe organ, as you may know.”

Yes, we said, we knew, and left.

Admirer

WE have just learned that Wanda Gág's translation of “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs” provoked this reaction from a small girl in Brooklyn, whom we love sight unseen:

DEAR FREELY TRANSLATED:

I like the book you wrote called Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. It is a very good book. Please write to and Please will you send me a picture of you.

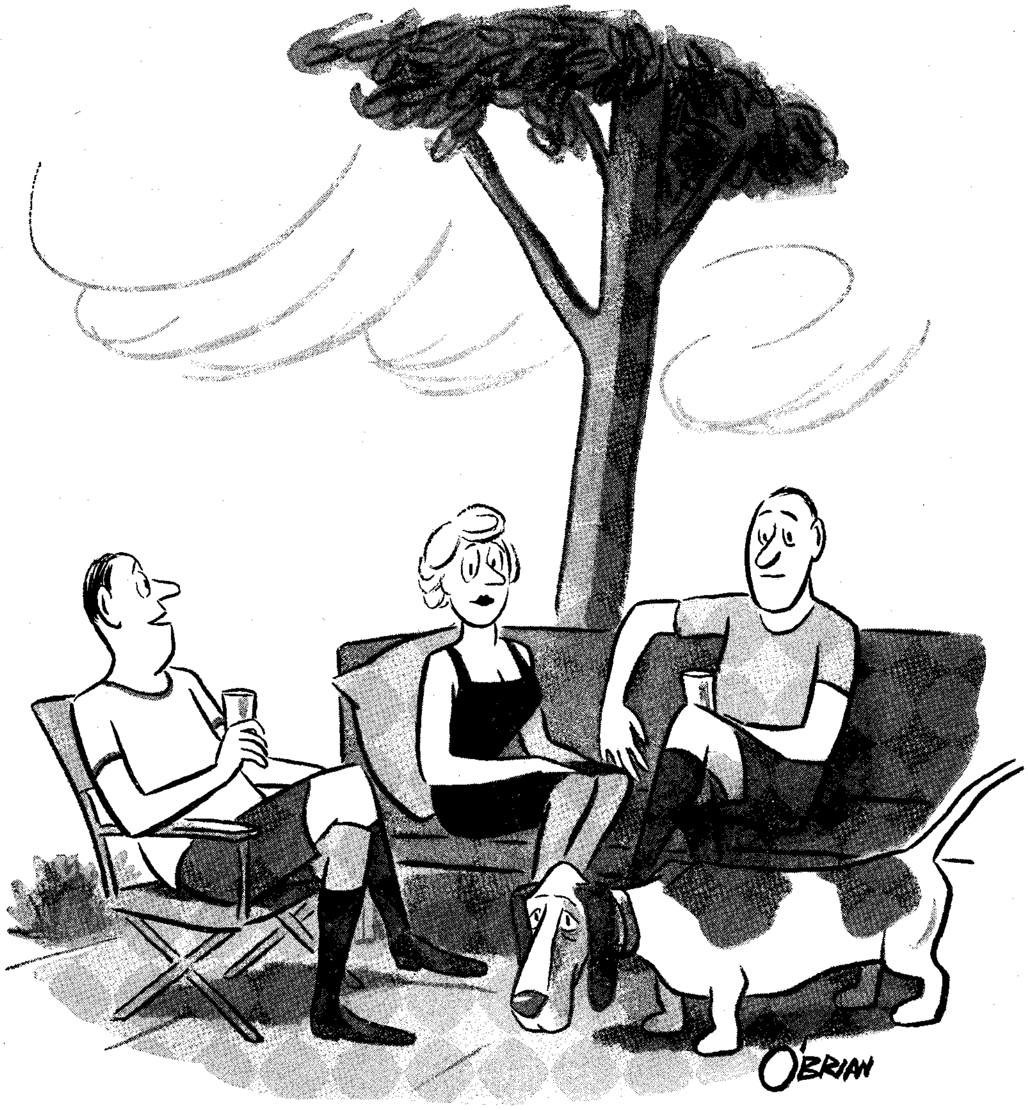
Your Friend,
EDITH PEREZ

WIND

GEORGE WEBB didn't know whether or not on the day of his birth there had been an almighty storm, with chromium sheets of rain, solid lightning, black thunder, and a raging gale, but he sometimes thought that if there had been, it would explain why wind affected him so—why the sound of a fierce wind yelping across the chimney top and boring into all the weathered boards and joints of the house was enough to wake him at night and, having got him there, keep him awake. Or why, on a gusty morning, he would find it impossible to work, and would pace restlessly around the house, annoyed by his wife and children and, in turn, annoying them. Then he would stride back to his study, sit down to his unfinished translating, listen to the branch of a tree tapping against a wall, watch a pile of leaves like a miniature tidal wave go bowling down the street, and smoke another cigarette, which made twice as many so far on such a morning as he usually smoked, and think of lascivious encounters with other women and whether he ought to get another bid for a new furnace and whether life was passing him by—all the things that, on a calm day, he managed to keep out of his already sufficiently cluttered mind.

When he was small he used to jump out of bed and run to the window to stare at the distant elms at the foot of the garden. On summer days, that had a purpose, because he could tell from the way the leaves and branches were waving how much wind there would be for sailing. He'd know if a lot of rowing was going to be called for, or if he was going to have a long argument with his mother before she let him go out, even with his life jacket. But for some reason, when winter came and his boat was hauled out, he continued to make studying the wind a morning ritual, and even now, years later, living in the Midwest a long way from the sea, he found himself doing the same thing, gazing obsessedly at the honeysuckle that grew over the fence, checking its confined motion against the wobbling television aerial on his neighbor's roof, and finally matching both of these indicators with the veteran beech that grew in the front yard. His wife was used to it. Sometimes when his pacing around the house got on her nerves, she would make a remark like "George, you should have been born in the days of clipper ships. Then you could have furled the sails and battened down the hatches." This in a sense was true, because if the house had had shutters and there had been no one around to think him an idiot, he would have run outside and thrown them shut, and propped a stone against the gate, which didn't latch properly, and then generally got the house snugged down, reinforcing its coziness, weather-stripping the thin walls against the elemental drafts of heaven. Instead, on a windy morning, he might go to the mailbox for the third time, tell his daughter to put the kittens back in their box, ask his wife if she had remembered to invite the Dobsons to dinner, and then, since no one was paying the right kind of attention to him (no mail in the box, a kitten dropped on a hot-air register on its return trip, his wife ignoring him), he would prowl into the library and seize the first book that presented itself. But his restlessness would prevent him from seeing anything more than a blur on its pages. He would have liked to be melodramatic, at least with himself, and say, "If this wind keeps up it'll drive me mad." His common sense, however, told him that just the fact of being able to think this sort of thing and mentally scoff at it was sufficient insurance against its ever happening. Anyway, the mood always passed. It had a lot to do with his mental weather, and if he was working hard he didn't notice it too much, and somehow the wind didn't bother him except at home.

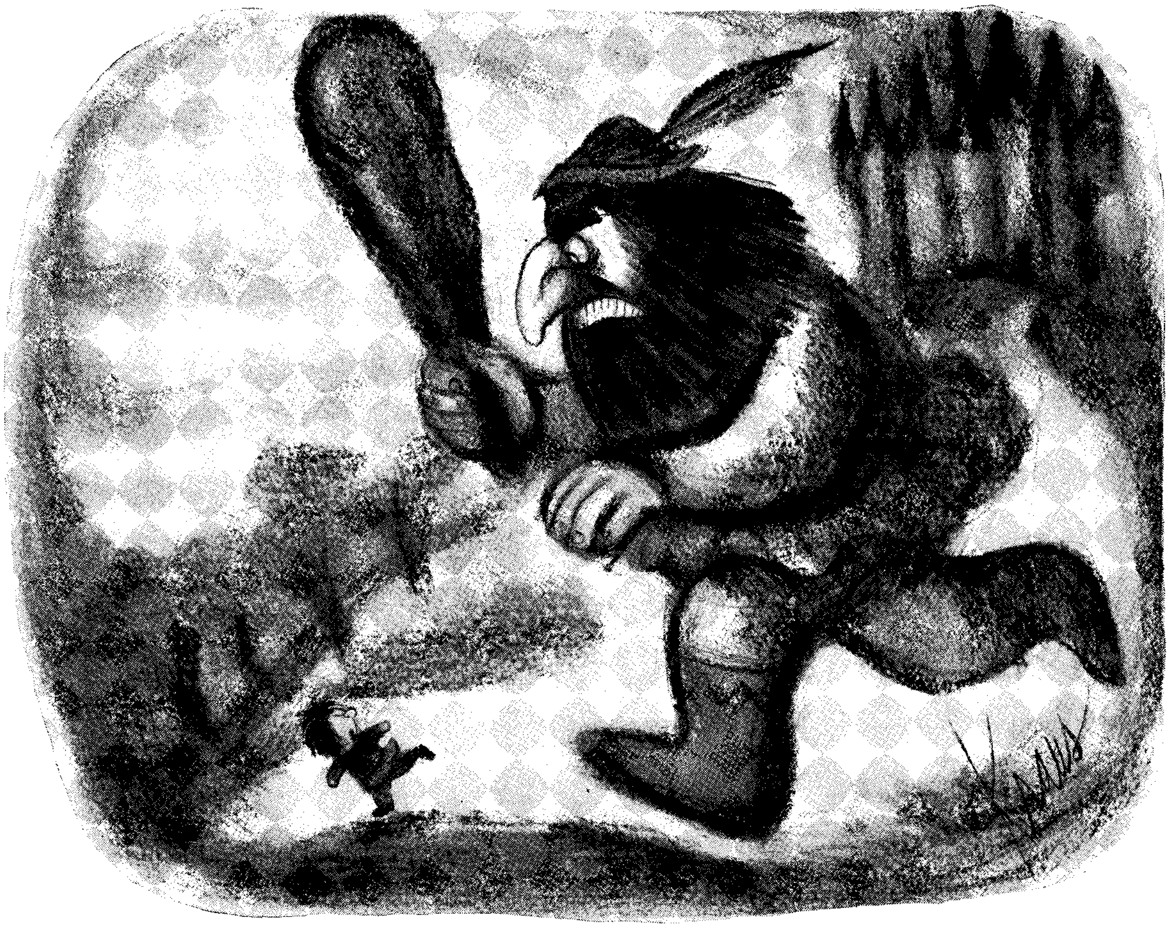
THIS was why, in the doze induced by the soft vibration and steady murmur of the transatlantic jet, the first signals that reached him were uncanny. He was a long way from home. Here in the plane he certainly hadn't expected to feel that irksome sensation, that unwelcome stir. And the murmur of the engines, although it faded into the slip stream, should be enough to cover any possible sound of wind. He had no real need to attend the conference in London. Classic texts and medi-



"He's eight years old, which makes him, in human terms, as old as Cary Grant."

eval glosses piled his desk at home, and he didn't particularly want to chat about them; he couldn't remember if he had answered the invitation of the conference sponsors. The trip was just a sop to his restlessness. He looked past the woman sitting next to him and out through the window; the sky was ice blue. He glanced at the sign above the pilot's cabin door, but the lights were out—he could smoke; he could leave off his seat belt. So the words popped from his mouth without reason, and the woman next to him, reading a magazine, looked round quizzically and said, "I beg your pardon?"

Have I done this before? Webb asked himself. Do I talk to myself? I just said—and my cheeks are burning—"It's getting windy."



"Why don't you pick on somebody your own size?"

"I mean," the woman said politely, "how can you tell?"

His ears were red, and he temporized with, "Wasn't there a bump just now?"

She looked at him curiously; then said "I didn't feel it," and turned back to her magazine.

The curious thing was that, although she was right, he knew a bump would come; that, although the sky was clear, very soon they would be in thick cloud; that the wind, which was just beginning to whistle around the plane, was simply the precursor of winds to come. He sat back rigid for a long time, as if trying to hold it all out of his head. But soon enough he could see the clothes on the line begin to shake, the branches of the beech begin to quiver with the strain, and the leaves hurtle. He rose abruptly and walked up the aisle, stepping aside to let a stewardess pass with a tray, and going on to the pilot's cabin door. He stopped there for a moment, scanning the covers of magazines jumbled in a nearby rack. Then he turned and wandered back down the plane, past the other passengers dozing, doing crossword puzzles, and idling through magazines and paperback novels. Their unconcern, real or pretended, irritated him; they might as well have been on a bus. He walked to the lavatory and locked himself in. There was no window, but the ventilator nozzle whistled in a sharp rush of air. He did everything he could think of. He washed his hands and face. Although he usually made do with a quick swipe of the hairbrush every morning, he now combed his hair, using the comb from the comb-and-notebook set handed out to regular customers by the proprietor of his local liquor store. He straightened his tie—small gesture, he thought—and, as the plane bumped and gave a quick recovering heave, he stepped out of the lavatory. A stewardess, wearing a highly trained smile, was moving toward him, bending over the passengers. As he passed her, she said, "Would you take your seat, sir, and fasten your seat belt. We've run into a spot of bad weather."

The lady in the adjoining seat didn't look at him as he sat down and fastened the belt. She was staring out of the window at the thick strands of gray cloud scurrying past; her own belt was neatly buckled across her lap. Above the cabin door the fasten-seat-belt sign glowed brightly. And even as he looked at it a voice came from the loudspeaker: "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. This is the captain. We've encountered a rather strong head wind. Our landing time will now probably be around nine o'clock. Thank you."

How calm that voice was, Webb reflected, but how genuine was that calm? The plane surged up and then seemed to drop flat for a thousand feet. His stomach took several seconds to level out. Over the whine of the engines he seemed to hear it—the great gusts flooding toward them; the short, abrupt lulls.

"I'd always imagined," said the woman beside him, "that one had tail winds going from west to east."

"Yes," said Webb.

"And isn't this strange weather to get at this altitude? I thought we were above all the storms and gales up here."

He remembered a newsreel shot of a hurricane, the roofs and trees whizzing horizontally down a road. "Well, nowadays, with all these bombs . . ." he began, but wearied of it; a joke at this point did no more than betray his nervousness. He lit a cigarette and had taken several puffs when the other red sign glowed on. He took one defiant puff and then stubbed out the cigarette.

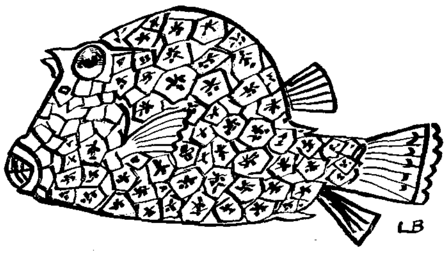
"It was very prescient of you, knowing this weather was coming," said his companion. The window showed nothing now. It was black outside and the plane bucked and dipped into the gale. “And I believe you were right. You can almost hear the wind out there.” She poked into her handbag, took out a small bottle of pills, swallowed one, adjusted her chair, and then closed her eyes.

Out there would have been all right, Webb thought. The trouble for him was that the wind didn't remain outside. It was inside, too. He seemed to hear the giant plane creaking and groaning as the swept-back wings had now more lift than they wanted and then, with the jolt of the bottom dropping out of the universe, hardly any lift at all. Nine o'clock would be an hour late. A quick computation told him the head winds must be averaging a hundred miles an hour. He watched a stewardess stagger down the aisle, clutching the backs of seats for support, and pointing out a paper bag to a white-faced man across from him, who was looking up helplessly. I wish I felt sick, Webb thought. It would be something to do. Should I ask the woman for a pill? Is she asleep? The overhead lights were on. He pushed back his seat, adjusted his neck on the little cushion as if for the dentist, and shut his eyes. It was always a question in such moments whether you saw more with your eyes closed or open. Like someone willing himself to sleep, Webb kept his lids shut, his feet firmly planted, heel and toe, on the floor. He tightened his belt by an inch and felt his breath rise and fall. He couldn't get up and walk around. His mind and all his senses paced for him, from nose to tail, from wing tip to wing tip, watching the ailerons that seemed to react so slowly to the heaving of the plane, examining the four engines whose thrust was belittled by that of the storm, noting the metal fabric ripple and shiver as the wind roared over it—fatigue, buckle, stress, and snap were the words, the sounds. And now the plane pitched, and lifted, and pitched again, and a wing dipped a long way down. He felt the beginning of a roll that seemed to be taking them up and up. Could the wind lift them forever out of the thin air into space? Could the end be up instead of down? The wind howled now like a mad hound, and light flickered through his lids like lightning. Gray masses hurled themselves past his retinas into the depths of his brain. A long way back he seemed to have heard this wind—the gale of birth—and if it had brought him in, it could undoubtedly take him out. For a moment he thought of the bird in Bede's tale that flashes into the hall from the winter night, flutters around the firelit rafters, and then, after an instant's stay, flies out again through the opening in the far wall. Life was as quick, as insignificant as that; but the image was drowned in actual fear. Suddenly the pressure in his ears was huge, and the wind seemed to be tearing at him, shaking him, uprooting him, pulling him limb from limb. The dark grew solid. He rose and fell into an immense doom.

The stewardess, a practical nurse, revived him with smelling salts and a cup of tea. In a while they reached land, and the woman next to him, after chewing over the right words in her head, said gently, “Perhaps you shouldn't fly. The girl was worried about you.”

“Oh, I'm sorry,” said Webb.

“Well—you were very hard to wake up.” The woman paused, and then went on, as if it didn't have much relevance, “It was a nasty storm.”



He went down the gangway, and a man, beaming, came up to him.

“Ah, Mr. Webb, good of you to come over. We weren't sure you'd make it.”

“Really?” said Webb. Am I still ashen, he wondered.

The man smiled and said half scoldingly, “You didn't answer our invitation.”

“I'm sorry,” Webb said again. “I'm very sorry.” In his relief he could have gone on apologizing, but his welcomer had stepped over to shake hands with someone else; someone, Webb thought, who had answered the invitation, someone who had known he would get here.

A slight breeze was blowing across the airfield, but Webb didn't notice it. What he had been through didn't need much translating. Up there in the wind he had at last realized the certainty of his own death—not today, not even soon, not for a long time, perhaps. But a certainty nevertheless. The thought of it, coming to him in this way after what seemed to be countless ages of resistance and sidestepping of the idea, struck him now as an immensely calming thing. —Anthony Bailey

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PHOTOGRAPH OF A COMTESSE

Her eyes blow wide some nectared anodyne.
Child brows replay the paleness of her chin.
Full, moon-blown bows surmount dark crystalline;
Dark, sweeping jets of hair, umber, wash by,
Flanking the skyline pallor of her skin.

The stern expression merely signifies
Mock-tragic gaiety in a girl her age.
Pale arms of porcelain touch. A necklace lies
Lightening her dress, whose whale-blown hoops of sky
Fade on exposure through the whitened page.

Time caught—a dying smile, caught, revived,
Fresh-watered in the lens, and duly shed—
Hangs shaded, where, behind noon shutters knived
By splintered light (whose fig-seed blaze outside
Bleaches the yawning stones), she lies in bed.

Shrivelled, how scorched, how sun-wracked, fever-spiked!
How winter frost has shorn this withered husk!
How many ravelled years have liked, disliked
This old, worn woman, many streams of light
Have lit this trembling mind, and how much dusk?

Nodding at some sweet thought, she half retrieves
The far, flushed sunrise, but the eyes which laugh
Are blind, the smile which wreathes those same lips leaves
A wasted rose. As darkness falls, she sleeps
Alone, with a little girl in a photograph.

—Derek Parfit

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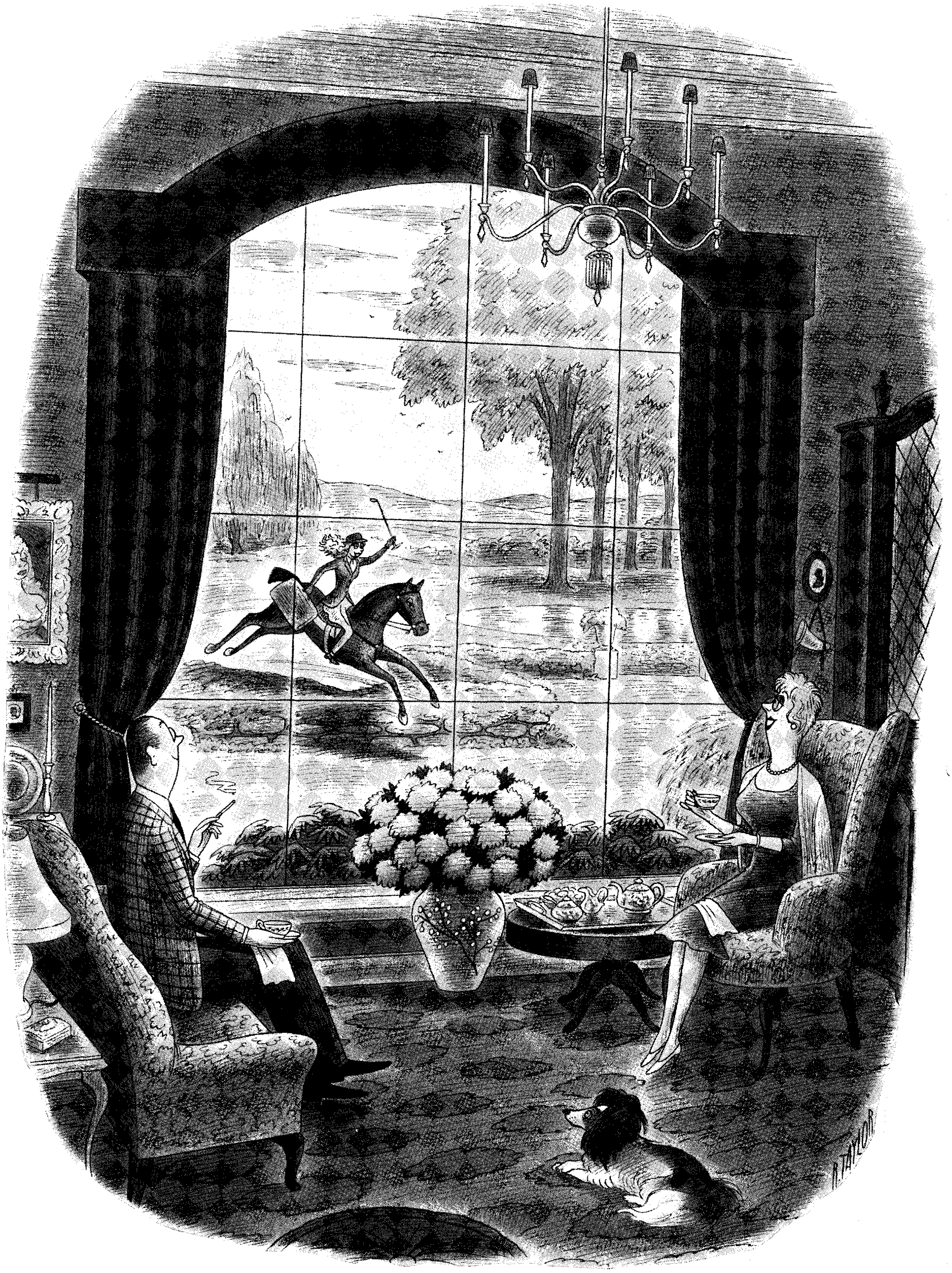


"*Why, it's Daphne—home from Foxcroft.*"

THEY WANT YOU IN

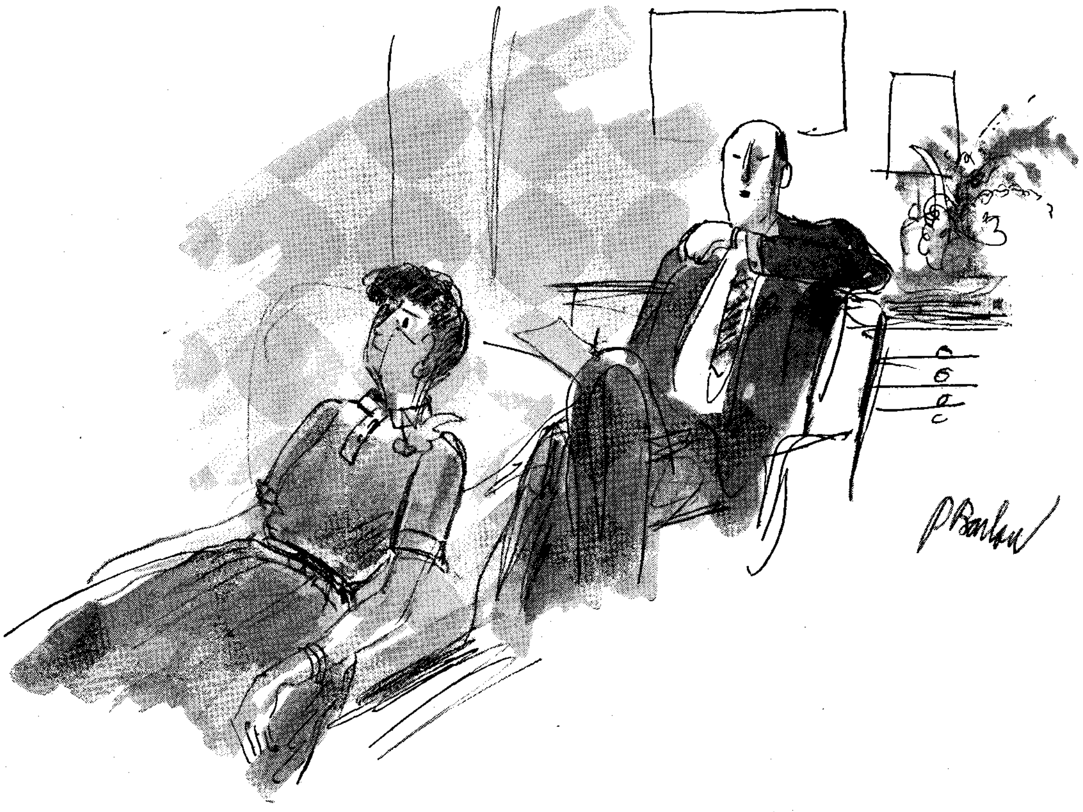
TO hell with her, Benny thought bad-humoredly as he loped down West Ninety-ninth Street toward Riverside Drive, too sore about Flo to notice the city racket around his ears or the chalked hopscotch designs on the sidewalk. Benny just wanted to get away from his street for a little while, get away from that one-room-and-kitchen apartment that once again he had spent the morning cleaning up so he could get his so-called girl friend Flo to come up and spend the afternoon, the evening, the night maybe—that had been the idea, for Flo to spend the night. To hell with her now. Benny had been living there a year; he ran a parking lot on Broadway, and it was handy enough to get to work from the West Nineties. You had the river nearby; you could go down and walk along it when you felt like it, which was just what he was about to do now. Forget Flo, kick her right out of my life, he thought. What was she, anyway? Skinny waitress always skittering one way and then another, always promising to come up to his place and not coming up, and then today . . . He didn't need her. What he needed—well, he knew what he needed; it wasn't Flo. She was too bony, in the first place, and all right she worked hard at the restaurant but so what, plenty of people in the world work hard. He worked hard, too, maybe not so hard as Flo, maybe not so hard as some people heading for an early grave, but he was making out. In his time, he had had his ups and downs, but now he had himself a little deal with the parking lot. It was very simple: why work more than you have to?

This business with Flo today had been so incredibly simple that Benny still couldn't understand how it had gone wrong. He could never have foreseen a fiasco today—especially today—when just yesterday he had gone over to the Crosstown Bar on West Ninety-sixth, where Flo worked, and told her, "Look, Flo, baby, I've got it all planned for tomorrow, a nice all-day Saturday we'll have. I'll get a little lunch in, and we'll have a few drinks, see, and then we'll see what we'll work out, all right?"

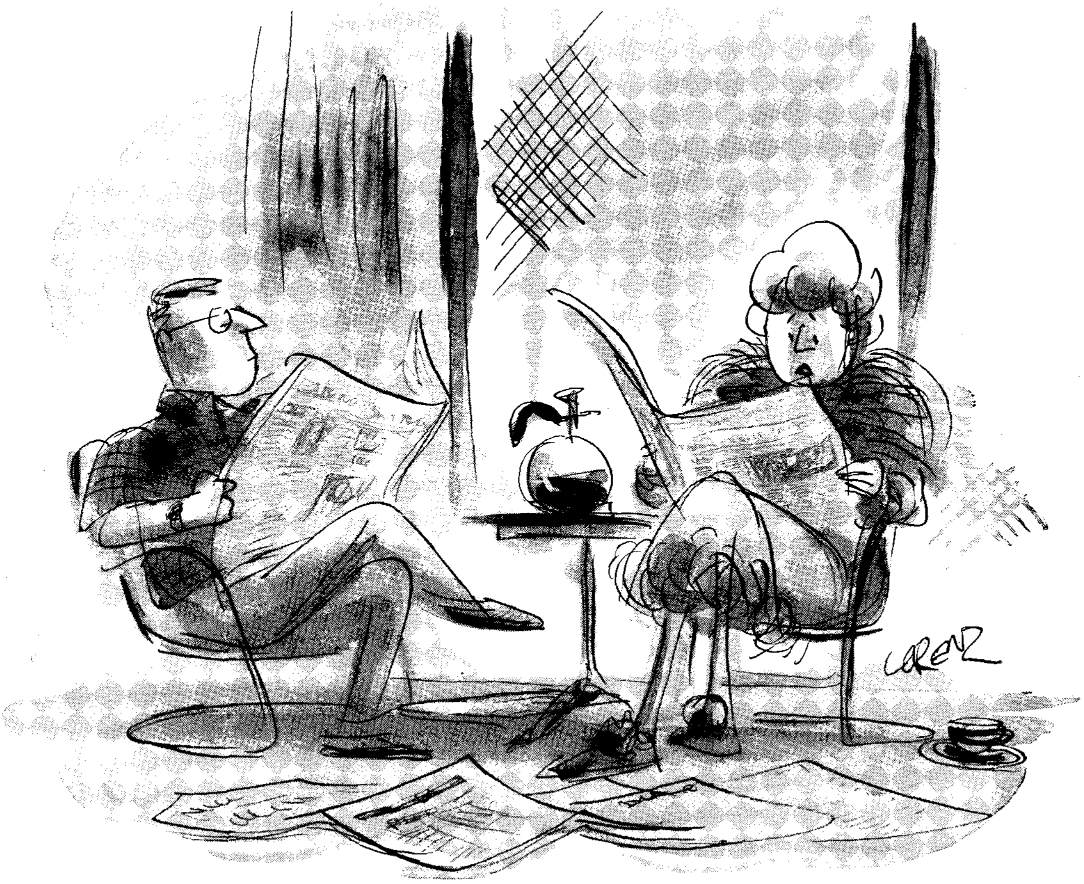
"What do you mean, what we'll work out?" Flo wanted to know.

What a girl for no sense of humor, for no *feeling* in a situation; you had to *explain* everything to her, and the bar was no place for that, with Flo on duty, but Benny was determined to make it definite for once. They were always going out together without ever really agreeing on what they would do. Benny said hurriedly—it was hard to say anything thought-out with all those guys around waiting for Flo to serve them—"I just mean that we've been going together for a couple of months now, and I'm just asking you to come up to my place tomorrow, spend an easy day, we'll go out later. Plenty of things we can do—take in a show, even go to the a night club, you want to spend some money, I don't care. Hell, Flo." He gazed at her with a pained look on his squarish, big-nosed face. Flo, with her dark, sharp eyes straight on him, shook her head dubiously. (Flo was not so brittle as she pretended; there were plenty of men who would be a big improvement on Benny, but they didn't happen to be coming around.) She kept the hardness in her eyes out of habit, from being a New York waitress, having to kid around with the men in the Crosstown. She had learned, also, to keep her mind to herself. Oh, Benny was her boy friend, if anybody was, but she was in no hurry to sign herself over to Benny. Benny and his plans; he was a real planner, all right. O.K., she would come up Saturday for lunch.

IT was just too hot a day, that had been the real trouble, Benny thought. Flo had come, sat down on the low green sofa that converted into a bed at night, and Benny had got drinks. Then he had turned on the big, rattling floor fan—maybe *that* had been the trouble, the damned thing buzzing all the time, blasting the hot air at the two of them, ruffling Flo's skirt. The grille over the front of the fan had been zinging and twanging as if the machine were on the verge of going out of control and flying into a thousand tinny pieces, blades whizzing all over the room, cut your head off. Flo had sat with her skinny knees together uncomfortably before her—the sofa was too low, just one more thing wrong with the place. It must have been the fan. Or maybe it wasn't the fan; it could have been that madwoman next door screaming through the hole in the wall between Benny's kitchen and hers, this so-called temporary hole made weeks ago by a plaster-smashing electrician. Benny had gone out to the kitchen to get ice cubes. This damned hole was right beside the refrigerator, and the old crone began her screeching at someone who lived with her—her daughter, probably; Benny had never bothered to find out. When Benny had got the ice cubes, and the crone had got into good voice, Benny poked his big nose through the hole and yelled, "Shut up!" at her. Two wild lit-



"Go!"



"Oh dear! I think James Reston is being funny again."

• •

tle eyes appeared at the hole. It was the first time Benny had seen the old woman. Maybe before the building had gone up she had perched in a tree; over her outraged cacklings, they had built the apartment around her.

From the other room, Flo called, "What is it, Benny?"

"Nothing. It's all right."

Flo came into the kitchen and saw the mad old eyes staring through the hole. She grabbed Benny's arm and stepped back into the doorway. Fearfully she asked, "Who is it?"

In a monkey reply, the old woman screeched through the hole.

Flo drew Benny into the hallway with her. "What a horrible voice! What does she want, Benny?"

"She's nuts. Don't worry about her," said Benny.

"Does she watch all the time? Why is the hole there?"

"They're going to fix the hole." He returned to the kitchen, Flo watching him from the doorway. The woman was still at the hole, clucking away. "Can it," Benny told her, and stuffed a dish towel into the hole, which effectively muffled the yipping and snapping from the other side.

"But what *does* she want?" Flo insisted.

"Who knows what she wants? She doesn't want anything. She wants to yell. Let her yell, but not in my kitchen." Benny put his arm around Flo's waist and nuzzled her ear.

Flo continued to stare at the hole. "It's just terrible!" she said.

"Don't worry about it," Benny said. But she broke away from him. She was obviously upset; she was always letting some little thing upset her.

Then, on top of the old woman, there had been that buzzing fan, but a girl like Flo, works in a noisy bar, you'd think she'd be used to it. All right, it did make too much racket. You couldn't doze off a little, the way two people might do together on a sofa, on a hot afternoon in a dark room. And then—Benny was always getting some big new idea—he had stuck an empty cigarette package into the blades, drawing it out slowly to make it sound like an airplane taking off, and with his free hand he had come in for a landing on Flo's knee. I should never have tried that, he thought now, as he crossed Riverside Drive, the asphalt soft under his shoes.

After that, he had made himself a stiff bourbon to get back into the mood, but Flo would take only a small one. She was too skinny anyway, too skinny and nervous and picky; she would notice that the top of his refrigerator was dirty under the stove—not just dusty but dirty—and she would notice that the rope in the window sash was broken. She wouldn't say anything *about* these discoveries, but she would always be noticing things like that for the rest of your life and, anyway— Benny didn't even want to think about her any more. What he had finally done this afternoon—a really *great* idea, this one was, a real prize that he'd had all planned for a week—was simply to go into the bathroom, take off his clothes, and put on his bright-red silk prizefighter's bathrobe, and, as casually as he could manage it, walk out into the living room saying, "Boy, is it hot, eh?" The damned fan, or something, had made her too jumpy. Violently, she leaped up from the sofa. "Oh, please, Benny! You don't do it that way!" And she went.

Gone. She was g-o-n-e. Benny got dressed again—two-toned shoes, fresh white sports shirt with the latest-style air holes, tan silk pants with alligator belt, wide-brimmed soft straw hat with a green band (the hat also had air holes), all set for a stroll in "cool comfort," as in the magazine ads. All right, here he was, but alone; ruined it again with Flo. How long did you have to know a girl, a waitress like Flo? Most of the time she followed along with him, but then whenever he tried to get something going, like today, whenever he tried to start to *operate*, then she stopped him cold.

AS he went down the stone steps into the park, Benny repeated "To hell with her" until he had worn a groove in his mind with it. She didn't want him around, and none of the rest of them wanted him in with them either. So to hell with them, too. A couple of little boys with a very long stick were trying to smash the globe on a lamppost; they watched Benny cagily as he approached them, but they didn't stop their awkward, reaching-up, four-handed banging.

"You boys put down that stick," Benny told them.

Holding their stick motionless, they eyed him. "You're not a cop," one said.

"That's my lamppost," Benny told them. He took a step toward them. They lowered their stick.

The boy laughed at Benny. "You're

CAPE ANN: A VIEW

Tropic of ice—
the sea a razor-line toward Spain.
This house I rented on the first of June
already hums with bees about their pueblos,
and from a bare deck rotted by the sun
I see bird islands and the snow-patched slopes
where sea gulls hold their raucous councils.
In single file,
as if they had pried apart the whaleback rock
that shoulders my front door, late irises
shuck off their thin rag-paper wrappings
and stand like roosters while their petals blow.

Again the fond summer comes to a grim edge
off which, this morning, one gray lobsterman
goes trolleying from float to float
and stops at each, his bubbling motorboat
adrift, to rake the sea.
Becalmed, he hauls a shower to his knees,
measures his catch in ounces and in inches,
and, patient, throws out almost everything.
He swings about,
steadfast, his motor muttering, as if with hope,
and fades like a dead soul, still standing up.

A rusty lilac knocks against a shingle;
the old GE refrigerator champs and snores.
When echoes echo in too many rooms,
I go downstairs, compelled to open doors
as if someone stood waiting there . . .
Cold sun steps in. There's little to surprise
a stranger in this neighborhood.

Whoever lives here must be gone for good;
his lavish water colors bleed and sag,
his breadbox is unhinged, his tacked-up wall map
of the zodiac's washed brown with rain;
his pantry shelf keeps one white plate—on it
someone once painted a high-buttoned shoe;
upstairs, there's a wan piece of *art nouveau*
and a black sweater gone in the right sleeve.

My relics, fallen among his,
lean on the shelves of a long afternoon.
A trapezoid of light goes crabwise on the floor,
the bees with Yo-yo spoolings lift and sink
on the still air, and, in a thrust of gold,
a spider's little partly finished net
abstracts the heart of treachery.

The evening, at first screened in clear pastels,
soon washes out in a romantic clamor.
Gulls on a fishhouse roof,
spaced perfectly, a wing apart, observe
these last annunciations of the visible.
The stars come thick; and, as I move
toward sleep within the sleep of walls
that may recall my tenancy, fish, lion,
scorpion, and ram climb the important track
from whose solicitous and shining grace
a name descends on the anonymous.

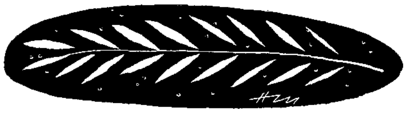
—John Malcolm Brinnin

• •

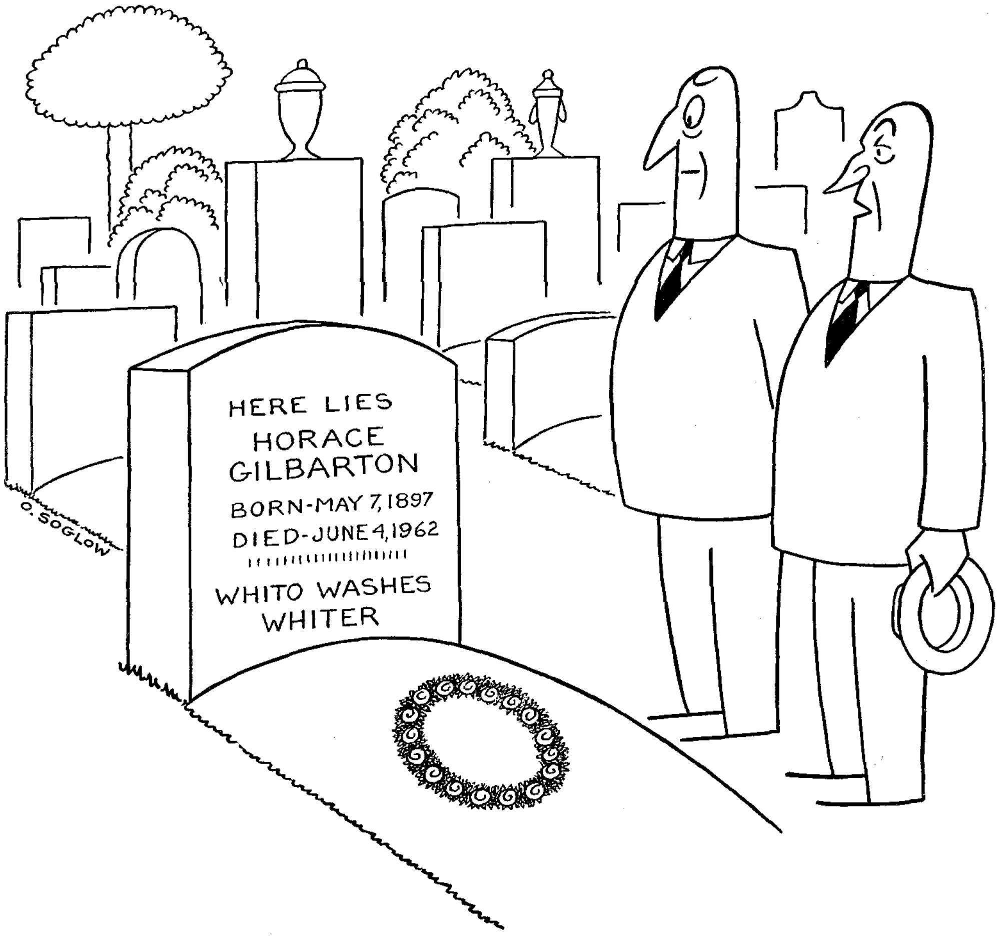
not a cop and that's not your lamppost."

"You touch that lamp again and you'll find out whose it is. Get away from here," said Benny. The little boys moved away, dragging their stick behind them, off to find a lamp they could break in peace. Benny looked up at the lamp he had saved, confounded by the echo of his own voice: "*Get away from here.*" It had worked, that was the amazing thing; anyway, it worked on little boys. All you had to do was speak up. "Flo, we're staying the night here, get it?" Like that. Or maybe, "Flo, go and undress." That was the idea—maybe not those exact words; you would have to find the exact words. It could work; it had worked with the kids. You had to have somebody bright enough to know you meant what you said, of course; Flo looked as if she would never realize that.

But those kids had really *moved.* He laughed, walking along the path past dogwood bushes, through a litter of broken liquor bottles in an underpass, down to the wide asphalt walk along the river. The day wasn't over yet—at least, not for everybody else—a hot Saturday afternoon, the grassy fields along the river full of people sunning themselves. Benny walked alongside the water until he found a freshly mowed embankment of a proper steepness for lying back on the elbows. Once in place, he watched a cool Negro flying a kite, a Negro with the visor of his cap pulled down over his dark glasses. He danced with the end of his kite string, jerking backward abruptly and then halting, running, fooling the kite into making unwarranted leaps high out over the Hudson. A few kite watchers along the grassy bank followed the Negro appreciatively, the Negro absolutely oblivious. Nothing wrong with this, Benny thought; there's plenty to see down here.



Other acts in the show included a silent prowl car creeping along the riverside walk, squeezing between the railing and the endless bench that disappears in receding geometric perspective toward the Seventy-ninth Street marina. Hundreds of citizens were sunning themselves, a motley variety of races and bright-colored clothing, a scene spotty and interchanging—ice-cream venders, balloons, dogs, cats, kites, folding chairs, car robes, Scotch-plaid picnic jugs, transistor radios, and enough children to make up the population of the city in fifty years. The prowl car wound its heedless way, patiently knocking people out of its path, inside the car two relaxed cops representing an absolute limit of non-law-enforcement this side of murder and riot, cops with a tired eye for crime; they hummed, chatted, ogled the girls. Their car barged along, giving an irregular, lethargic honk, time-killing cops shoving themselves determinedly through this throng of lawbreakers—litterers, bicycle racers, no-leash dog



"An advertising man to the last!"

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owners, barbecue-fire builders, fishermen, flower pickers, cutters of dogwood slips, tree climbers, lamppost-globe smashers, roller skaters, kite fliers, bench carvers, graffiti engravers, fence climbers, droppers of stones through railroad-tunnel grilles. The cops were glassy-eyed and dutifully awake through it all, their radio crackling terrifying messages, black-and-green-and-white car moving softly on its low-pressure tires past every crime named on the big crime-listing sign with the big "NO" at the top of it at the entrance to the park, cops unthrilled at the thought that there is not an innocent man, woman, or child in the place, everybody guilty all around, everybody committing New York City crimes this very moment—except maybe Benny.

Benny, the uninvolved, sunning himself on a hillock, walked out on by his girl because of the bad-luck coöperation of a buzzing electric fan (his own fault) and a crow woman (what man can foresee trouble from a hole in a kitchen wall?) and that red silk bathrobe he'd put on, a gesture in the grand manner, worthy of some European duke (but maybe just a little too grand for a Ninety-sixth Street waitress). Benny was better off without the girl and he knew it and . . . And and and. And just never mind and. He watched one of those childless, so-called intellectual couples go by, the man young-looking but bald, with gray sideburns, dressed to pretend to be young in long shorts that reached down to his knobby knees, and a knitted blue T shirt and a cap. He was smoking a pipe. The wife was flabby-legged, and also wore knee-length shorts. They had an Alsatian pup, and were lugging a lot of that aluminum tubular furniture. They were going to set up housekeeping here in the park; they looked around the field to begin building. It's great, marriage, Benny said sourly to himself. They began setting up their tubular chairs, tables, parasol, bringing out the jug of Martinis, and the books, and the *Times*. My God, Benny thought. He continued to contemplate, but it was a role for which he was almost totally unsuited. He could comment critically, but he had no basic theory to go on. All he had to go on was the obviously false premise that he was better off without Flo. The falseness was becoming evident even to Benny.

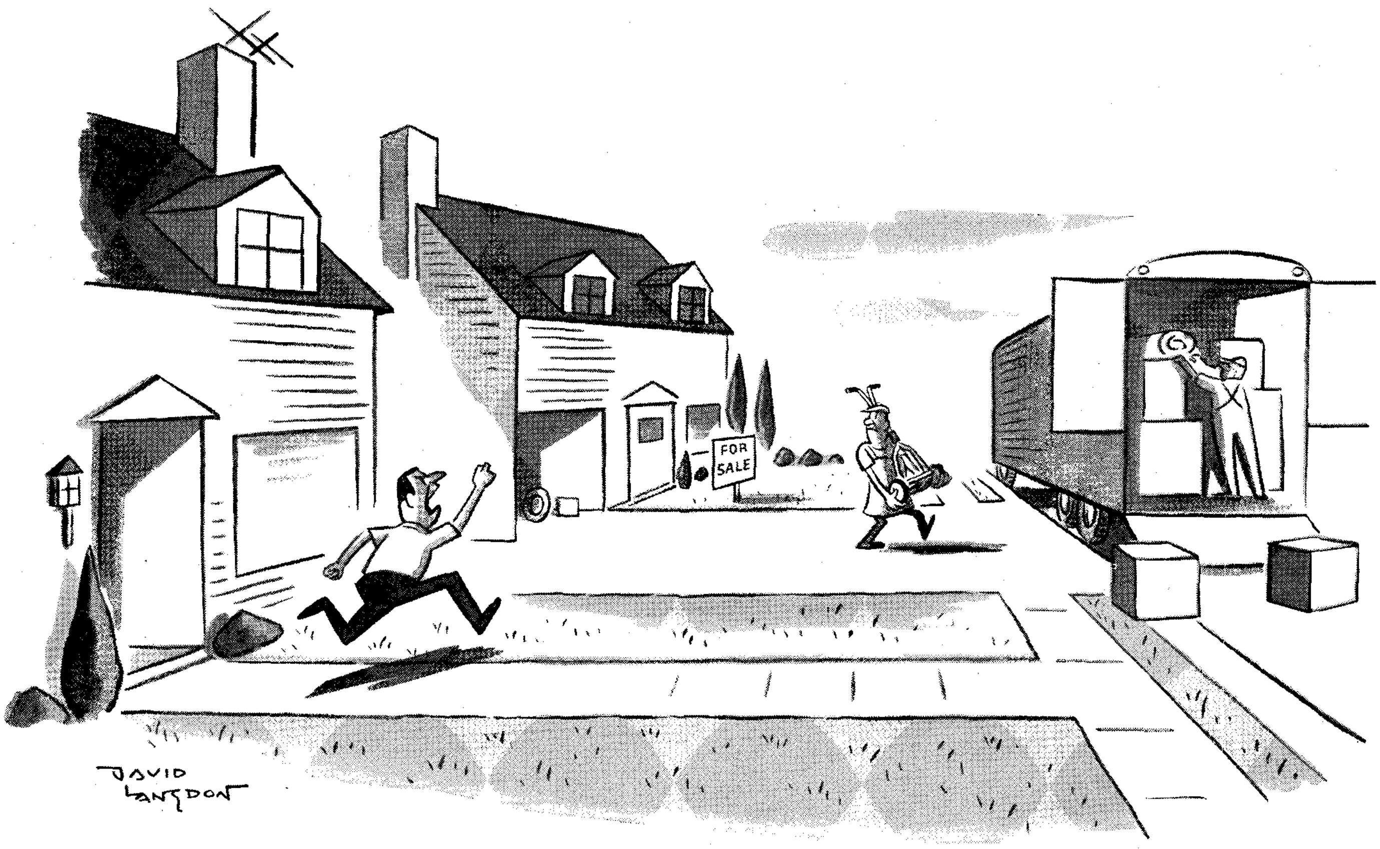
AN attacking force of two brown-skinned Spanish-chattering girls, about ten years old, suddenly came racing over Benny's hill. They embodied all the enthusiasm, all the wiry speed and nervous, snaky, agile race-horse talent needed for the immediate project (to kill Benny). The two girls jumped upon his head and shoulders, rolled him over, pulled his legs, dragged him through the grass, and then plopped down beside him—one on each side of their Gulliver—and blasted him with high-pitched Spanish.

"Cut it out!" Benny cried.

They giggled—piercing metallic giggles, but good metal. They jumped up, tearing around Benny in such fast circles that they became more than two girls, a brown-skinned continuum now, hundreds of them in a solid spinning ring of screaming little girls. They stopped abruptly to uproot ammunition—clover, weeds, grass, buttercups—and fired it at Benny. Then—pounce—they were on his shoulders again, beating his hat in. "Come weet us!" one of them cried. Benny reached out to grab them, slow them down, get them off him, but he couldn't catch them; they each had dozens of thin, brown, flailing arms, dozens of galloping legs. They repeated their cry, "Come weet us, come weet us, come weet us!" They tugged on Benny's hands, yanking furiously at his arms, and succeeded in pulling him to his feet, Benny helping them a little—it wouldn't hurt to go along with them for just a minute or so—by pushing up some of his weight himself. "Come weet us! Come weet us!"

Benny went along, and still he thought he was holding back something, that he was still his own man. He thought he had responded to these kids only out of a sense of kidding around, of spur of the moment. But he was as much a part of this Saturday swarm as anyone, clad as he was in two Puerto Rican children, one on each hand; he was as much a part of this long narrow West Side park along the garbagy Hudson as, say, that cool kite flier. This was not part of keeping aloof, not part of doing just fine without that bright-eyed girl friend he hadn't learned the first thing about handling.

So. Zoom along the riverside walk—here the little girls put on the speed. Benny sailing down the walk between the girls like a barge with a couple of slender, self-powered outriggers. This awkward, galloping little team suddenly pulled up and surrounded an older Puerto Rican girl who greeted the younger ones with familiar, resigned forbearance. But she was not their mother; she didn't face them with a mother's demand to give a logical ac-



"Hey, just a minute!"

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count of themselves. There was, however, a family distance among them. Flo is no sooner gone, Benny reflected, than here, the same afternoon, *another* girl appears. There's one along every five minutes.

"*Quiere este hombre*?" one little girl asked the older one. She and her sister pushed Benny forward hopefully toward their guardian, who smiled at Benny in a kind of forced complicity, like two people who bump into one another while tripping over a suitcase in the subway. Go along with it, Benny thought; why not? He saw now that the moment back there on the hillock had been his last chance to stay out of it.

"These girls are wild ones. They just came from Puerto Rico. I am their aunt. I have to take care of them today," the girl told Benny in careful, Spanish-accented speech. She laughed in open embarrassment; she had a gold tooth. "These girls say I must have a man, so . . . they go and capture one for me." Benny could think of nothing to say to this. He considered her flattish face, high cheekbones, wide eyes with eyeballs the color of faintly stained ivory, strong neck, short, thick, dull black hair. She smiled, and with that gold tooth it was quite a smile. And something else; with that dark skin of hers, she was managing to blush.

They were all walking again. The girls gave their aunt a good lead; she and Benny stopped at the foot of an embankment below the swish of tires on the Henry Hudson Parkway. The distance between them diminished but nevertheless remained as divisive as before. The little girls spied a couple lying together in the soft shadows of a weeping willow, and with guerrilla tactics they sneaked down the slope behind them. "Those poor people," the aunt said to Benny. The little girls, giggling silently, peered down on their victims; then they charged, screaming, throwing handfuls of grass and beating the hapless pair with dogwood branches. The girls abruptly abandoned the couple, who remained bewildered, staring after the escaping marauders. Benny wanted to say, "They're not my little girls, don't blame me."

"We must go home," the aunt announced to the mercurial little girls. They came along, circling but obeying. Benny turned back with them; it was the end of the path anyway. He felt a moment of unforeseen awkwardness because he was again out of it, even though he had been trying to tell himself all afternoon that he intended to stay out of it altogether, out of it with Flo first of all, and then out of all this feverish juvenile activity down here in the park, out of it all because he wanted to be out of it, because he'd never succeeded in really getting *into* it. Now here they all were turning back from the pathway to go home. One little girl fiend said, "Are you coming weet us?"

They want you in, Benny thought. How about that? "I'll walk up to the Drive with you," he told them. When he got there, he would say goodbye to them. He couldn't talk Spanish; it would be a little funny, with the rest of her family around, and . . . well, a girl like that, with a gold front tooth . . . probably those people think it makes her beautiful. But for Benny, he now decided, no. For Benny, somebody with a little more class, somebody with fine bones in her face, somebody like Flo. Maybe he'd go around and see her tonight. Delicate kid like her, he'd just been pushing things too hard. Go around, say hello, bring a bottle along, maybe; have a few drinks, see how things would go. What the hell, he thought, if they want you in, I'll go in.

—ROY BONGARTZ

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Four hundred socially prominent divorcees of harness racing from all parts of the country make up the invitation list to the event.

The exhibition program and museum operation of the Hall of Fame will be retarded by the proceeds of the ball.—*The Times.*

Seems entirely likely.

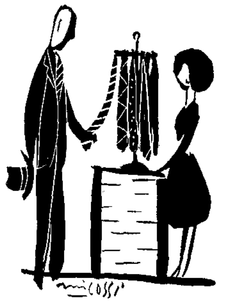
A REPORTER AT LARGE

SILENT SPRING—II

As man proceeds toward his announced goal of the conquest of nature, he is writing a depressing record of destruction—destruction of the earth he inhabits and destruction of the life that shares it with him. The history of recent centuries has its black passages—the slaughter of the buffalo on the Western plains, the massacre of the shore birds by the market gunners, the near extermination of the egrets for their plumage. Now to these, and others like them, we are adding a new chapter—the killing of birds, mammals, fishes, and, indeed, every form of wildlife by chemical insecticides indiscriminately sprayed on the land. Opinions on the effect of this spraying differ. On the one hand, conservationists and many wildlife biologists assert that the losses have been severe, and in some cases catastrophic. On the other hand, the insect-control specialists tend to deny that such losses have occurred, or that they are of any importance if they have. When we try to decide which view to accept, the credibility of the witness is of the first importance. The biologist on the scene is certainly well qualified to discover and interpret the loss of wildlife. The control specialist, even if he is an entomologist, is not so well qualified by training, and besides he is not psychologically disposed to look for undesirable side effects. Like the priest and the Levite in the biblical story, the control men in the state and federal governments—and, of course, the chemical manufacturers—choose to pass by on the other side and to see nothing.

It is sometimes argued that the destruction of wildlife through spraying is only temporary and that the populations soon reëstablish themselves. Even in the occasional situations where this has happened, an injustice has been done. The bird watcher, the suburbanite who derives joy from birds in his garden, the hunter, the fisherman, and the explorer of wild regions have been deprived of pleasure to which they have a legitimate right. Such reëstablishment, however, is unlikely to occur, for spraying is ordinarily a repetitive process, and the environment becomes a trap, in which not only the resident wildlife populations succumb but those who come in as migrants as well. Now, in a decade marked by government insect-control programs in which many thousands, even millions, of acres are sprayed as a unit, a decade in which private and community spraying has also surged steadily upward, an extensive record of destruction and death of American wildlife has accumulated.

DURING the fall of 1959, about twenty-seven thousand acres in southeastern Michigan, including some of the suburbs of Detroit, were heavily dusted from the air with clay pellets containing one of the most poisonous of all the insecticides—a chemical called aldrin. Like the better-known DDT, aldrin is one of a group of synthetic chemicals called the chlorinated hydrocarbons, which have been in wide and growing use as pesticides since the end of the Second World War. The Michigan program was conducted by the state Department of Agriculture, with the coöperation of the United States Department of Agriculture; its announced purpose was control of the Japanese beetle. This beetle was first discovered in New Jersey in 1916, when a few shiny insects of a metallic-green color were seen in a nursery near Riverton. The beetles, at first unrecognized, were finally identified as a common inhabitant of the main islands of Japan. Apparently, they had entered the United States on nursery stock imported before 1912—the year when restrictions were established on such imports. From its original point of entrance, the Japanese beetle has spread rather widely through many of the states east of the Mississippi, where conditions of temperature and rainfall are suitable for it, and some outward movement beyond the existing boundaries of its distribution usually takes place each year. For a time, it was a troublesome destroyer of crops and ornamental plants, but then, in many of the eastern areas, ways were devised to keep its populations at relatively low levels—without large-scale spraying. Yet despite this record of reasonable control in eastern areas, the Midwestern states have launched an attack worthy of the most deadly enemy upon an only moderately destructive insect. At the time of the Michigan spraying, Walter P. Nickell, one of the best-known and best-informed naturalists in the state, declared, "For more than thirty years, to my direct knowledge, the Japanese beetle has been present in the city of Detroit in small numbers. The numbers have not shown any appreciable increase in all this lapse of years. . . . I have not yet been able to obtain any information whatsoever to the effect that they have increased in numbers." An official release by the state agency merely declared that the beetle had "put in its appearance," and the program was launched, with the state providing some of the manpower and supervising the operation, the federal government providing equipment and additional men, and the communities paying for the insecticide.



The Michigan spraying was one of the first large-scale attacks on the Japanese beetle from the air. The choice of aldrin was not arrived at by any inquiry into its suitability for Japanese-beetle control but simply by the wish to save money; aldrin was cheaper than the other poisons considered. While the state acknowledged in an official release to the press that aldrin is a "poison," it implied that no harm could come to human beings, and the official answer to the query "What precautions should I take?" was "For you, none." An official of the Detroit Department of Parks and Recreation was quoted in the press as saying that the dust was "harmless to humans and will not hurt plants or pets," and the Federal Aviation Agency's safety officer for the area was quoted as saying, "This is a safe operation." One must assume that none of these officials had consulted the published and readily available reports of the Public Health Service or the Fish and Wildlife Service, or any of the other evidence of the extremely poisonous nature of aldrin.

Acting under the Michigan Insect Pest and Plant Disease Act, which allows the state to spray and dust indiscriminately without gaining the permission of individual landowners or even notifying them, the planes began to fly over the Detroit area, at extremely low altitudes. The city authorities and the Federal Aviation Agency were immediately besieged by calls from worried citizens. After receiving nearly eight hundred calls in a single hour, the police begged radio and television stations and newspapers, in the words of the Detroit *News*, to "tell the watchers what they were seeing and advise them it was safe." The Federal Aviation Agency assured the public that "the planes are carefully supervised"

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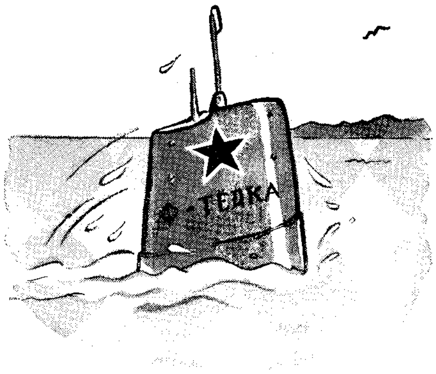

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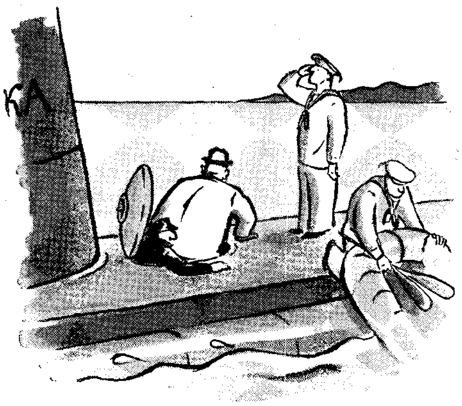

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and "authorized to fly low." As the planes went about their work, the pellets of aldrin and clay fell on beetles and human beings alike. The granules looked like snow, and housewives swept them from porches and sidewalks. A few days after the spraying, the Detroit Audubon Society began receiving calls about the birds. The Society's secretary, Mrs. Ann Boyes, has noted, "The first indication that the people were concerned about the spray was a call I received on Sunday morning from a woman who reported that coming home from church she saw an alarming number of dead and dying birds. The spraying there had been done on Thursday. She said there were no birds at all flying in the area . . . she had found at least a dozen [dead] in her back yard." Birds picked up in a dying condition showed the typical symptoms of insecticide poisoning—trembling, loss of the ability to fly, paralysis, and convulsions. Nor were birds the only form of life immediately affected. A local veterinarian reported that his office was full of clients with dogs and cats. The cats, so meticulous about grooming their coats and licking their paws, seemed to be the more seriously affected. Their illness took the form of severe diarrhea, vomiting, and convulsions. The only advice the veterinarian could give his clients was not to let the animals out unnecessarily, and to wash their paws as soon as possible if they did go out. But it has been demonstrated that aldrin, like the other chlorinated hydrocarbons, cannot be washed away, so little protection could be expected from this measure. The City-County Health Commissioner insisted that the birds must have been killed by "some other kind of spraying," and when an outbreak of human throat and chest irritations occurred after the dusting, he declared that it must have been due to "something else." Nevertheless, the local Health Department received many complaints, and a prominent Detroit internist was called upon to treat four of his patients within an hour after they had stood outdoors watching the planes at work. All four had similar symptoms: nausea, vomiting, chills, fever, extreme fatigue, and coughing.

The Detroit experience has been repeated in many other communities trying to combat the Japanese beetle with chemicals. Perhaps no community has suffered more for the sake of a beetleless world than Sheldon, in eastern Illinois, and adjacent areas of Iroquois County, in which Sheldon is situated. In 1954, the United States Department of Agriculture and the Illinois Department of Agriculture began a program to eradicate the Japanese beetle along the line of its advance into Illinois, holding out the hope—indeed, the assurance—that intensive spraying would destroy the invading beetle population. The first "eradication" took place in the spring of that year, when dieldrin—a chemical closely related to aldrin—was sprayed on fourteen hundred acres. Twenty-six hundred additional acres were similarly treated in 1955, and the task was presumed complete. But more and more chemical treatments were called for, and by the end of 1961 some hundred and thirty-one thousand acres had been covered. Even in the first years of the program, it was apparent that heavy losses were occurring among wildlife and domestic animals, yet neither the United States Fish and Wildlife Service nor the Illinois Game Management Division appears to have been consulted about the matter. (In the spring of 1960, officials of the Department of Agriculture appeared before a congressional committee in opposition to a bill that would require just such prior consultation. They declared that the bill was unnecessary, because coöperation and consultation were "usual." These officials were quite unable to recall situations where coöperation had not taken place "at the Washington level." In the same hearings, they clearly stated that they were unwilling to consult with state fish and game departments.) Although funds for chemical control came in never-ending streams, the biologists of the Illinois Natural History Survey, in Urbana, who attempted to measure the damage to wildlife, had to operate on a financial shoestring. A mere eleven hundred dollars was available for the employment of a field assistant in 1954, and no special funds were provided in 1955. Nevertheless, the biologists assembled facts that collectively paint a picture of almost unparalleled wildlife destruction. Conditions were made to order for poisoning insect-eating birds, with regard to both the poisons used and the events set in motion by their application. In the early programs at Sheldon, dieldrin was used at the rate of three pounds to the acre. In laboratory experiments on quail, it has proved to be about fifty times as poisonous as DDT, which is popularly considered safe in the ratio of one pound to an acre. The poison spread over the landscape at Sheldon was therefore roughly equivalent to a hundred and fifty pounds of DDT per acre. As dieldrin penetrated the soil, the poisoned beetle grubs crawled out on the surface of the ground, where they attracted insectivorous birds. Dead and dying insects of various species were conspicuous for about two weeks after the treatment. The effect on the bird populations could easily have been foretold. Brown thrashers, starlings, meadowlarks, grackles, and pheasants were virtually annihilated, and so were robins. Dead earthworms had been seen in numbers after a gentle rain; probably the robins had fed on them. For other birds, too, the once beneficial rain had been changed into an agent of destruc-

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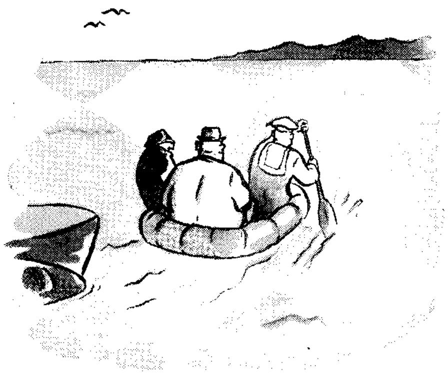

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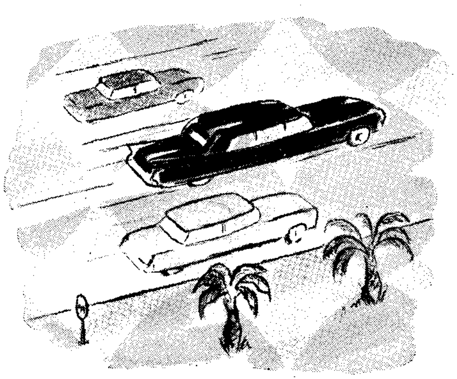

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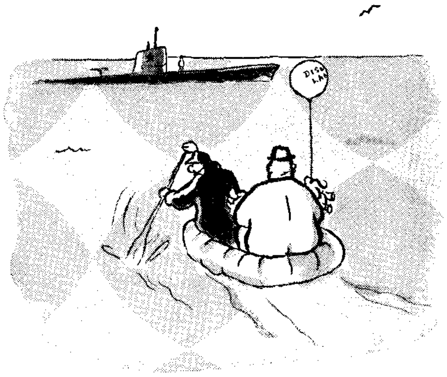

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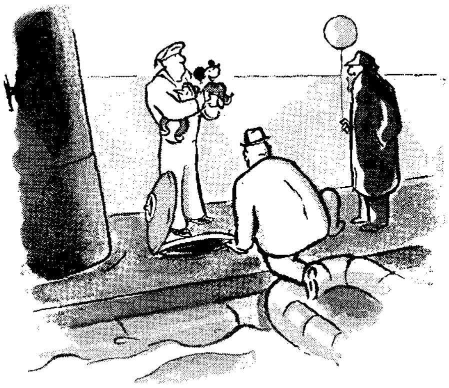

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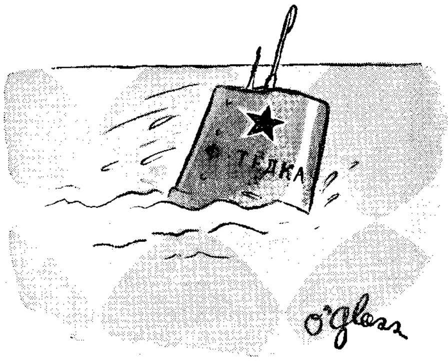
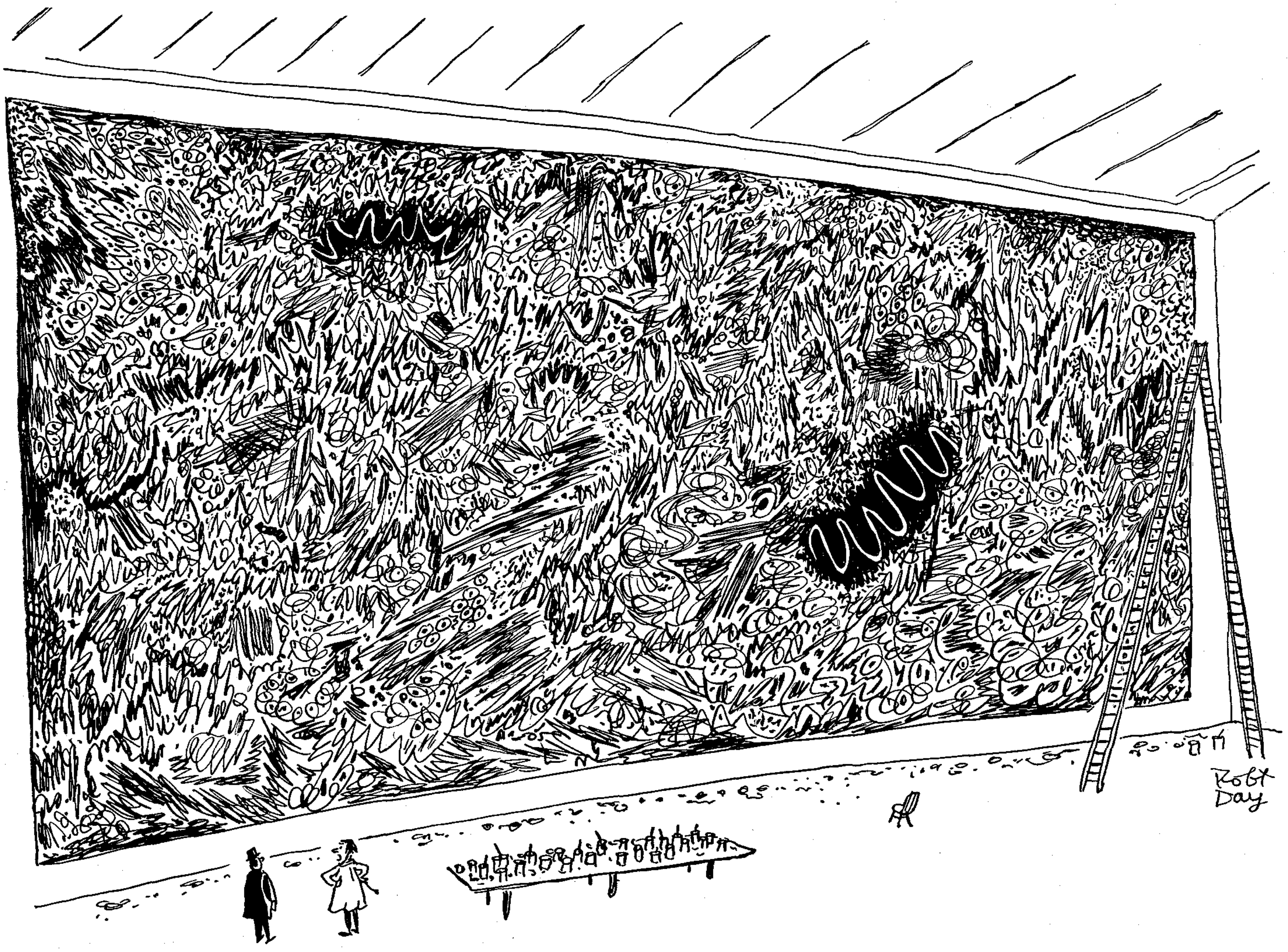


tion. Birds that sought out puddles left by rain a few days after the spraying were doomed, whether they drank the water or merely bathed in it. The birds that survived may have been rendered sterile. Although some nests were later found in the treated area, a few of them with eggs, none ever contained young birds.

Ground squirrels were almost wiped out in the Sheldon region; their bodies were found in attitudes characteristic of violent death by poisoning. The fox squirrel had been a relatively common animal in the town; after the spraying, it was gone. Dead muskrats and dead rabbits were found. And it was a rare farm in the Sheldon region that was blessed by the presence of a cat after the war on beetles was begun. Ninety per cent of all the farm cats fell victims to the dieldrin during the first season of spraying. Cats are extremely sensitive to all insecticides, and especially, it seems, to dieldrin. In west Java, in the course of an anti-malarial program carried out by the World Health Organization, many cats were reported to have died. In central Java, so many died that the price of a cat more than doubled. Livestock, too, were affected in Sheldon. The Natural History Survey report describes one episode as follows: "The sheep . . . were driven into a small, untreated bluegrass pasture across a gravel road from a field which had been treated with dieldrin spray on May 6. Evidently some spray had drifted across the road into the pasture, for the sheep began to show symptoms of intoxication almost at once. . . . They lost interest in food and displayed extreme restlessness, following the pasture fence around and around apparently searching for a way out. . . . [They] refused to be driven, bleated almost continuously, and stood with their heads lowered; they were finally carried from the pasture. . . . They displayed great desire for water. Two of the sheep were found dead in the stream passing through the pasture, and the remaining sheep were repeatedly driven out of the stream, several having to be dragged forcibly from the water."

In spite of the havoc that had been wrought in the name of Japanese-beetle eradication, the treatment of more than a hundred thousand acres in Iroquois County over an eight-year period seems to have resulted in an only temporary suppression of the insect, which is still making its way westward. If the communities that have endured chemical drenchings had been familiar with the earlier history of the Japanese beetle in the United States, they would surely have been less acquiescent. The Eastern states, which had the good fortune to face their beetle invasion in the days before DDT, aldrin, and the other syn-



"At least you have to admit that it's a hell of a lot of work."

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thetic insecticides were invented, have brought the insect under reasonable control, chiefly by means that represented no threat whatever to other forms of life. During the first dozen years after its entry into the United States, the beetle increased rapidly in numbers, free of the restraints that had held it in check in its native land. By 1955, however, it had become a pest of only minor importance throughout much of the territory over which it had spread. Between 1920 and 1933, as a result of diligent searching in the Orient, some thirty-four species of insects hostile to the beetle—either predatory or parasitic—were imported into the United States. Of these, five have become well established in the East. The most effective and widely distributed is a parasitic wasp, *Tiphia vernalis*, from Korea and China. The female tiphia, finding a beetle grub in the soil, injects it with a paralyzing fluid and attaches a single egg to its under-surface. The young wasp, hatching as a larva, feeds on the paralyzed grub and destroys it. In the course of some twenty-five years, colonies of tiphia were introduced into fourteen Eastern states in a coöperative program involving state and federal agencies. An even more important role than that of the imported insects has been played by a bacterial disease that affects beetles of the family to which the Japanese beetle belongs—the scarabaeids. The bacterium involved, *Bacillus popilliae*, attacks no other type of insect, and is harmless to earthworms, warm-blooded animals, and plants. The spores of the disease occur in soil. When a foraging beetle grub ingests them, they develop into bacteria that multiply prodigiously in its blood, causing it to turn white. Hence the disease has acquired the popular name "milky disease." Milky disease was discovered in New Jersey in 1933. By 1938, it was rather widely prevalent in the older areas of Japanese beetle infestation. In 1939, the Department of Agriculture launched a program to speed up the spread of the disease. Infected grubs were ground up, dried, and combined with chalk; in the standard mixture a gram of this dust contained a hundred million spores. The spores remain viable in the soil for years, and therefore become to all intents and purposes permanently established; moreover, their effectiveness increases, for they are steadily being spread by natural agencies. Between 1939 and 1953, some ninety-four thousand acres in fourteen Eastern states and the District of Columbia were treated in a coöperative federal-state program. Private organizations and individuals also undertook to introduce the spores into areas of unknown but large extent. By 1945, milky disease was raging among the beetle populations of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. In some test areas, as many as ninety-four grubs out of every hundred were infected. In 1953, the government discontinued its program, but production of the dust was taken over by a private laboratory, which supplies it to individuals, garden clubs, and citizens' associations. And an extensive program of research is currently under way in the United States Department of Agriculture laboratory at Peoria, Illinois, to find a means of growing the organism of milky disease in an artificial culture—a method that would greatly reduce its cost and should encourage its more extensive use. After years of work, some success has now been reported.

Why, with this impressive record in the East, was the same procedure not used in the Midwestern states? We are told that inoculation with milky disease is "too expensive," although no one found it so in the fourteen Eastern states in the nineteen-forties. And, in any case, by what sort of accounting was it determined that the method was too expensive? Certainly not by any that assessed the true cost of the total destruction wrought by programs like the Sheldon spraying. This kind of accounting must also have ignored the fact that inoculation with the spores need be done only once; the first cost is the only cost. We are told, further, that milky disease cannot be used on the periphery of the beetle's range, because it can be established only where a large grub population is already present in the soil. Like many other statements in support of spraying, this one needs to be questioned. The bacterium that causes milky disease has been found to infect at least forty other species of beetles, which, collectively, have quite a wide distribution, and these would in all probability serve to establish the disease even where the Japanese-beetle population is very small, or nonexistent. Moreover, the long viability of the spores in soil insures the practicability of introducing them in the complete absence of grubs—that is, on the fringes of the present beetle infestation—for they can simply await the advancing population.

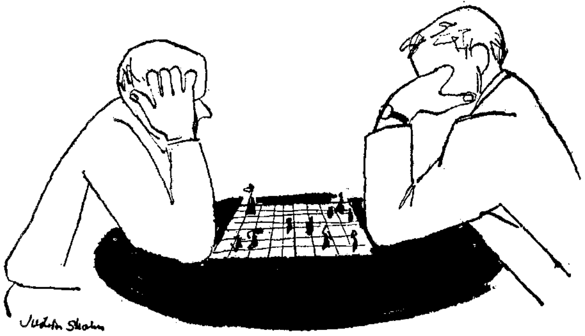
Those who want immediate results, at whatever cost, will doubtless continue to use chemicals against the beetle. So will those who favor the modern principle of built-in obsolescence, for chemical control demands frequent and costly repetition. On the other hand, those who are willing to wait a season or two in order to obtain really lasting results will turn to milky disease; they will be rewarded with a form of control that becomes more, rather than less, effective with the passage of time.

OVER increasingly large areas of the United States, spring now comes unheralded by the return of the birds, and the early mornings, once filled with the beauty of bird song, are strangely silent. This sudden silencing of the song of the birds, this obliteration of the color and beauty and interest they lend to our world, has come about swiftly and insidiously, and has gone unnoticed by those whose communities are as yet unaffected. From the town of Hinsdale, in northeastern Illinois, in 1958, a housewife wrote in despair to one of the world's leading ornithologists, Robert Cushman Murphy, Lamont Curator Emeritus of Birds at the American Museum of Natural History: "Here in our village the elm trees have been sprayed for several years. When we moved here six years ago, there was a wealth of bird life; I put up a feeder and had a steady stream of cardinals, chickadees, downies, and nuthatches all winter, and the cardinals and chickadees brought their young ones in the summer. After several years of DDT spray, the town is almost devoid of robins and starlings; chickadees have not been on my shelf for two years, and this year the cardinals are gone, too; the nesting population in the neighborhood seems to consist of one dove pair and perhaps one catbird family. It is hard to explain to the children that the birds have been killed off, when they have learned in school that a federal law protects the birds from killing or capture. 'Will they ever come back?' they ask, and I do not have the answer."

One story might serve as a tragic symbol of the fate of the birds—a fate that has already overtaken some species and threatens all. It is the story of the robin, the bird known to everyone. To millions of Americans, the season's first robin means that the grip of winter is broken. Its coming is an event reported in newspapers and described eagerly at the breakfast table. And as the number of arrivals grows and the first mists of green appear in the woodlands, thousands of people listen for the dawn chorus of the robins, throbbing in the early-morning light. But now all is changed, and not even the return of the birds may be taken for granted.

The fate of the robin, and indeed of many other species as well, seems linked with that of the American elm, a tree that is part of the history of thousands of towns within its native range, from the Atlantic to the Rockies, gracing their streets, their village squares, and their college campuses with majestic archways of green. Today, the elms are subject to a disease that afflicts them throughout their range—a disease so serious that many experts believe all efforts to save the elms will in the end be futile. The so-called Dutch elm disease entered the United States from Europe in 1930, in elm-burl logs imported for the veneer industry. It is a fungus disease; the organism invades the water-conducting vessels of the tree, spreads by spores carried in the flow of sap, and, by mechanical clogging and also by poisons it secretes, causes the branches to wilt and the tree to die. The disease is spread from diseased trees to healthy ones by elm-bark beetles. The insects tunnel out galleries under the bark, and these become a favorable habitat for the invading fungus. As the insects move through the galleries, they pick up the spores, and later carry them wherever they fly. Efforts to control the disease have concentrated on achieving control of the carrier insect, and in community after community, especially throughout the strongholds of the American elm, the Middle West and New England, intensive spraying with DDT has become a routine procedure.

What this spraying could mean to bird life, and especially to the robin, was first made clear by the work of two ornithologists at Michigan State University, Professor George Wallace and one of his graduate students, John Mehner. In 1954, when Mr. Mehner began work toward his doctorate, he chose a research project that had to do with robin populations. This came about entirely by chance, for at that time no one suspected that the robins were in danger. But even as he undertook the work, events occurred that were to change its character—and, indeed, to deprive him of his material. Spraying for Dutch elm disease began in a small way on the university campus that very year. In 1955, the city of East Lansing, where the university is situated, joined in; spraying on the campus was expanded; and, with local programs for control of the gypsy moth and the mosquito also under way, the chemical rain increased to a downpour. In 1954, the year of the first, light spraying, all seemed to be well. The following spring, the migrating robins returned to the campus as usual. Like the bluebells in H. M. Tomlinson's haunting essay "The Lost Wood," they were "expecting no evil" as they reoccupied their familiar territory. But soon it



"Am I going to be in your novel?"

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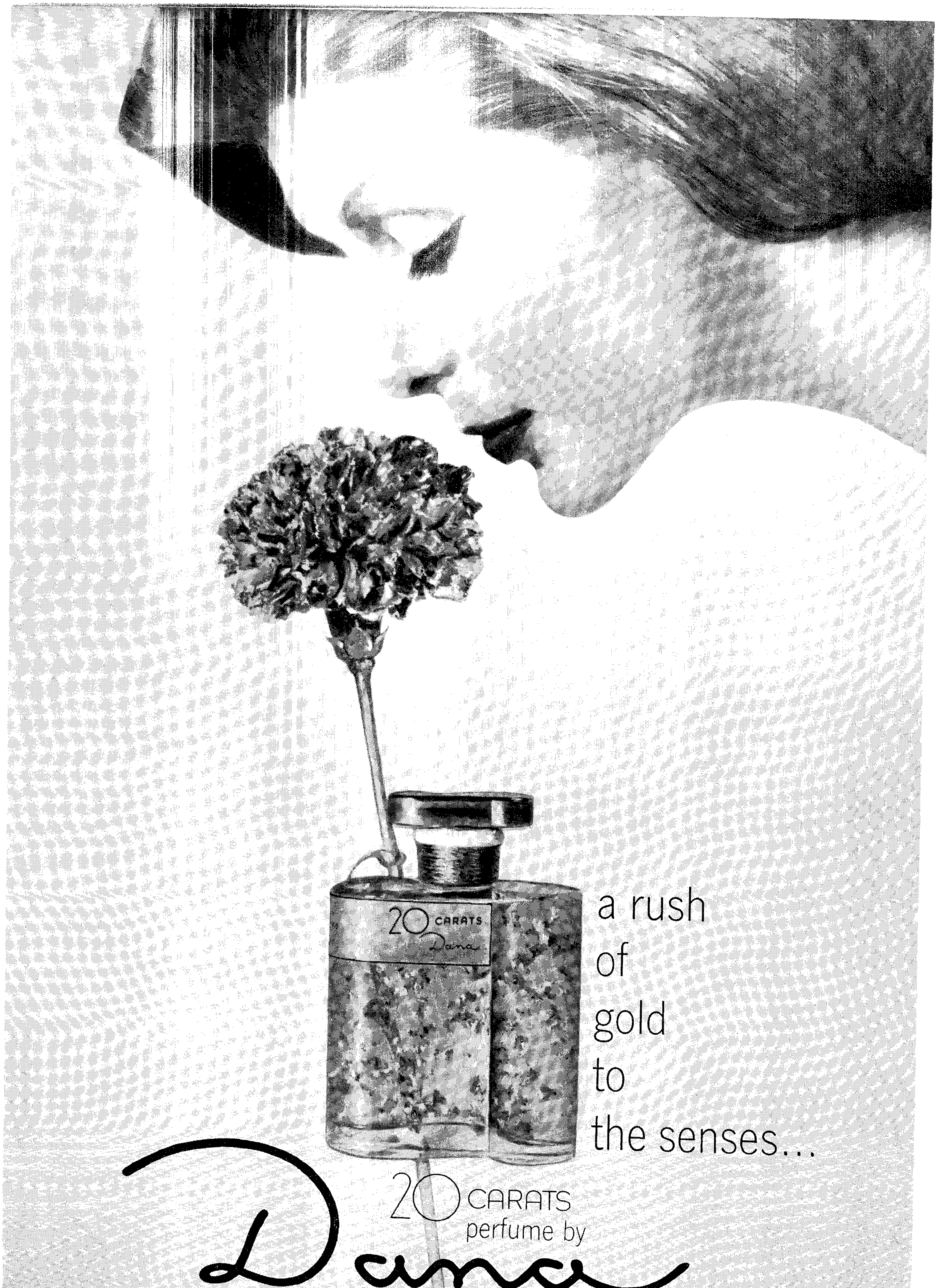
became evident that something was wrong. Dead and dying robins began to appear on the campus. Few birds were seen engaging in their normal foraging activities or assembling in their customary roosts. Few nests were built; few young appeared. The pattern was repeated with monotonous regularity in succeeding springs. In the sprayed area, each wave of migrating robins would be eliminated in about a week. Then new arrivals would come in, only to add to the numbers of birds seen on the campus in the agonized tremors that precede death. "The campus is serving as a graveyard for most of the robins that attempt to take up residence in the spring," Dr. Wallace noted. But why? At first, he suspected some disease of the nervous system, but soon it became evident that "in spite of the assurances of the insecticide people that their sprays were 'harmless to birds,' the robins were really dying of insecticidal poisoning; they invariably exhibited the well-known symptoms of loss of balance, followed by tremors, convulsions, and death." Several circumstances suggested that the robins were being poisoned not so much by direct contact with the insecticides as indirectly, by eating poisoned earthworms. Campus earthworms had been fed to crayfish in a research project, and all the crayfish had quickly died. A snake kept in a laboratory cage had gone into violent tremors after being fed such worms. And earthworms are the principal food of robins in the spring.

A key piece in the jigsaw puzzle of the doomed robins was presently supplied by Dr. Roy Barker, of the Illinois Natural History Survey. Dr. Barker's work, published in 1958, traced the intricate cycle of events by which the robins' fate is linked to the elm trees by way of the earthworms. The trees are sprayed in the spring or early summer and often again a few months later. Powerful sprayers direct a stream of poison toward all parts of the tallest trees, killing directly not only the target organism—the bark beetle—but other insects, including pollinating species and predatory spiders and beetles. The poison forms a tenacious film on the leaves and bark. Rains do not wash it away. In the autumn, the leaves fall to the ground, accumulate in sodden layers, and begin the slow process of becoming one with the soil. In this they are aided by the toil of the earthworms, which feed in the leaf litter, for elm leaves are among their favorite foods. In feeding on the leaves, the worms, of course, also swallow the insecticide. Dr. Barker found deposits of DDT throughout the digestive tracts of the worms, and in their blood vessels, nerves, and body wall. Undoubtedly some of the earthworms themselves succumb, but those that survive become "biological magnifiers" of the poison—that is, the concentration of insecticide builds up in their bodies. Then, in the spring, the robins return. As few as eleven large earthworms can transfer a lethal dose of DDT to a robin. And eleven worms form a small part of a robin's daily ration; in fact, a robin may easily eat eleven earthworms in as many minutes.

Not all robins receive a lethal dose, but another consequence of poisoning may lead as surely to the extinction of their kind. The shadow of sterility lies over all the bird studies—and, indeed, lengthens to include all living things. There are now only two or three dozen robins to be found each spring on the entire hundred-and-eighty-five-acre campus of Michigan State University, compared with a conservatively estimated three hundred and seventy adults before spraying. In 1954, every robin nest under observation by Mehner produced young. In 1957, Mehner could find only one young robin. Part of this failure to produce young is due, of course, to the death of one or both of a pair of robins before the nesting cycle is completed. But Dr. Wallace has significant records that point toward something more sinister—the actual destruction of the birds' ability to reproduce. He has, for example, "records of robins and other birds building nests but laying no eggs, and others laying eggs and incubating them but not hatching them." In 1960, he told a congressional committee that was holding hearings on a bill for better coördination of spraying programs, "We have one record of a robin that sat on its eggs faithfully for twenty-one days and they did not hatch. The normal incubation period is thirteen days. . . . Our analyses are showing high concentrations of DDT in the testes and ovaries of breeding birds."

The robins are only one element in the complex pattern of devastation arising from the spraying of the elms, even as the elm program is only one of the multitudinous spray programs that spread poison over our land. Heavy mortality has occurred among about ninety species of birds, including those most familiar to amateur naturalists, and in some of the sprayed towns the populations of nesting birds in general have declined as much as ninety per cent. All the various types of birds are affected—ground feeders, treetop feeders, bark feeders, predators. Among them is the woodcock, which includes earthworms in its diet and which winters in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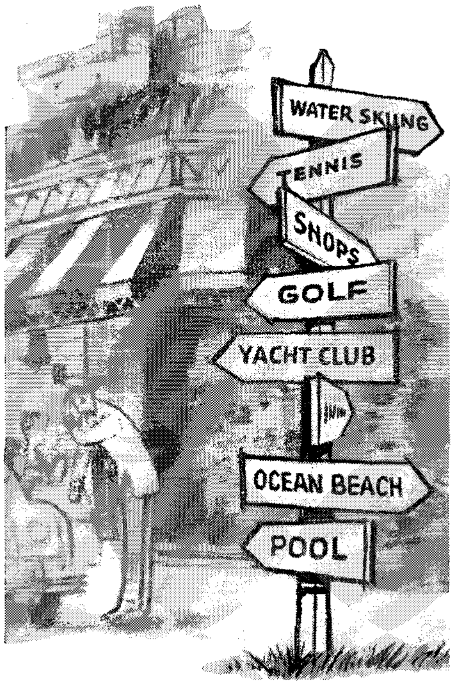

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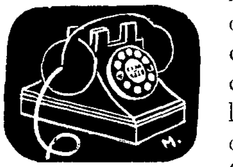
southern areas that have recently been heavily sprayed with chemicals. Two significant discoveries have now been made about the woodcock. The numbers of young birds in New Brunswick, where many woodcocks breed, have definitely been reduced, and adult birds that have been analyzed contain heavy residues of both DDT and a chlorinated hydrocarbon called heptachlor. Already there are disturbing records of mortality among more than twenty other species of ground-feeding birds, including three of the thrushes whose songs are among the most exquisite of bird voices, the olive-backed, the wood, and the hermit. And the sparrows that flit through the shrubby understory of the woodlands and forage with rustling sounds amid the fallen leaves—the song sparrow and the whitethroat—have also been found among the victims of the sprays.

All the treetop feeders—the birds that glean their insect food from the leaves—have disappeared from heavily sprayed areas, including those woodland sprites the kinglets, both ruby-crowned and golden-crowned; the tiny gnatcatchers; and many of the warblers, whose migrating hordes flow through the trees in spring in a multicolored tide of life. In Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin, in the years before 1958, at least a thousand myrtle warblers could be seen in migration; after the spraying of the elms in that year, observers could find only two. So, with additions from other communities, the list grows, and the warblers killed by the spray include those that most charm and fascinate all who are aware of them: the black-and-white, the yellow, the magnolia, and the Cape May; the ovenbird, whose call throbs in the Maytime woods; the Blackburnian, whose wings are touched with flame; the chestnut-sided, the Canada, and the black-throated green. These treetop feeders are affected either directly, by the eating of poisoned insects, or indirectly, by a shortage of food.



The loss of food has also struck hard at the swallows, which cruise the skies straining out the aerial insects as herring strain out the plankton of the sea. A Wisconsin naturalist has reported, "Swallows have been hard hit. Everyone complains of how few they have compared to four or five years ago. Our sky overhead was full of them only four years ago. Now we seldom see any. . . . This could be both lack of insects because of spray, or poisoned insects." Of other birds this observer wrote, "Another striking loss is the phoebe. Flycatchers are scarce everywhere, but the early common phoebe is no more. I've seen one this spring and only one last spring. Other birders in Wisconsin make the same complaint. I have had five or six pair of cardinals in the past, none now. Wrens, robins, catbirds, and screech owls have nested each year in our garden. There are none now. Summer mornings are without bird song. Only pest birds, pigeons, starlings, and English sparrows remain."

The sprays applied to the elms in the fall, sending the poison into every little crevice in the bark, are probably responsible for severe reductions observed in the numbers of bark feeders—chickadees, nuthatches, titmice, woodpeckers, and brown creepers. During the winter of 1957-58, Dr. Wallace for the first time in many years saw no chickadees or nuthatches at his home feeding station. Three nuthatches that he came upon later provided a sorry little step-by-step lesson in cause and effect: one was feeding on an elm, another was found dying, and the third was dead. The loss of all these birds is deplorable for economic reasons as well as for less tangible ones. The summer food of the white-breasted nuthatch and the brown creeper, for example, includes the eggs, larvae, and adults of a very large number of insect species injurious to trees. About three-quarters of the food of the chickadee is animal, including all stages of the life cycle of many insects. The chickadee's method of feeding is described in Arthur Cleveland Bent's "Life Histories of North American Jays, Crows, and Titmice": "As the flock moves along, each bird examines minutely bark, twigs, and branches, searching for tiny bits of food (spiders' eggs, cocoons, or other dormant insect life)." Various scientific studies have established the critical role of birds in insect control in a variety of situations. Thus, woodpeckers are the primary factor in the control of the Engelmann spruce beetle, reducing its populations by a minimum of forty-five per cent and a maximum of ninety-eight per cent, and are also important in the control of the codling moth in apple orchards. Chickadees and other winter-resident birds can protect orchards against the cankerworm. But what happens in nature is not allowed to happen in the modern, chemical-drenched world, where spraying destroys not only the insects but their principal enemy, the birds. When, as almost always happens, there is a resurgence of the insect popu-

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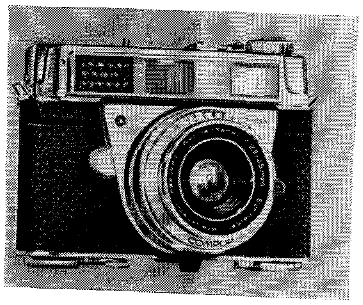

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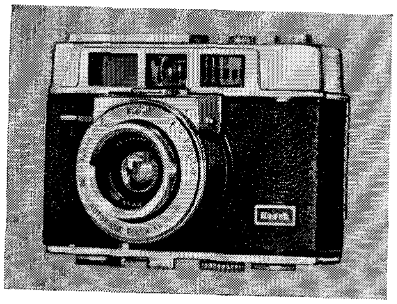

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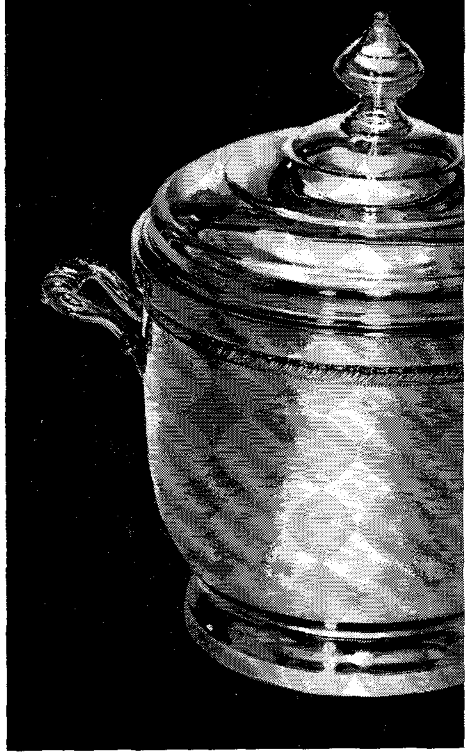

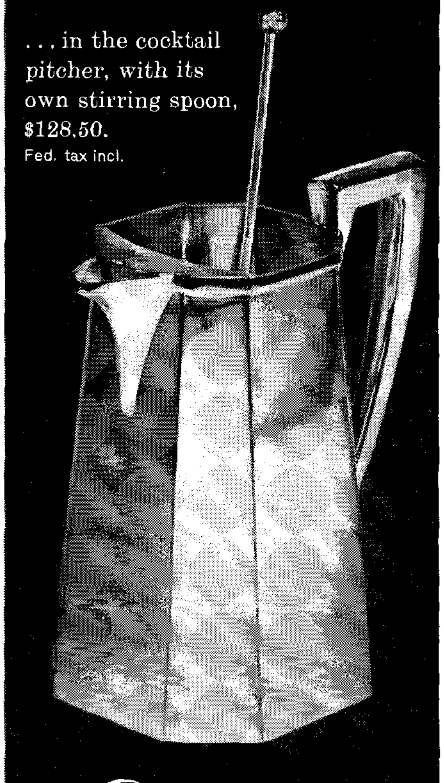

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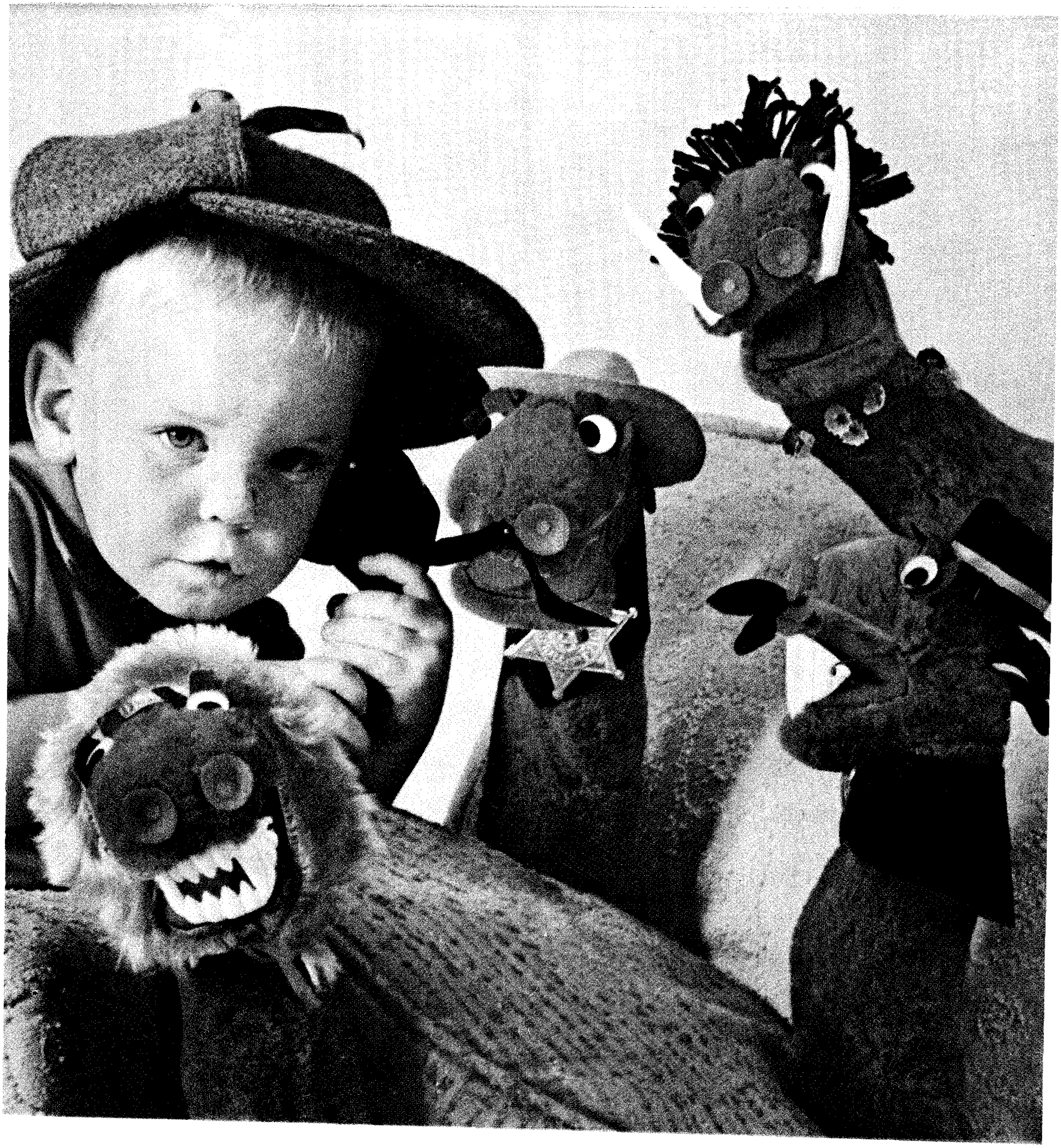
lation, the birds are not there to keep their numbers in check.

To the public, the choice may easily appear to be one of stark simplicity: Shall we have birds or shall we have elms? But it is not as simple as that, and, by one of the ironies that abound throughout the field of chemical control, we may very well end by having neither. Spraying is killing the birds but is not saving the elms. The theory that the survival of the elms lies in spraying is a dangerous illusion, leading one community after another into a morass of heavy expenditures without producing lasting results. Greenwich, Connecticut, sprayed regularly for ten years. Then a drought year brought conditions especially favorable to the beetle, and the mortality of elms went up a thousand per cent. In Toledo, Ohio, a similar experience caused the city's Superintendent of Forestry, Joseph A. Sweeney, to take a realistic look at the results of spraying. Spraying of elms was begun there in 1953 and continued through 1959. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Sweeney had noticed that a citywide infestation of the cottony maple scale was worse after the spraying recommended by "the books and the authorities" than it had been before. He decided to review for himself the results of spraying for Dutch elm disease. His findings shocked him. In the city of Toledo, he found, "the only areas under any control were the areas where we used some promptness in removing the diseased or brood trees. Where we depended on spraying, the disease was out of control. In the county, where nothing has been done, the disease has not spread as fast as it has in the city. This indicates that spraying destroys any natural enemies. We are abandoning spraying for the Dutch elm disease. This has brought me into conflict with the people who back any recommendations by the United States Department of Agriculture, but I have the facts and will stick with them."

It is difficult to understand why Midwestern towns have so unquestioningly embarked on ambitious and expensive spraying programs, apparently without inquiring into the experience of other areas, which have had a longer acquaintance with the problem. New York State has almost certainly had the longest history of continuous experience with Dutch elm disease of any state in the Union, for, according to the best evidence, it was via the Port of New York that diseased elm wood first entered the United States, about 1930. And New York State today has probably the most impressive record of con-



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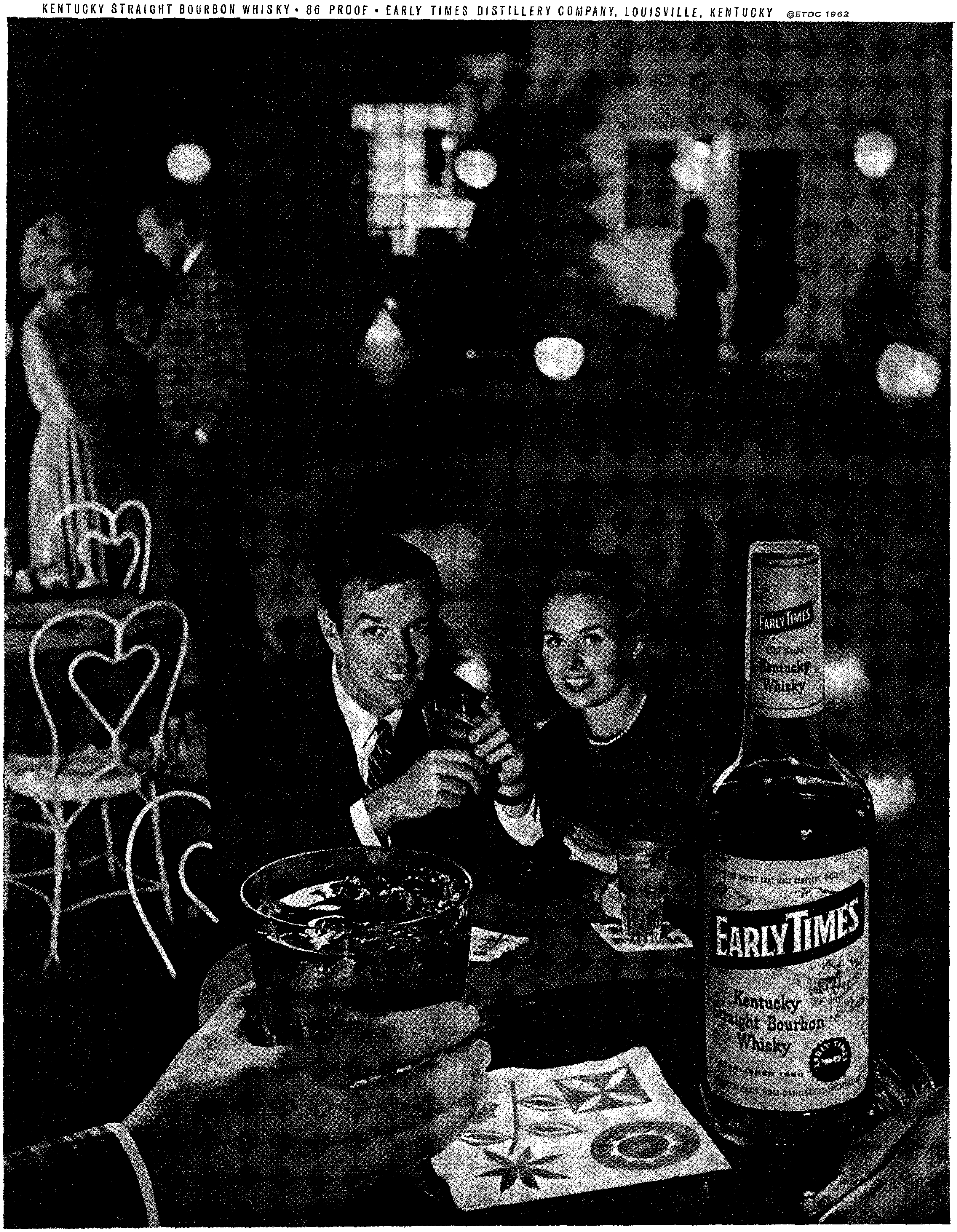
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taining and suppressing the disease. It has not relied on spraying, however; in fact, its agricultural extension service does not recommend spraying as a community method of control. How, then, has New York achieved its fine record? From the early years of the battle for the elms to the present time, it has insisted upon rigorous sanitation; that is, the prompt removal and destruction of all diseased or infected wood. In the beginning, the results were sometimes disappointing, but this was because it was not at first understood that not only diseased trees but all elm wood in which the beetles might breed must be destroyed. Infected elm wood cut and stored for firewood, for example, will release a crop of fungus-carrying beetles in the spring, unless it is burned before then. It is the adult beetles, emerging from hibernation to feed in late April and May, that transmit Dutch elm disease. And as facts like these became understood, the results became good. By 1950, the incidence of Dutch elm disease in New York City had been restricted to two-tenths of one per cent of the city's fifty-five thousand elms. A sanitation program was launched in Westchester County in 1942. During the next fourteen years, the average annual loss of elms was only two-tenths of one per cent. Buffalo, with a hundred and eighty-five thousand elms, has an excellent record of containing the disease by sanitation, with recent losses amounting to only three-tenths of one per cent a year. At this rate of loss, it would take about three hundred years to eliminate Buffalo's elms, even if none were replaced. What has happened in Syracuse is especially impressive. Until 1957, no effective program was in operation there, and between 1951 and 1956 the city lost nearly three thousand elms. Then, under the direction of Howard C. Miller, of the State University College of Forestry, an intensive drive was launched to remove all diseased elm trees and all possible sources of beetle-breeding elm wood. The rate of loss is now well below one per cent a year. The economy of the sanitation method is stressed by New York experts in the control of Dutch elm disease. "In most cases the actual expense is small compared with the probable saving," J. G. Matthysse, of the New York State College of Agriculture, has said. "If it is a case of a dead or broken limb, the limb would have to be removed eventually, as a precaution against possible property damage or personal injury. If it is a fuel-wood pile, the wood can be used before spring. . . . In the case of dying or dead

Q How Do You Read Stock Tables?

A Newspaper stock tables are not nearly so forbidding as they look. If you are a stockholder and want to watch your stock (as you should) or if you are thinking about investing and would like to follow a few stocks for a while, you should make a habit of checking the stock tables in your daily newspaper. There are just two rules to remember: First, pay attention to the column headings. And second, don't overlook any footnotes that may apply to the stocks you are watching.

Suppose you want information about Typical Manufacturing Company, which we will say is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. You open your newspaper to the financial page, look for the heading *New York Stock Exchange Transactions,* and find Typical Manufacturing Company in alphabetical order, abbreviated Typ. Mfg. The listing, including the column headings, probably looks something like this:

—1962—								
High	Low	Stock & Div in $	Sales in 100's	Open	High	Low	Close	Net Chg.
551/2	43	Typ. Mfg. 2	29	491/2	51	49 1/4	50	+1/4

The two figures preceding the name of the company (which, by the way, you'll usually find only in big-city newspapers) represent the stock's highest and lowest prices for the current year. The figure 2 right after Typ. Mfg. means that the stock is currently paying dividends totaling $2.00 per share annually, and the next column indicates that 2900 shares of the stock were bought and sold during the day in question.

The next four columns, headed *Open, High, Low,* and *Close,* indicate that the first sale of the day was at 49½ ($49.50) per share, the highest price during the day was 51 ($51.00), the lowest was 49¼ ($49.25), and the last sale for the day was at 50 ($50.00), a quarter of a point or 25¢ a share above the closing price of the *preceding* business day. Note that *Net Chg.* means the change from one day to the next, not during a single day.

What use is all this information to the investor or prospective investor? Well, if you want to know the current yield, the percentage return you could expect to get if you bought the stock, just divide the current price of the stock into the annual dividend. For the yield on Typical Manufacturing, you would divide $50.00 into $2.00 to learn that you could expect a 4% return, which is somewhat better than the approximately 3% median yield of all dividend-paying common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange currently.

Obviously, the column headed *Sales in 100's* will give you some idea of the amount of buying and selling of your stock that is being done. To be meaningful, this figure should be noted over a period of time, compared with the market activity in other stocks in the same industry, and considered in the light of the total volume of trading as well. (You'll find volume figures for the market as a whole elsewhere on the financial page. During 1961, an average of more than 4,000,000 shares changed hands daily. The 1962 average to date is around 3,000,000 to 3,500,000.) A sudden increase in the trading activity in a stock may mean any of a number of things—for example, that the company has made an important announcement about its affairs or that recent news developments seem to indicate a coming change in the company's fortunes—for better or for worse.

In short, there's plenty of food for thought in the stock tables of your paper. And don't forget the footnotes!

NEXT WEEK: *How Much Does It Cost to Buy and Sell Stocks?*

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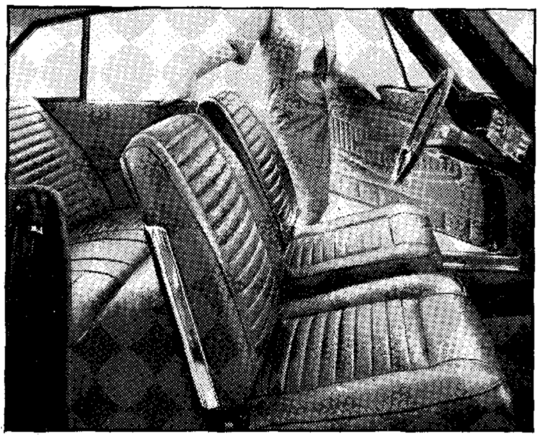

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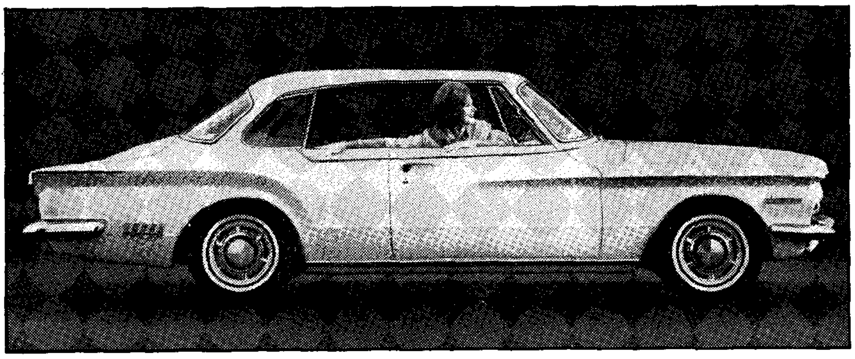

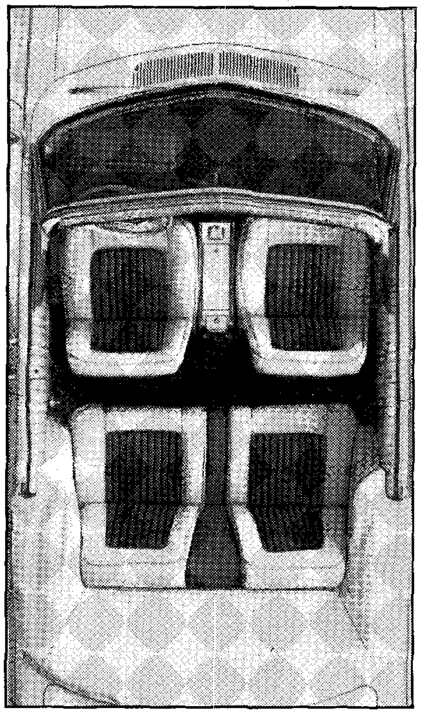

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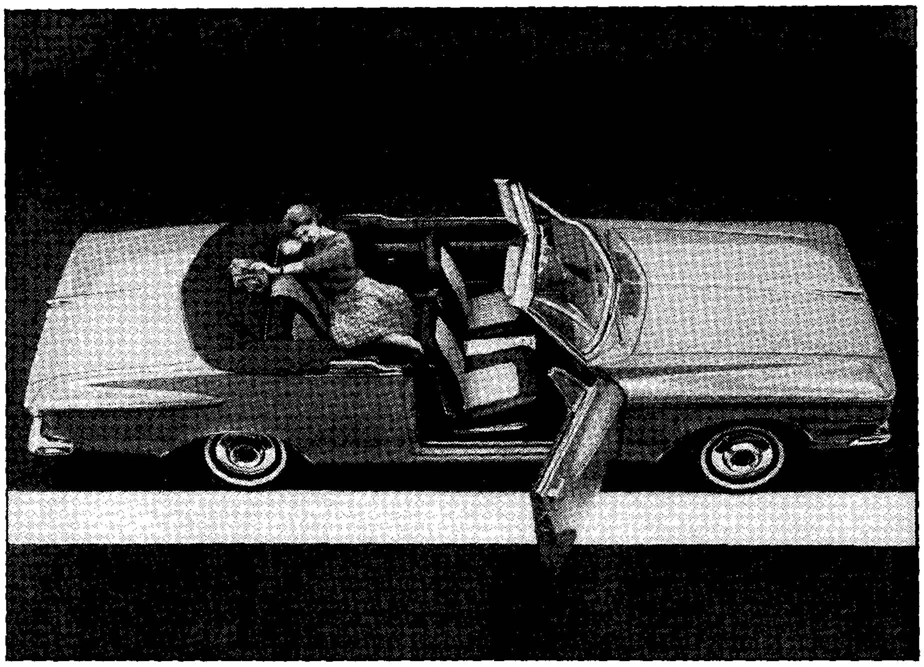

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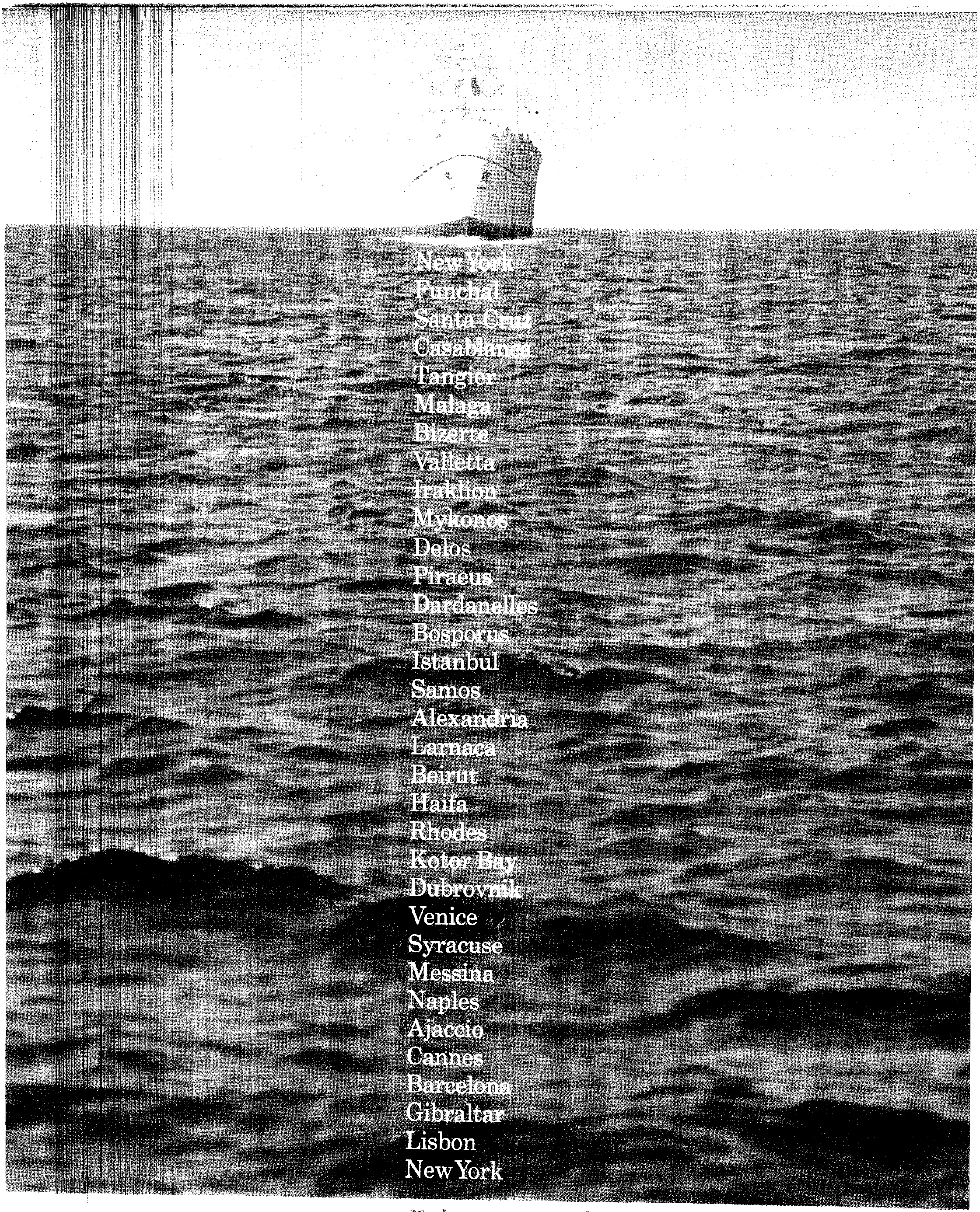
elm trees, the expense of prompt removal to prevent the spread of Dutch elm disease is usually no greater than would be necessary later, for most dead trees in urban regions must be removed eventually."

The situation with regard to Dutch elm disease is therefore not entirely hopeless. Once it has become established in a community, to be sure, it cannot be eradicated by any means now known, but it can be contained within reasonable bounds by sanitation. Other possibilities lie within the field of forest genetics, where experiments offer some hope that a hybrid elm resistant to Dutch elm disease can be developed. The European elm is highly resistant, and many such elms have been planted in Washington, D.C. During a period when a large percentage of the city's elms were infected with Dutch elm disease, no cases of the disease were found among these trees. Replanting, through an immediate tree-nursery and forestry program, is being urged on communities that are losing large numbers of elms. This is important, and while such programs might well include the resistant European elm, they should aim at a variety of species, so that no future epidemic can deprive a community of its trees. The key to a healthy plant or animal community lies in what the British ecologist Charles Elton calls "the conservation of variety." What is happening now is in large part a result of the biological unsophistication of past generations. Even one generation ago, no one knew that to fill vast areas with a single species of tree was to invite disaster. And so whole towns lined their streets and dotted their parks with elms. Today, in consequence, the elms die and so do the birds.

In the spraying of the elms, the birds are the incidental victims of an attack directed at an insect, but in other situations they are now becoming a direct target of poisons. There is a growing trend toward aerial applications of deadly poisons, like parathion, a member of the family of organic-phosphate insecticides, for the purpose of "controlling" concentrations of birds distasteful to farmers. The Fish and Wildlife Service has expressed serious concern over this trend, pointing out that "parathion-treated areas constitute a potential hazard to humans, domestic animals, and wildlife." In southern Indiana, for example, a group of farmers joined forces in the summer of 1959 to engage a spray plane to treat an area of river-bottom land with parathion. The area was a favored roosting site of thousands of blackbirds, which were feeding in



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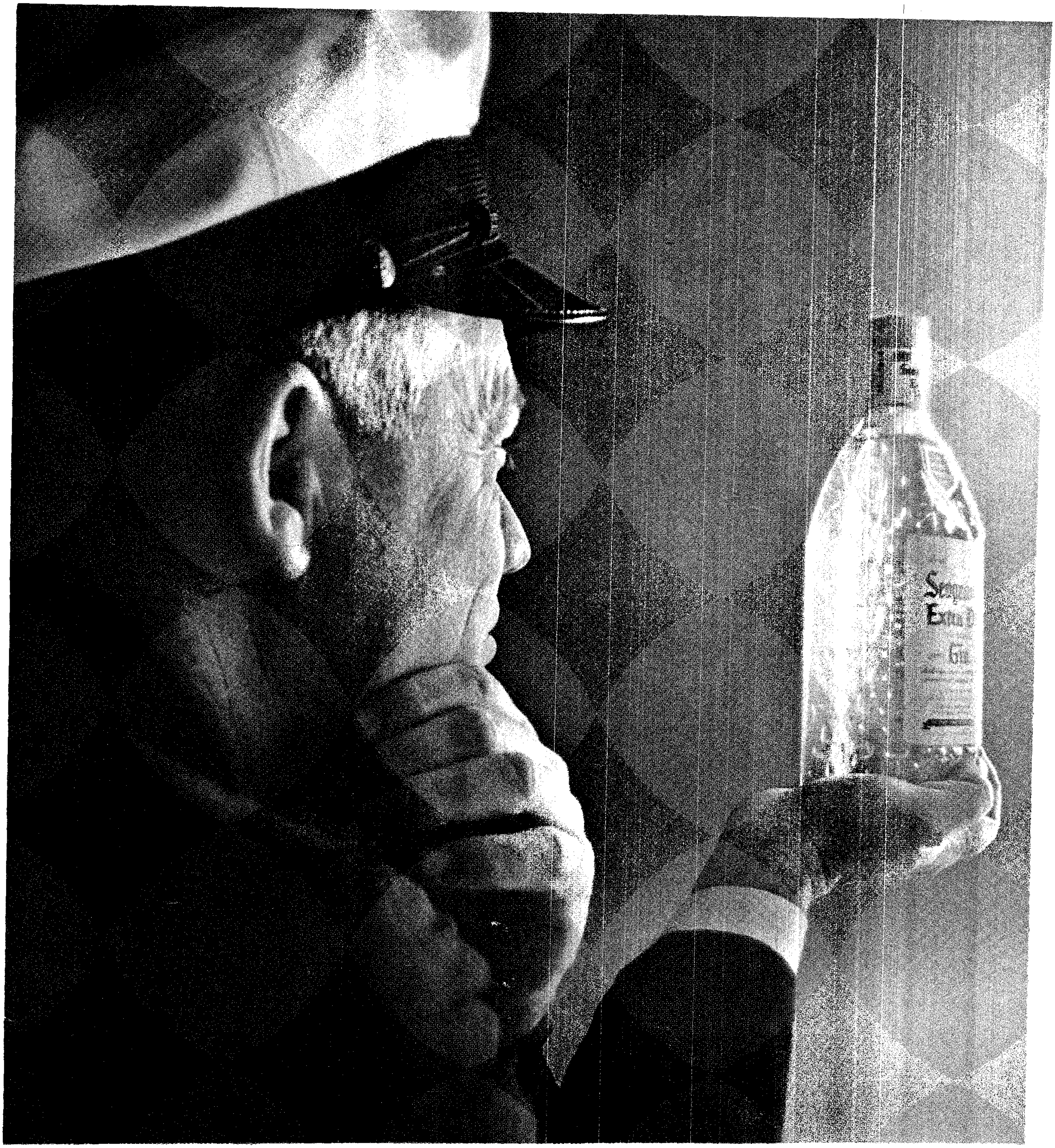

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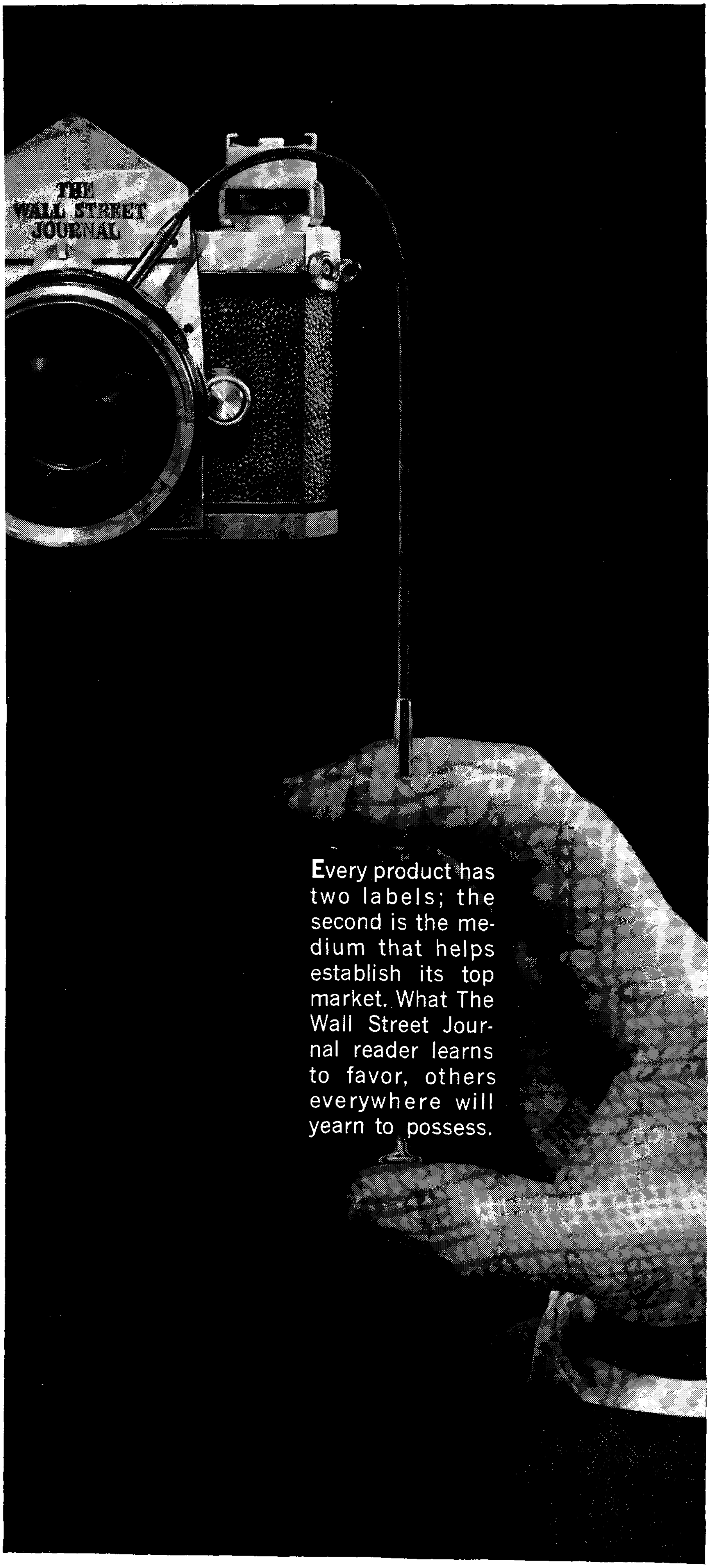
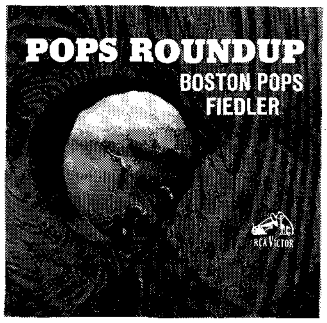
nearby cornfields. The problem could have been solved easily by a slight change in agricultural practice—a shift to a variety of corn with deep-set ears, inaccessible to the birds—but the farmers had been persuaded of the merits of killing by poison, and so they sent in the plane. The results probably gratified them, for the casualty list included some sixty-five thousand red-winged blackbirds and starlings. The question of other wildlife deaths that may have occurred was not considered. Parathion is not a specific for blackbirds; it is a universal killer. But such rabbits or raccoons or opossums as roamed those bottom lands, and perhaps never visited the farmers' cornfields, were doomed by a judge and jury who neither knew nor cared about their existence. And what of human beings? In orchards sprayed with this same parathion, workers handling foliage that had been treated a month earlier have collapsed and gone into shock, escaping severe injury only by a small margin, thanks to skilled medical attention. Does Indiana still raise boys who roam the woods and fields, and might even explore the margins of a river? If so, who guarded the poisoned area to keep out any boys who might wander in? Who kept watch to tell the innocent stroller that the fields he was about to enter were deadly, their vegetation coated with a lethal film? No one. Yet it was at so fearful a risk that the farmers waged their war on blackbirds.

OVER the last decade or so, our attitude toward poisons has undergone a subtle change. Once, they were kept in containers marked with skull and crossbones; on the infrequent occasions of their use, the utmost care was taken that they should come in contact with the target and with nothing else. Then, with the development of the new insecticides during the Second World War and the abundance of surplus planes after it was over, all this was forgotten by the great majority. Not only the target insect but anything—human or non-human—within range of the chemical fallout may know the touch of poison. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that a good many people now have misgivings about the aerial distribution of lethal chemicals over millions of acres. Two mass-spraying campaigns undertaken in the late nineteen-fifties have done much to strengthen these doubts—one against the gypsy moth in the Northeastern states and the other against the fire ant in the South. Neither is a native insect, but both had been in this country for many years without


THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Every product has two labels; the second is the medium that helps establish its top market. What The Wall Street Journal reader learns to favor, others everywhere will yearn to possess.



RIDE 'EM BOSTON COWBOY

In cowboy boots and ten gallon hat, Arthur Fiedler strode into Boston Symphony Hall. The orchestra's surprise turned quickly to cheers for the Maestro's attire suited the particular recording session perfectly. Western music was about to be branded with the flair of Arthur Fiedler and the 95-piece Boston Pops Orchestra.

At first glance, Symphony Hall too, appeared almost dressed for a rodeo. The seats were gone. Wooden partitions separated the orchestra into different sections. But the strategic placing of microphones revealed that RCA Victor recording engineers and crew had been at work. In fact, many hours had been spent with Maestro Fiedler and the orchestra to determine the placing of mikes, baffles, and drapes to capture perfectly the unique sound of the Boston Pops.

The result is a recording of startling definition clarity and presence. The music is 100% American: special arrangements of popular TV Western themes; ten best-loved Western tunes, including Red River Valley, Wagon Wheels, Cool Water and The Yellow Rose of Texas with harmonica solo by *Richard Hayman, arranger and soloist,* a sound so alive, you'll stand up and march.

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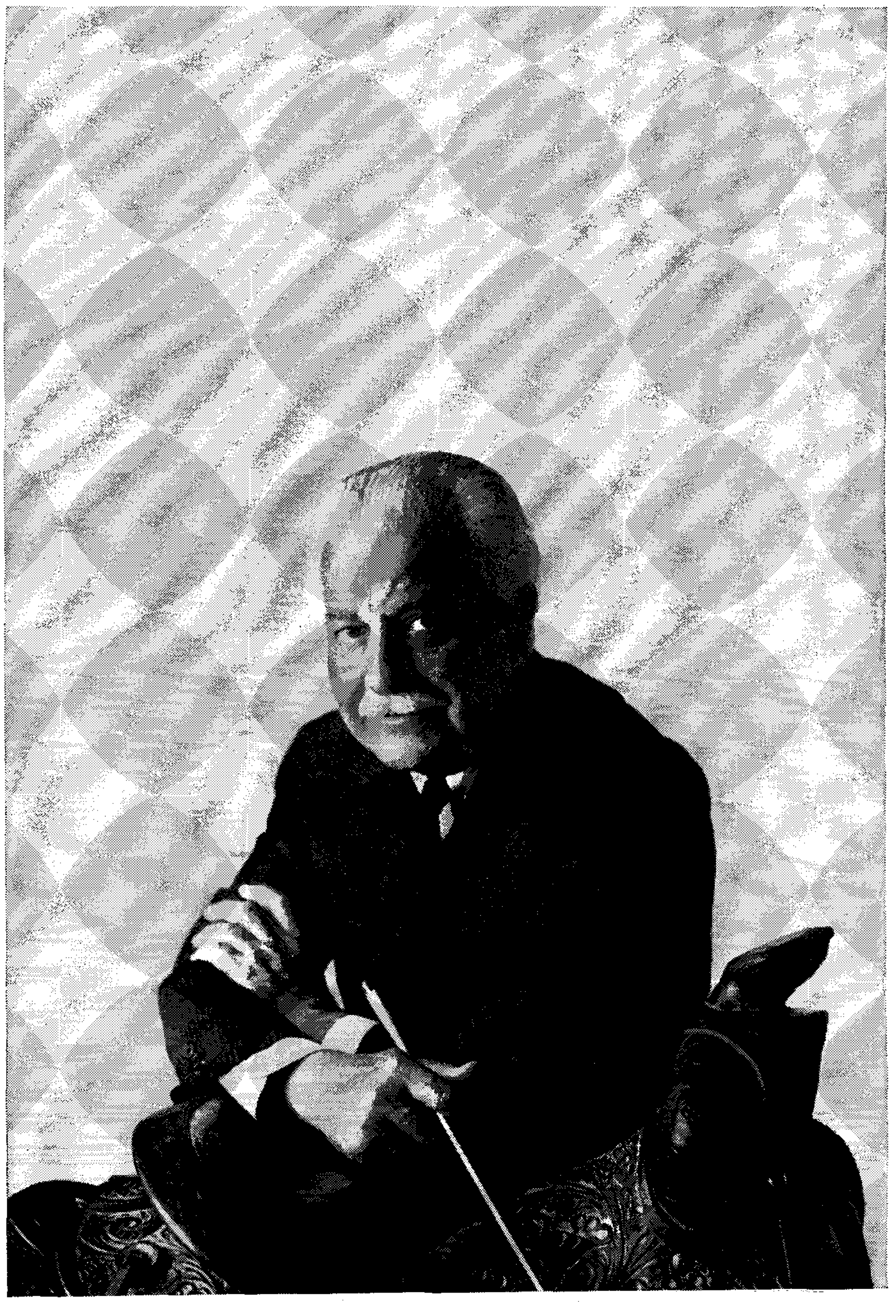

RCA VICTOR
RED SEAL RECORDS

creating a situation that called for desperate measures.

The gypsy moth, a native of Eurasia, became established in the United States nearly a hundred years ago. In 1869, a French scientist, Léopold Trouvelot, accidentally allowed a few of these moths to escape from a laboratory in Medford, Massachusetts, where he was attempting to cross them with silkworms. Little by little, the gypsy moth has since spread throughout New England. The primary means of its progressive spread is the wind; in the larval, or caterpillar, stage, it is extremely light and can be carried to considerable heights and over great distances. Another means is the shipment of plants carrying the egg masses, the form in which the species exists over the winter. The gypsy moth, which in its larval stage attacks the foliage of oak trees, a few other hardwoods, and some evergreens for a few weeks each spring, now occurs in all the New England states. It also occurs sporadically in New Jersey, where it was introduced in 1911 on a shipment of spruce trees from Holland, and in Pennsylvania and New York, to which it was carried by the New England hurricane of 1938, but the Adirondacks, being forested with species that are not attractive to it, have served in general as a barrier to its westward advance. However, by a method of entry that is still unknown, it has appeared in Michigan.

The task of containing the gypsy moth has been accomplished by a variety of methods, and in the ninety-odd years since its arrival on this continent the fear that it would invade the great hardwood forests of the southern Appalachians has not been justified. Between 1907 and 1931, ten parasites and predators were imported from abroad and successfully established in New England. This natural control, plus quarantine measures and local spraying, achieved what the United States Department of Agriculture, in 1955, described as "outstanding restriction of distribution and damage." Yet only a year after the department had thus expressed its satisfaction with the state of affairs, its Plant Pest Control Division initiated a federal-state program of blanket spraying, with the announced intention of eventually "eradicating" the gypsy moth. (As successive programs have failed, the department has sometimes found it necessary to speak of second or third "eradications" of the same species in the same area.) The all-out chemical war on the gypsy moth began on an ambitious scale. In 1956, nearly a million acres were

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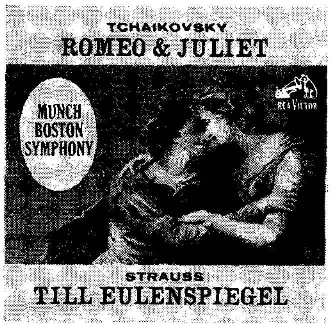
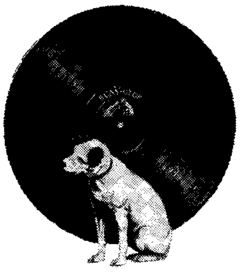


Maestro Munch's versatile talents are suited to the lush music of Tchaikovsky and the playful antics of Strauss' "Till."



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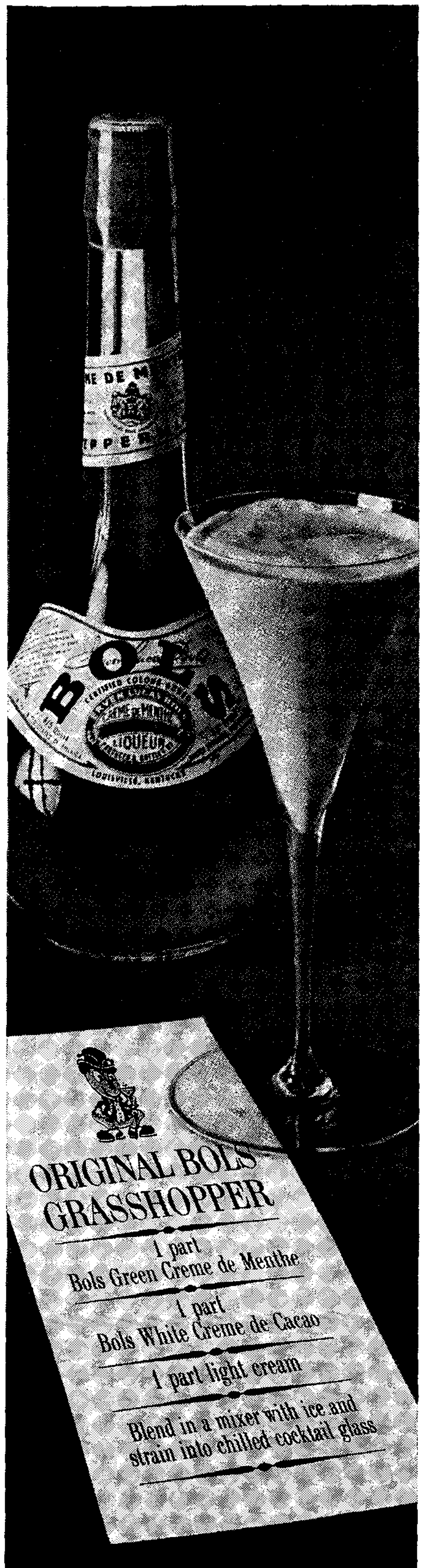

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sprayed in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Michigan, and New York. Many complaints of damage were made by people in the sprayed areas. Conservationists became disturbed as the pattern of spraying huge areas began to establish itself. When plans were announced for spraying approximately three million acres in 1957, opposition became even stronger, but state and federal officials shrugged off individual complaints as unimportant. In that year, the sprayers were paid by the gallon, rather than by the acre, and many properties were sprayed not once but several times. The area included part of Nassau County and all of Suffolk County, on Long Island, which consists chiefly of heavily populated towns and suburbs, plus some coastal areas with bordering salt marsh. As for Nassau County, it is the most densely settled county in New York outside of New York City. In what seems the height of absurdity, the "threat of infestation of the New York City metropolitan area" was cited as a justification for the program. The gypsy moth is a forest insect, and is certainly not an inhabitant of cities. Nor does it live in meadows, cultivated fields, gardens, or marshes. Nevertheless, in 1957 planes hired by the United States Department of Agriculture and the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets impartially showered down the prescribed DDT, mixed with fuel oil. They sprayed truck gardens and dairy farms, fishponds and salt marshes. They sprayed the quarter-acre lots of suburbia, drenching a housewife as she was making a desperate effort to cover her garden before the roaring plane could reach her, and showering insecticide over children at play and commuters at railway stations. At Setauket, a fine quarter horse drank from a trough in a field that the planes had sprayed; ten hours later it was dead. Automobiles were spotted with the oily mixture; flowers and shrubs were ruined. Birds, fish, crabs, and useful insects were killed. A group of Long Island citizens led by Robert Cushman Murphy had sought a court injunction against the 1957 spraying. Denied a preliminary injunction, the citizens had to suffer the drenching with DDT, but thereafter they persisted in their efforts to obtain a permanent injunction. But because the act had already been performed the courts held that their petition was "moot." The case was carried all the way to the Supreme Court, which declined to hear it. Justice William O. Douglas, in a dissenting opinion, held that "the alarms that many expert and responsible officials have raised about the perils of DDT underline the public importance of this case." The suit brought by the Long Island citizens at least served to focus public attention on the power and inclination of the control agencies to disregard supposedly inviolate property rights of private citizens.

The contamination of milk and of farm produce that occurred in the course of the gypsy-moth spraying came as an unpleasant surprise to many people. What happened on one two-hundred-acre farm in northern Westchester was revealing. Its owner, Mrs. Thomas Waller, had specifically requested officials not to spray her property, because if the woodlands were sprayed, it would be impossible to avoid spraying the pastures as well, and the pastures supported a herd of purebred Guernsey cows. She offered to have the land checked for gypsy moths and to have any infestation destroyed by spot spraying. Although she was assured that no farms would be sprayed, her property received two direct sprayings and, in addition, was twice subjected to drifting spray. Forage samples from fields where the cows had grazed were, of course, contaminated, and milk samples taken forty-eight hours later contained DDT in the amount of fourteen parts per million. The Food and Drug Administration permits no residues of pesticides in milk, but its restrictions apply only to interstate shipments. State and county laws are seldom as strict as the federal, and as far as Mrs. Waller could determine, neither the New York State Department of Health nor the Westchester County Department of Health made any effort after the gypsy-moth spraying to prevent the sale of contaminated milk, or even to discover whether milk had been contaminated.

Truck gardeners also suffered from the gypsy-moth spraying. Some leaf crops were so burned and spotted as to be unmarketable. Others carried heavy residues. For example, peas analyzed at Cornell University's New York State Agricultural Experiment Station contained between fourteen and twenty parts per million of DDT; the legal maximum for peas, as for most fruits and vegetables, is seven parts per million. Growers therefore had to sustain heavy losses or else find themselves in the position of selling produce that carried illegal residues. Some of them sought, and collected, damages. Beekeepers, too, were hard hit. One man, with four hundred colonies of bees, reported that a hundred

Overlooking [illegible] Croabas, Puerto Rico, a salty spot to savor a Daiquiri on-the-rocks. John Stewart photograph.

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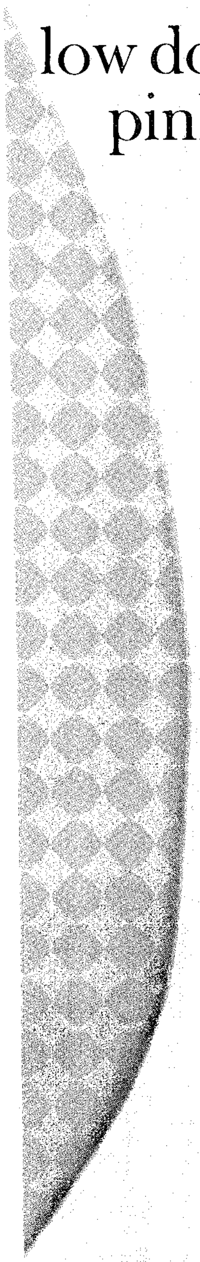
low down pink! beach peach! pink cognito! nouveau peach! super-natural!



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©BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., NY. RUM, 80 PROOF per cent of the field force of bees—that is, the workers out gathering nectar and pollen for the hives—had been killed in forest areas, and that up to fifty per cent had been killed in farming areas sprayed less intensively. "It is a very distressful thing," he wrote, "to walk into a yard in May and not hear a bee buzz."

After the 1957 spraying, the program was abruptly and drastically curtailed, and vague statements were issued about "evaluating" previous work and testing alternative insecticides. From the three and a half million acres sprayed in 1957, the treated areas fell to half a million in 1958 and to about a hundred thousand in 1959, 1960, and 1961. Meanwhile, the Plant Pest Control officials must have found reports from Long Island disquieting. The gypsy moth had reappeared there in large numbers.

IN 1957, the Department of Agriculture's Plant Pest Control men were also busy launching an even more ambitious program in the South. In this case, too, the word "eradication" came easily from the department's mimeograph machines, and this time it was applied to the fire ant. An insect named for its fiery sting, the fire ant seems to have entered the United States from South America by way of the port of Mobile, Alabama, where it was discovered shortly after the end of the First World War. By the late nineteen-fifties, it was to be found in most of the Southern states. During most of the forty-odd years since its arrival in the United States, the fire ant had apparently attracted little attention. The states where it was most abundant considered it a nuisance, chiefly because it built large nests or mounds, a foot or more high, which could hamper the operation of farm machinery, but only two listed it among the twenty most important insect pests, and these placed it near the bottom of the list. With the development of chemicals of broad lethal powers, however, there came a sudden change in the official attitude toward the fire ant, and in 1957 a mighty program was announced, in which the federal government, in coöperation with the afflicted states, would ultimately treat some twenty-two and a half million acres and spend more than a hundred million dollars. As set up, the program called for a three-way sharing of expenses by the federal government, the state governments, and the local communities or landowners. In practice, the federal government has borne a disproportionately large share of the cost. "United

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SWISSAIR

States pesticide makers appear to have tapped a sales bonanza in the increasing numbers of broad-scale pest-elimination programs conducted by the U.S. Department of Agriculture," one trade journal cheerfully reported in 1958.

Never has any pesticide program been so thoroughly damned by practically everyone except the beneficiaries of the "sales bonanza." The fire ant was pictured by the Department of Agriculture, in press releases and motion pictures, as a serious threat to farming through the destruction of crops and as a serious threat to wildlife through attacks on the young of ground-nesting birds, and its sting was said to make it a serious menace to human health. Just how sound were these claims? The "facts" presented by the department's witnesses who were seeking appropriations do not accord with those contained in its own publications. The 1961 edition of the yearly bulletin "Insecticide Recommendations for the Control of Insects Attacking Crops and Livestock" does not so much as mention the fire ant—an extraordinary omission if the department believes its own propaganda. Moreover, according to a careful study made by the Agricultural Experiment Station in Alabama, the state that has had the most intimate experience with this insect, "damage to plants in general is rare." At about the time the spraying began, Dr. F. S. Arant, the head of the department of zoology and entomology at Auburn University, in Auburn, Alabama, stated that his department "has not received a single report of damage to plants by ants in the past five years," and that "no damage to livestock has been observed." Men who had the ants under study in the field and in the laboratory say that the fire ants feed extensively on other insects, many of them considered harmful to man's interests—fire ants have been observed picking larvae of the boll weevil off cotton—and that their mound-building activities serve a useful purpose in aerating and draining the soil. And the Alabama studies have been substantiated by investigations at Mississippi State University.

The claim that the ant is a menace to human health and life also needs considerable modification. The Department of Agriculture sponsored a movie in which horror scenes were built around the fire ant's sting. Admittedly, this is painful, and one is well advised to avoid being stung, just as one ordinarily avoids being stung by a wasp or a bee. Severe reactions may occasionally occur in sensitive individuals, and medical literature records one death possibly, but

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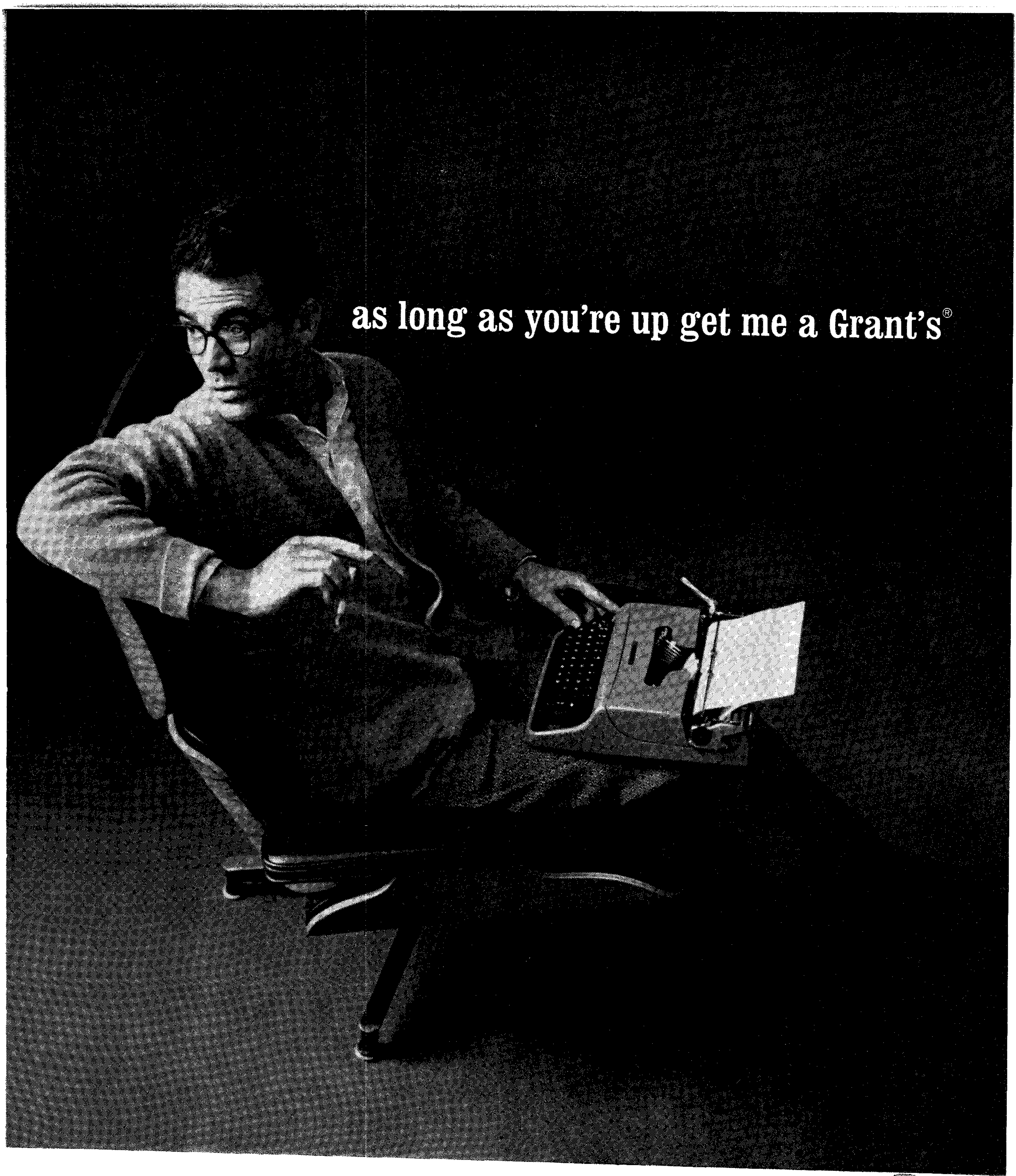
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not definitely, attributable to fire-ant venom. In contrast to this, the Office of Vital Statistics records thirty-three deaths in the United States in 1959 alone from the sting of bees and wasps. Yet no one seems to have proposed "eradicating" these insects. Again, local evidence is convincing. The Alabama State Health Officer declares that "there has never been recorded in Alabama a human death resulting from the bites of imported fire ants," and that he considers the medical cases resulting from the bites of fire ants "incidental." Mounds on lawns or playgrounds may create a situation in which children are likely to be stung, but such a situation can easily be handled by treatment of the individual mounds.

The Department of Agriculture also alleged that fire ants damage game birds. A man who is unquestionably well qualified to speak on this issue is the leader of the Wildlife Research Unit at Auburn, Dr. Maurice F. Baker, who has had many years' experience in the area. Dr. Baker's opinion is in direct conflict with the claims of the Agriculture Department. He declares, "In the almost forty years that south Alabama has had the fire ant, game populations have shown a steady and very substantial increase. Certainly, if the imported fire ant were a serious menace to wildlife, these conditions could not exist."

What would happen to wildlife as a result of the insecticide used against the ants was another matter. The chemicals to be used, dieldrin and heptachlor, were both relatively new, and no one knew what their effects would be. It was known, however, from tests on various birds, that each of the poisons was from four to fifty times as toxic as DDT, which had killed some birds and many fish even at a concentration of one pound per acre. But the dosage of dieldrin and heptachlor was heavier—two pounds to the acre under most conditions. The effect to be expected, therefore, would be that of from eight to a hundred pounds of DDT to the acre. Although local agricultural agencies and farmers supported the program, the conservation departments of most of the states concerned, national conservation agencies, and individual ecologists and entomologists called upon the then Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, to delay action at least until some research had been done to determine the effects of heptachlor and dieldrin on wild and domestic animals and to establish the minimum amount that would control the ants. The protests were ignored and the program was launched in

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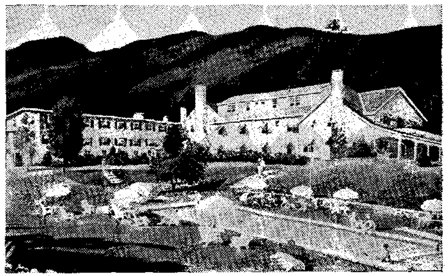

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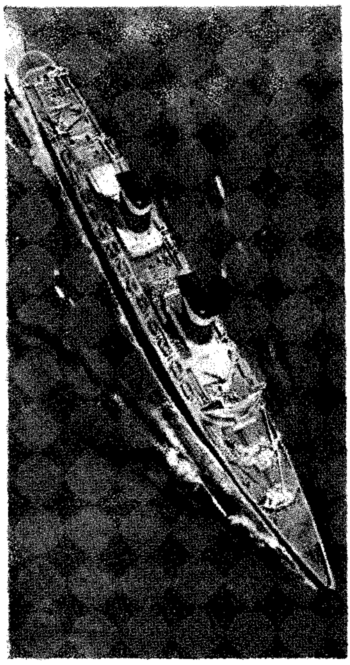

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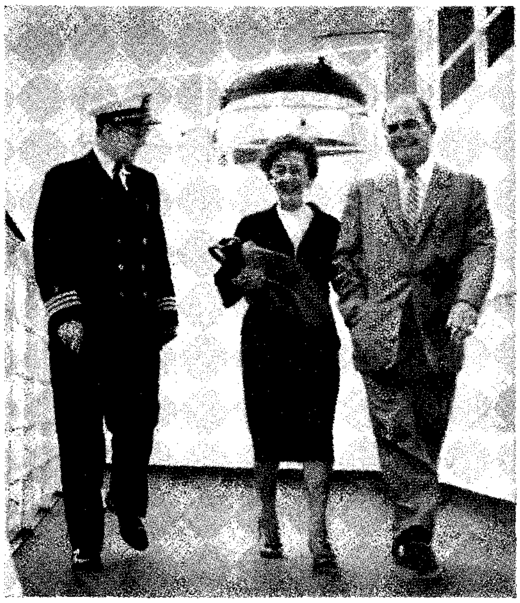

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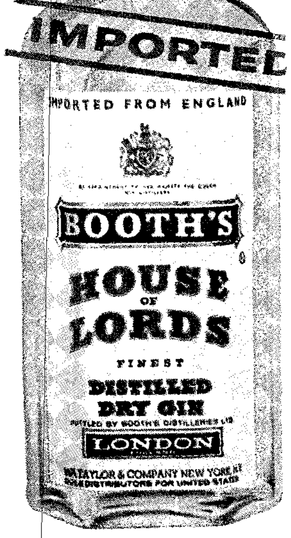
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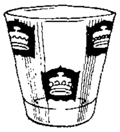

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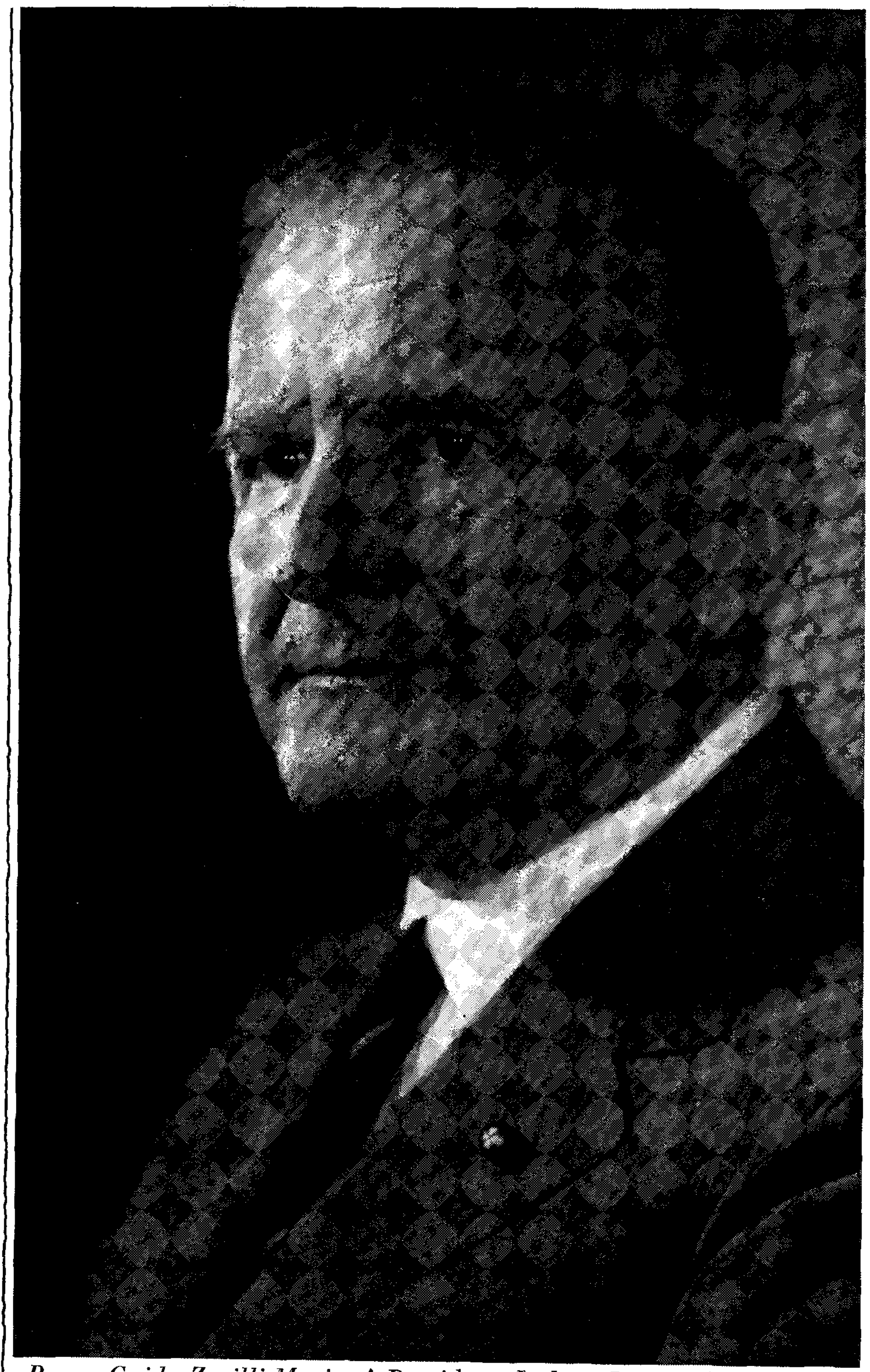
1958, with the spraying of a million acres. It was clear that any research would be in the nature of a post-mortem.

Before long, the facts began to accumulate. In Hardin County, Texas, for example, opossums, armadillos, and an abundant raccoon population virtually disappeared. Even by the second autumn after treatment, these animals were scarce. The few raccoons then found in the area carried residues of the chemicals in their tissues. The only species of bird surviving in any numbers was the house sparrow, which in other areas, too, has given some evidence that it may be relatively immune. In Alabama, biologists of the Wildlife Research Unit conducted a preliminary census of the quail population in a thirty-six-hundred-acre area that was scheduled for treatment. Thirteen resident coveys—a hundred and twenty-one quail—ranged over the area. Two weeks after treatment, only dead quail could be found. And so it went, with variations in the statistics of death, all over the sprayed areas.

One of the most widely known and respected wildlife biologists in the country, Dr. Clarence Cottam, the director of the Welder Wildlife Foundation, at Sinton, Texas, called on some of the Alabama farmers whose property had been treated. Besides remarking that "all the little tree birds" seemed to have disappeared, most of these people reported losses of livestock, poultry, and household pets. One man was "irate against the control workers," Dr. Cottam reported, "as he said he buried or otherwise disposed of nineteen carcasses of his cows that had been killed by the poison." And Dr. Cottam added, "Calves died that had been given only milk since birth." One woman told him she had set several hens after the surrounding land had been treated, "and for reasons she did not understand very few young were hatched or survived." Another farmer "raises hogs and for fully nine months after the broadcast of poisons, he could raise no young pigs," Dr. Cottam noted, adding, "The litters were born dead or they died after birth."

The Department of Agriculture has consistently brushed aside all evidence of damage to livestock, poultry, pets, and wildlife. Yet when specimens of dead birds from the sprayed areas were sent to the Fish and Wildlife Service for analysis, a great majority of them were found to contain residues of the poisons. And a veterinarian in Bainbridge, Georgia, Dr. Otis L. Poitevint, who was called on to treat many affected animals, has summarized his reasons for



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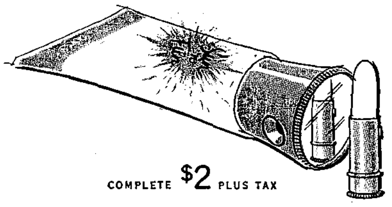

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attributing the deaths to the insecticide as follows: Within a period ranging from two weeks to several months after the fire-ant poison was applied, cattle, goats, horses, and chickens, as well as birds and other wildlife, began to suffer an often fatal disease of the nervous system. It affected only animals that had access to contaminated food or water. Stabled animals were not affected. The condition was seen only in areas treated for fire ants. Laboratory tests for disease were negative. The symptoms observed by Dr. Poitevint were the same ones given in authoritative texts for poisoning by dieldrin or heptachlor. Dr. Poitevint also described an interesting case involving a two-month-old calf that showed symptoms of poisoning by heptachlor. This was five months after the poison had been applied. The animal was subjected to exhaustive laboratory tests, and the only significant finding was the discovery of seventy-nine parts per million of heptachlor in its fat. Did the calf get the heptachlor directly from grazing or indirectly from its mother's milk, or even before birth? "If from the milk," asked Dr. Poitevint, "why were not special precautions taken to protect our children who drank milk from local dairies?"

Once again, then, the problem of contamination of milk arises. The area included in the fire-ant program is predominantly croplands and fields. What about the dairy cattle that graze in these fields? In treated fields, the grasses will inevitably carry residues of heptachlor or dieldrin, and if the residues are eaten by the cows, the poison will appear in the milk. This was demonstrated experimentally for heptachlor in 1955, and was reported for dieldrin in 1956—before the fire-ant program was launched. The Department of Agriculture's annual publications now list heptachlor and dieldrin among the chemicals whose presence makes forage plants unsuitable for feeding to dairy animals or to animals ready for slaughter, yet the control divisions of the department promote programs that spread heptachlor and dieldrin over substantial areas of grazing land. To be sure, the Department of Agriculture has advised farmers to keep milk cows out of treated pastures for thirty to ninety days, but given the small size of many of the farms involved and the large scale of the program, it is extremely doubtful whether this recommendation was followed, or could have been. Nor is the prescribed period adequate, in view of the persistent nature of the residues. The Food and Drug Administration has little authority in this situation, because in most of the Southern states the dairy industry is small and dairy products do not cross state lines. Protection of the milk supply is therefore left to the states themselves. In 1959, the health officers or other appropriate officials of Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas revealed that no tests had been made and that it simply was not known whether the milk was contaminated with pesticides. "It is perhaps a program we should undertake, but funds and personnel do not permit such a project at this time," an Alabama official said.

Meanwhile, some research into the peculiar nature of heptachlor was done. It might be more accurate to say that someone looked up research already published, for one basic fact had been discovered several years before. This was the fact that heptachlor, after a short period in the tissues of animals or plants or in the soil, assumes a considerably more toxic form, known as heptachlor epoxide. It had been known that this transformation could occur since 1952, when the Food and Drug Administration conducted a relevant experiment; two weeks after female rats were put on a diet containing thirty parts per million of heptachlor, they were found to have stored a hundred and sixty-five parts per million of the epoxide in their tissues. This fact was allowed to come out of the obscurity of biological literature in 1959, when the Food and Drug Administration took action that had the effect of banning any residues of heptachlor or its epoxide in food. The ruling put at least a temporary damper on the fire-ant program, for although the Department of Agriculture continued to request annual appropriations for the purpose, local agricultural agents became increasingly reluctant to advise farmers to use chemicals that would probably result in making crops legally unmarketable.

After a year of heavy dosages, the Department of Agriculture abruptly reduced the rate of application of heptachlor from two pounds to one and a quarter pounds per acre in 1959; later on, this was changed to half a pound per acre, applied in two treatments of a quarter of a pound each, three to six months apart. An official of the department explained that "an aggressive methods-improvement program" showed the lower rate to be effective. Had this information been acquired before the program was launched, the taxpayers could have been saved a great deal of money, and, more important, a vast amount of irrecoverable damage

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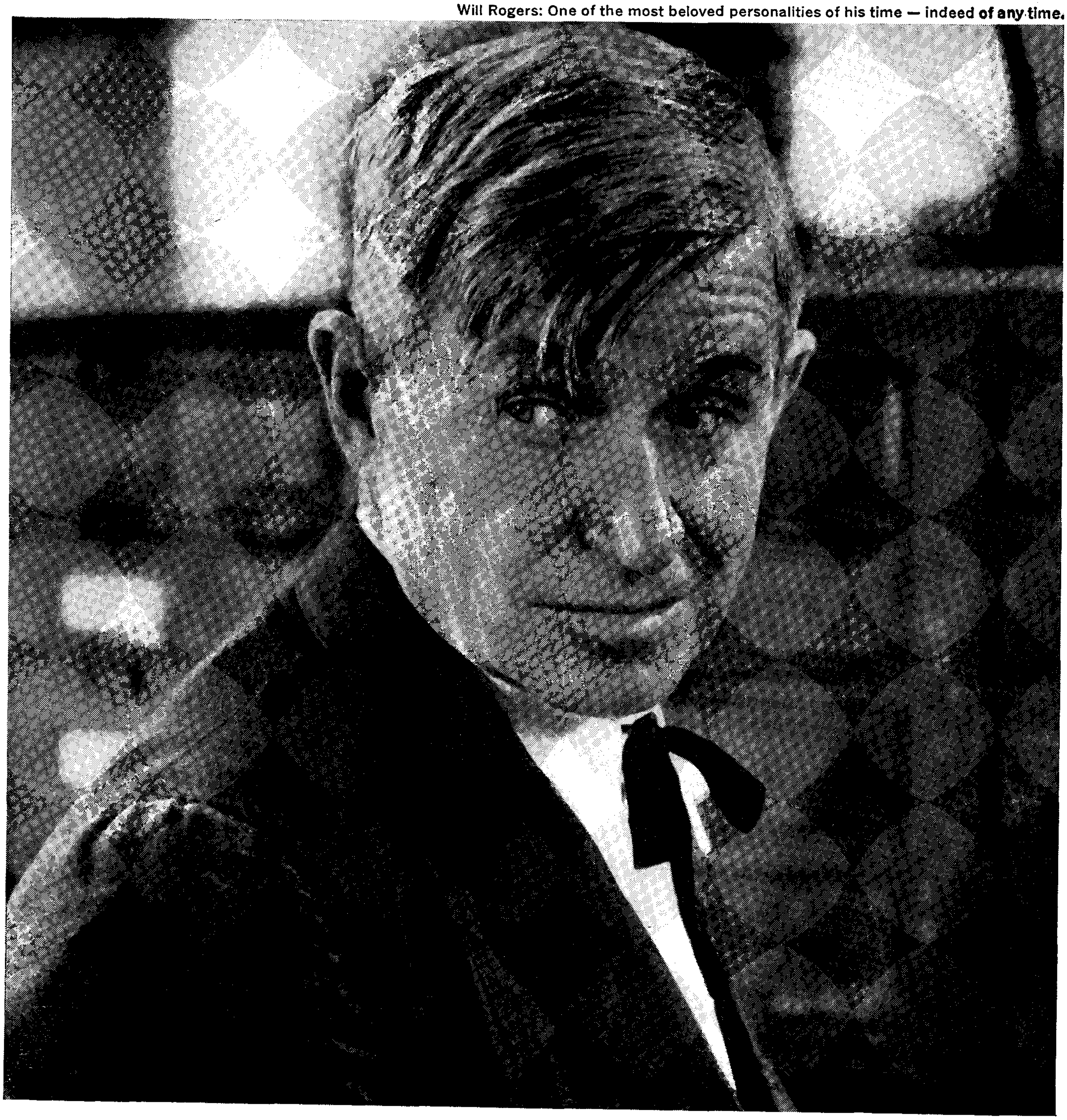

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could have been avoided. Moreover, effective and inexpensive methods of local control had been known for years. The mound-building habit of the fire ant makes the chemical treatment of individual colonies a simple matter. The cost of such treatment is about a dollar per acre. For situations in which mounds are numerous and mechanized methods are desirable, there is a cultivator, developed by Mississippi's Agricultural Experiment Station, that first levels the mounds and then applies a chemical directly to the earth used in their construction. Control of the ants by this method is between ninety and ninety-five per cent effective. Its cost is twenty-three cents per acre. The Department of Agriculture's mass-control program cost three dollars and fifty cents per acre—the most expensive, the most damaging, and the least effective program of all.

In 1959, the department offered the chemicals free to Texas landowners who would sign a release absolving federal, state, and local governments of responsibility for damage. That same year, the State of Alabama refused to appropriate any further funds for the project. One of its officials characterized the whole program as "ill advised, hastily conceived, poorly planned, and a glaring example of riding roughshod over the responsibilities of other public and private agencies." (In 1961, however, the legislature was again persuaded to make a small appropriation.) Meanwhile, farmers in Louisiana showed increasing reluctance to sign up for the project, for it had become evident that use of chemicals against the fire ant was causing an upsurge of insects destructive to sugar cane. Moreover, the program was obviously accomplishing nothing. Its dismal state was tersely summarized in the spring of 1962 by Dr. L. D. Newsom, the director of entomology research at Louisiana State University's Agricultural Experiment Station: "The imported fire ant 'eradication' program which has been conducted by state and federal agencies is thus far a failure. There are more infested acres in Louisiana now than when the program began."

"THE insect world is nature's most astonishing phenomenon," the Dutch biologist C. J. Briejèr has said. "Nothing is impossible to it; the most improbable things commonly occur there. One who penetrates deeply into its mysteries is continually breathless with wonder. He knows that anything can happen, and that the completely impossible often does." The "impossible" is now

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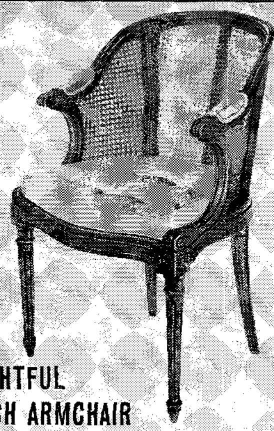

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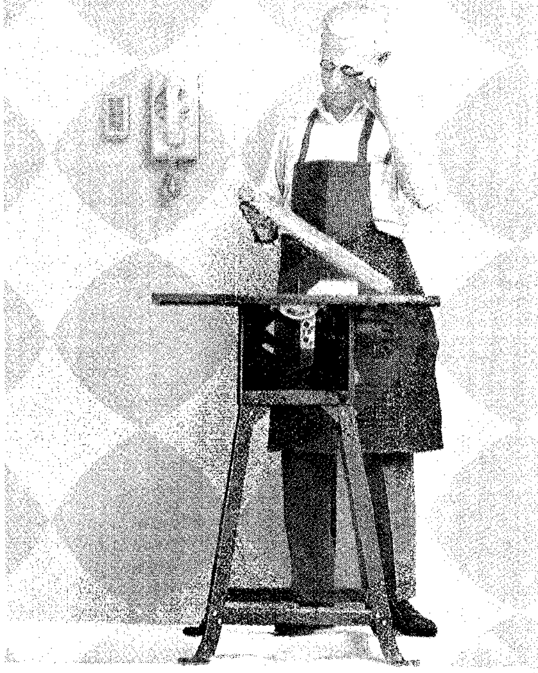
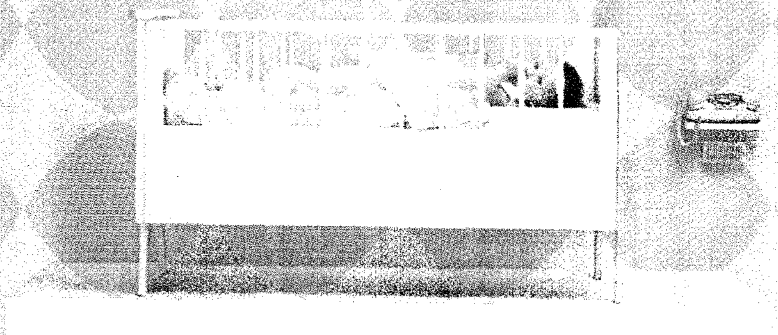
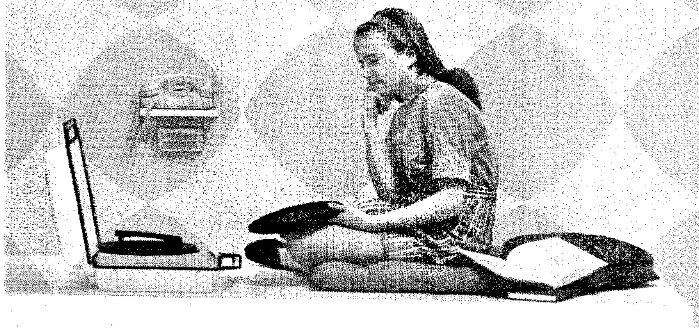


9:10 A.M. Hard at it in his basement workshop, Grandad takes all the early morning calls. He can relay them to any member of the family without shouting or walking.

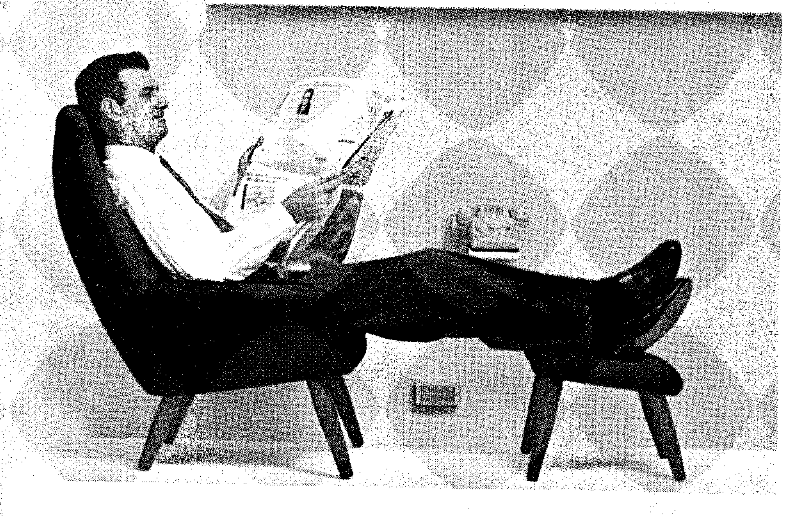
11:15 A.M. While Mom's busy in the sewing room, the front doorbell rings. But she doesn't miss a stitch. She just answers the door by telephone!



2:01 P.M. This young man's *too* young to telephone, but Home Interphone carries his coos and cries to Mom wherever she picks up the telephone.



4:30 P.M. School's out, and Sis is spending her free time spinning her favorite platters. She's in her bedroom, but she can be reached from any other phone in the house.



8:14 P.M. It's "Do Not Disturb" time for Dad in his den. Without leaving his chair or climbing a stair, he can talk room-to-room or room-to-door as part of his regular telephone service.

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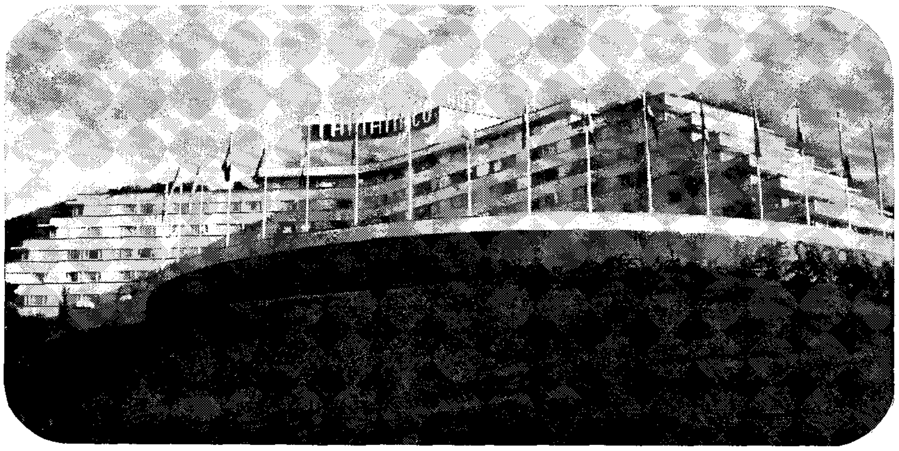
happening. By our chemical attack, we are weakening the defenses inherent in the environment itself—defenses designed to keep the species in check. Each time we breach these defenses, a horde of insects pours through. From all over the world come reports that make this predicament clear. At the end of a decade or more of intensive chemical control, entomologists have been finding that problems they had considered solved a few years earlier have returned to plague them, and also that new problems have arisen as insects once present in insignificant numbers have increased to the status of serious pests. By their very nature, chemical controls are self-defeating, for man has devised and applied them without taking into account the complex biological systems against which he has hurled them. The chemicals may sometimes have been pre-tested against a few individual species, but never against living communities. In some quarters nowadays, it is fashionable to dismiss the balance of nature as a state of affairs that prevailed in an earlier, simpler world—a state now so thoroughly upset that we might as well forget it. As a chart for a course of action, this assumption is highly dangerous. The balance of nature is not the same today as it was in Pleistocene times, but it is still there—a complex, precise, and highly integrated system of relationships between living things, which cannot safely be ignored, any more than the law of gravity can be ignored by a man perched on the edge of a cliff. The balance of nature has never been static; it is fluid, ever shifting, in a constant state of adjustment Man himself is part of this balance. Sometimes the balance is in his favor; sometimes—and all too often through his own activities—it is shifted to his disadvantage.

Two critically important facts have been overlooked in the formulation of the modern insect-control programs. The first is that the really effective control of insects is the control applied by nature. Populations are kept in check by something that the ecologists call the resistance of the environment, and this has been so since the first life was created. The amount of food available, the weather and climate, the presence of competing or predatory species—all play their part. "The greatest single factor in preventing insects from overwhelming the rest of the world is the internecine warfare which they carry out among themselves," the California entomologist Robert Metcalf has said. The second neglected fact is the truly explosive power of a species to reproduce once the resistance of the environment



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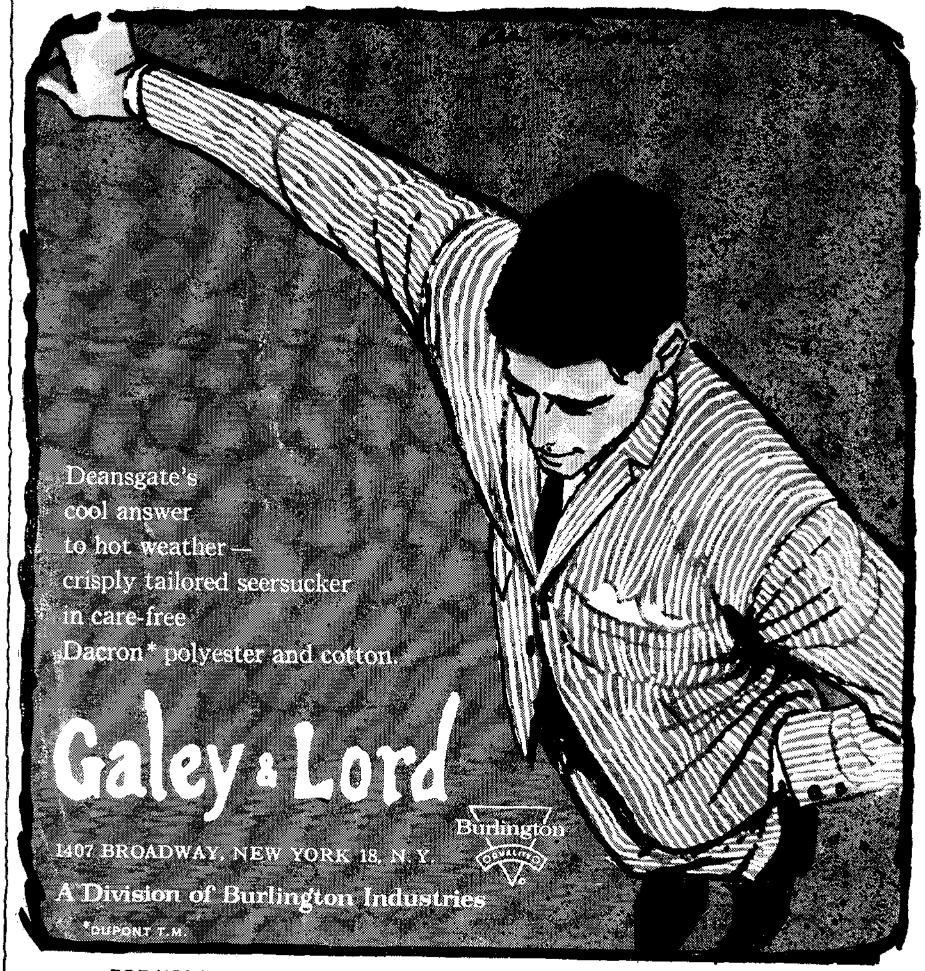

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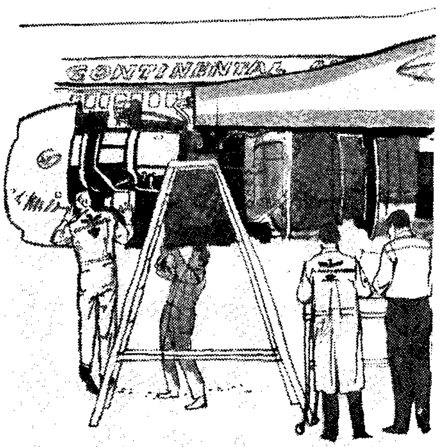

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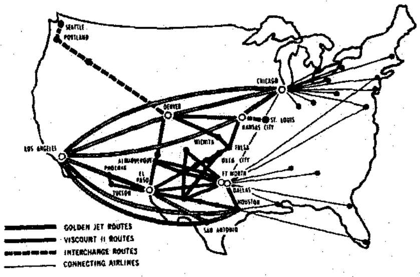

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has been weakened. The fecundity of many forms of life is almost beyond our power to imagine, though now and then we are permitted suggestive glimpses of its scope. I remember from my student days the miracle that could be wrought in a jar containing a simple mixture of hay and water if one merely added to it a few drops of material from a mature culture of protozoa. Within a few days, the jar would contain a whole galaxy of whirling, darting life—uncountable trillions of paramecia, the slipper animalcule, each as small as a dust grain, all multiplying without restraint in their temporary Eden of favorable temperature, abundant food, absence of enemies. And I remember shore rocks white with barnacles as far as the eye can see, or the spectacle of an immense school of jellyfish, mile after mile, with seemingly no end to the pulsing, ghostly forms, scarcely more substantial than the water itself. Biologists used to entertain themselves by speculating about what would happen if the natural restraints were thrown off and all the progeny of a single individual survived. Thus, Thomas Huxley a century ago calculated that a single female aphis (which has the curious power of reproducing without mating) could produce progeny in a single year's time whose total weight would equal that of the inhabitants of the Chinese empire of his day. Fortunately for us, such an extreme situation is only theoretical, but the results of upsetting nature's own arrangements are well known to students of animal populations. The stockman's zeal for eliminating the coyote has resulted in plagues of field mice, which the coyote formerly controlled. The familiar story of the deer inhabiting the Kaibab Plateau in Arizona is another case in point. At one time, the deer population was in equilibrium with its environment. A number of predators—wolves, pumas, and coyotes—prevented the deer from growing too numerous in relation to their food supply. Then a campaign was begun to "conserve" the deer by killing off their enemies. Once the predators were gone, the deer increased prodigiously, and soon there was not enough food for them. The browse line on the trees went higher and higher, and there were many more deer dying of starvation at any one time than had formerly been killed by predators. The whole environment, moreover, had been damaged by the desperate efforts of the deer to find food.

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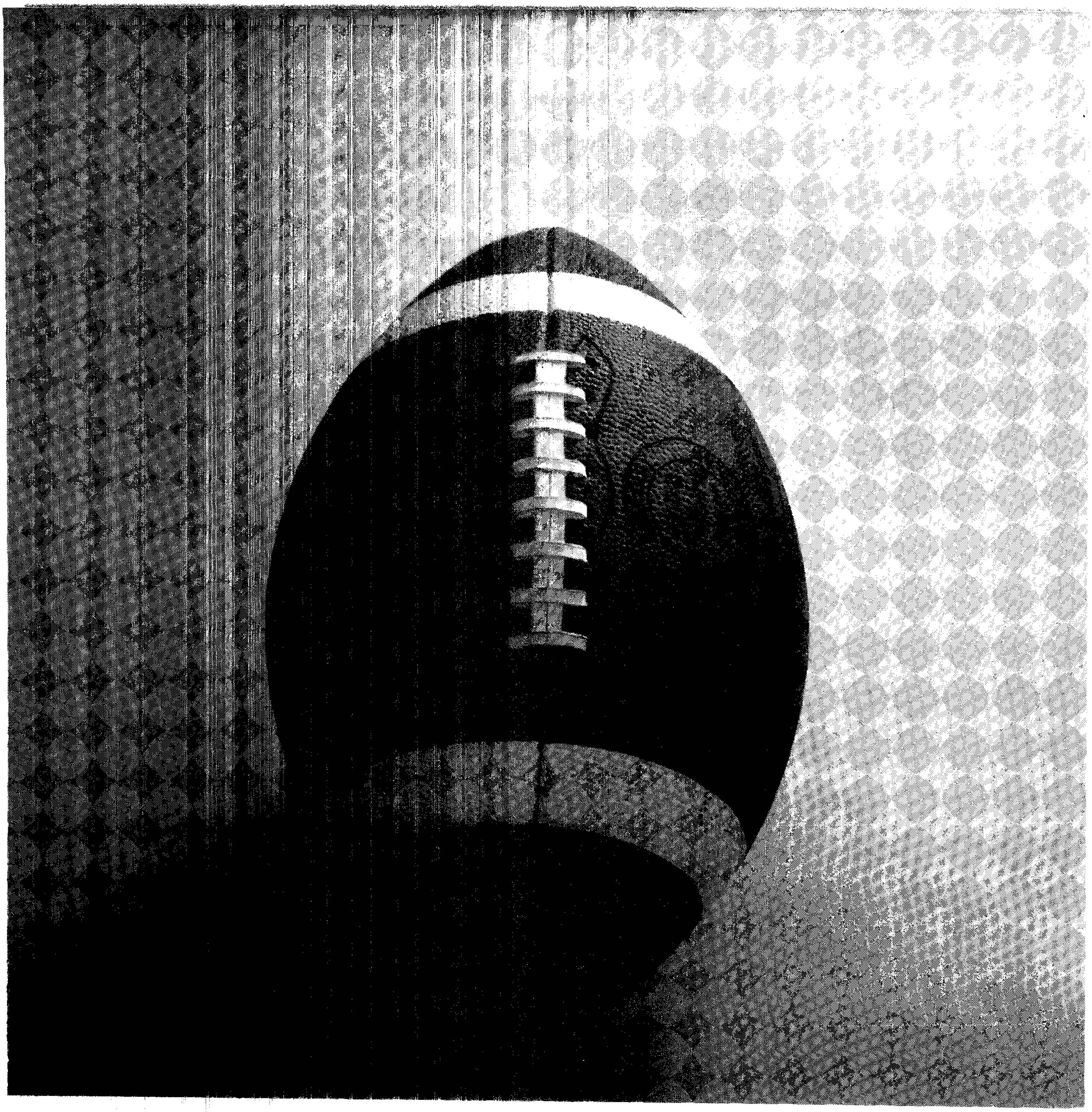

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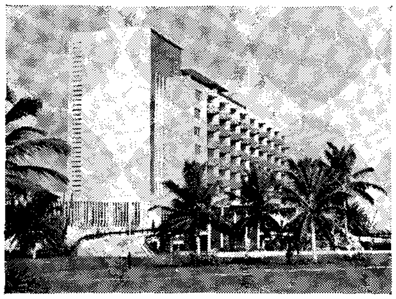

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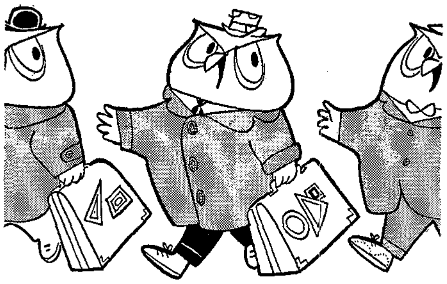
as the wolves and coyotes. Kill them off and the population of their prey surges upward. No one knows how many species of insects inhabit the earth, because so many are yet to be identified, but more than seven hundred thousand have already been described. This means that seventy to eighty per cent of the earth's species of living creatures are insects. The vast majority of these insects are held in check by natural forces, without any intervention by man. The trouble is that we are seldom aware of the protection afforded us by these natural enemies until it fails. Most of us walk unseeing through the world, unaware alike of its beauties and wonders and of the strange and sometimes terrible intensity of the lives that are being lived about us. So it is that the activities of the insect predators and parasites are little known. Perhaps we may have noticed an odd-shaped insect of ferocious mien on a bush in the garden and been dimly aware that it was a praying mantis, which lives at the expense of other insects. But we see with an understanding eye only if we have walked in the garden at night and, here and there, with the aid of a flashlight, have glimpsed the mantis stealthily creeping up on its prey. Then we sense something of the drama of hunter and hunted. Then we begin to feel something of that relentless force by which nature controls her own. The predators are of many kinds. Some are quick, and, with the speed of swallows, snatch their prey from the air. Others plod methodically along a stem, plucking off and devouring sedentary insects, like the aphids. The yellow jacket captures soft-bodied insects and feeds the juices to its young. The mud-dauber wasp builds a columned nest of mud under the eaves of houses and stocks it with insects on which its young will feed. The horse-guard wasp hovers above herds of grazing cattle, destroying the blood-sucking flies that torment them. The loudly buzzing syrphus fly, often mistaken for a bee, lays its eggs on the leaves of aphis-infested plants; the larvae, when they hatch, consume immense numbers of aphids. Ladybugs, or lady beetles, are among the most effective destroyers of aphids, and of scale insects and other plant-eating insects as well. Literally hundreds of aphids are consumed by a single ladybug to stoke the fires of energy that she requires to produce a single batch of eggs. Even more extraordinary in their habits are the parasitic insects. These do not kill their hosts outright. Instead, they utilize them for the nurture of their young. Some deposit their eggs within the larvae or the eggs of their prey, so that their



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own developing young can consume the host. Others attach their eggs to a caterpillar by means of a sticky solution; on hatching, the larval parasite bores through the skin of the host. Still others, led by an instinct akin to foresight, merely lay their eggs on a leaf, so that a browsing caterpillar will eat them.

Everywhere, in field and hedgerow and garden and forest, the insect predators and parasites are at work. Here, above a pond, the dragonflies dart, and the sun strikes fire from their wings. So their ancestors sped through the swamps where huge reptiles lived. Now, as in those ancient times, the sharp-eyed dragonflies capture mosquitoes in the air, scooping them in with basket-shaped legs. In the waters below, their young, the dragonfly nymphs, or naiads, prey on the aquatic stages of mosquitoes and other insects. And there, almost invisible against a leaf, is the lacewing, with gauzy green wings and golden eyes, shy and secretive, descendant of a race that lived in Permian times. The adult lacewing feeds mostly on plant nectars and the honeydew of aphids, and in time she lays her eggs, each on the end of a long stalk, which she secures to a leaf. From these emerge her children—strange, bristled larvae called aphis lions, which live by preying on aphids, scale insects, or mites, capturing them and sucking them dry of fluid. Each may consume several hundred aphids before the ceaseless turning of the cycle of its life brings the time when it will spin a white silken cocoon in which to pass the pupal stage.

And there are many wasps and flies whose very existence depends on the destruction of the eggs or larvae of other insects. Some of the egg parasites are exceedingly minute, yet by their numbers and their great activity they hold down the abundance of many crop-destroying species. There is, for example, a tiny wasp of the genus Trichogramma, whose fragile body may be smaller than the eggs of her prey. She flies tirelessly through the cotton fields, seeking out the eggs of the bollworm and the leafworm, or through orchards, to find the eggs of the codling moth, or into the cane fields, where the sugarcane borer, a brown moth, deposits her eggs on the stalks of growing cane. What unerring instinct—what scent trail that man knows nothing about—leads her to these places? Finding the eggs of her prey, by whatever means, the wasp pierces them one by one, depositing one of her own eggs within each. The egg so invaded does not complete its own development but supplies nourishment for the infant parasite now de-

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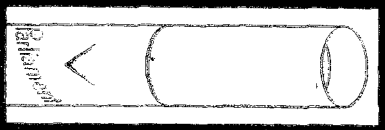

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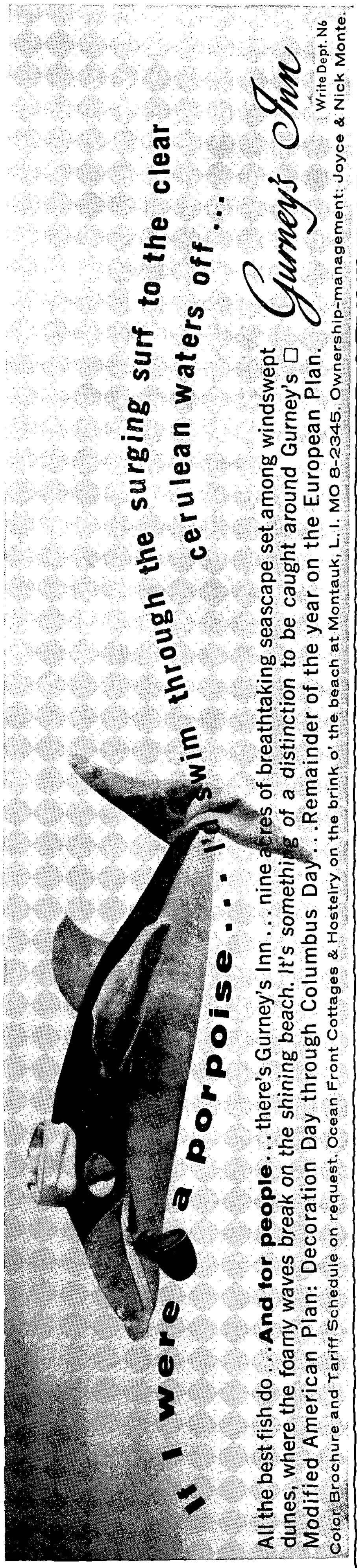

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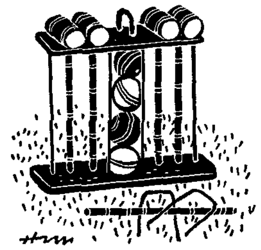
veloping within it; thus each parasitized egg becomes a Trojan horse from which will emerge an enemy of its kind.

All these small creatures are working—working in sun and rain, during the hours of darkness, even when winter has damped down the fires of life to mere embers, waiting to flare again into activity as soon as spring awakens the insect world. Under the white blanket of snow, below the frost-hardened soil, in crevices in the bark of trees, and in the shelter of caves, the parasites and the predators are able to tide themselves over the season of cold. The eggs of the mantis are secure in little cases of thin parchment attached to the branch of a shrub by the mother, whose life span ended with the summer that is gone. The female polistes wasp has taken shelter in a forgotten corner of some attic, carrying in her body the fertilized eggs, the heritage on which the whole future of her colony depends. She, the lone survivor, will start a small paper nest in the spring, lay a few eggs in its cells, and carefully rear a small force of workers. With their help, she will enlarge the nest and develop the colony. Then the workers, foraging ceaselessly through the hot days of summer, will destroy countless caterpillars. Thus, through the circumstances of their lives and the nature of our own wants, all these creatures have long been our allies in keeping the balance of nature tilted in our favor. Yet now we have turned our artillery against our friends. The terrible danger is that we have grossly underestimated their value in holding off a dark tide of enemies, and that without their help the enemies can overrun us.



The prospect of a general and permanent lowering of environmental resistance becomes increasingly real as the number, variety, and destructiveness of insecticides grows. Each year, we may expect serious outbreaks of insects—both disease-carrying and crop-destroying species—in excess of anything we have ever known. "Yes, but isn't this all theoretical?" somebody asks. "Surely it won't really happen—not in my lifetime, anyway?" It is happening now. By 1958, scientific journals had already recorded some fifty species involved in violent dislocations of nature's balance, and more are being found every year. A recent review of the subject contained references to two hundred and fifteen papers reporting or discussing unfavorable upsets in the balance of insect populations because insecticides had killed off various predators and parasites. Sometimes the end result of chemical spraying has been a tremendous upsurge of the very insect that the spraying was intended to control, as when black flies in Ontario became seventeen times as abundant after spraying as they had been before, and as when, in England, an outbreak of the cabbage aphid—an outbreak that had no parallel on record—followed a broad program of spraying. At other times, spraying has been reasonably effective against the target insect but has let loose a Pandora's box of destructive pests that had never before been abundant enough to cause trouble. The spider mite, for example, has become practically a world-wide pest as DDT and other insecticides have killed off its enemies. The spider mite is not an insect. It is a barely visible eight-legged creature, belonging to the Arachnida, the class that also includes spiders, scorpions, and ticks. It has a prodigious appetite for the chlorophyll that makes the world green. It inserts its stiletto-sharp mouth parts in the outer cells of leaves or evergreen needles and extracts the chlorophyll. A mild infestation gives trees or shrubbery a mottled, or salt-and-pepper, appearance. When there is a heavy one, foliage turns yellow and falls, which is what happened in some of the Western National Forests a few years ago, following a program of spraying some eighty-five thousand acres of forested lands with DDT. The spraying was done by the United States Forest Service in 1956, with the intention of controlling the spruce budworm, but the next summer it was discovered that a problem worse than budworm damage had been created. From the air, vast blighted areas could be seen where the magnificent Douglas firs were turning brown and dropping their needles. In the Helena National Forest and on the western slopes of the Big Belt Mountains, and then in other areas of Montana and in Idaho, the forests began to look as though they had been scorched. It was evident that this summer of 1957 had brought the most extensive infestation of spider mites in history. Almost all the sprayed area was affected; nowhere else was any such damage evident. Why does the spider mite appear to thrive on insecticides? Obviously, it is relatively insensitive to them, but there seem to be two other reasons as well. In nature, the spider mite is kept in check by vari-

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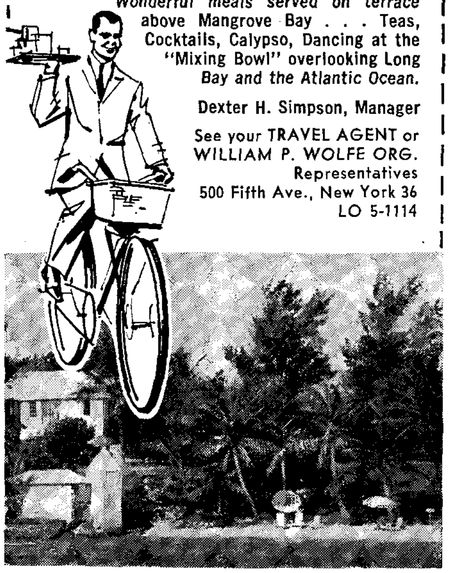

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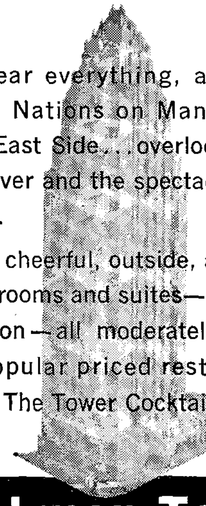

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ous predators, such as ladybugs, gall midges, predaceous mites, and several pirate bugs, and all of these are extremely vulnerable to insecticides. The other reason has to do with population pressure within the spider-mite colonies. Normally, a colony of mites is a densely settled community, huddled under a protective web for concealment from its enemies. When such a colony is sprayed, the mites, irritated by the chemicals, scatter in search of places where they will not be disturbed. In doing so, they find a far greater abundance of space and food. Their enemies are now dead, so there is no need for them to spend their energy in secreting a protective web. Instead, they devote it all to producing more mites; it is not uncommon for their egg production to increase threefold.

The situation brought about by insecticides abounds in ironies. In the apple orchards of Nova Scotia in the late nineteen-forties, the worst infestations of the codling moth—a cause of "wormy" apples—were in the orchards that had been regularly sprayed. In unsprayed orchards, the moths were not abundant enough to cause real trouble. Far off, in the eastern Sudan, a few years later, some sixty thousand acres of cotton were sprayed with DDT. One of the most destructive enemies of cotton is the bollworm, but the more the farmers sprayed, the more bollworms appeared. Unsprayed cotton suffered less damage to its fruits and, later, to its mature bolls than sprayed cotton, and in twice-sprayed fields the yield of seed cotton dropped significantly. Although some of the leaf-feeding insects were eliminated, any benefit that this might have brought was more than offset by bollworm damage. In America, farmers have repeatedly traded one insect enemy for a worse one as spraying has upset the population dynamics of the insect world. Indeed, both the fire-ant-eradication program in the South and the spraying in the Middle West against the Japanese beetle had precisely this effect; the former permitted the sugar-cane borer to gain a foothold, and the latter resulted in an enormous increase in the corn borer.

A particularly ironic series of events has occurred in the citrus groves of California. In 1872, a scale insect that feeds on the sap of citrus appeared in the state, and within the next fifteen years the fruit crop in many groves was so near a complete loss that the growers gave up and pulled out their trees. In 1888, however, a parasite of the scale insect was imported from Australia—a small lady beetle called the vedalia. Within

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only two years, the scale insect was under such thorough control that one could search for days among the orange groves without finding a single specimen. The importation of the vedalia had cost the government a mere five thousand dollars, and its activities had saved the fruitgrowers several millions of dollars a year. This was the world's most successful and famous experiment in biological control. Then, in the nineteen-forties, the citrus growers began to use the glamorous new chemicals in an effort to get rid of other insects, and the populations of the vedalia in many sections of California were wiped out. The scale insect quickly reappeared, and the damage to the citrus trees exceeded anything that had been seen for fifty years. "This possibly marked the end of an era," Dr. Paul DeBach, of the University of California's Citrus Experiment Station in Riverside, said in 1956. Now control of the scale insect has become enormously complicated. The vedalia can be maintained only by repeated releases and by the most careful attention to spray schedules, so as to minimize the beetles' contact with insecticides. And, regardless of what the citrus growers do, they are more or less at the mercy of the owners of adjacent acreages, growing other crops, for severe damage has been done by insecticidal drift.

IF Darwin were alive today, he would be astounded and delighted by the impressive verification that his theories of the survival of the fittest are receiving from the insect world. Under the stress of intensive chemical spraying, the weaker members of the insect populations are being weeded out, and in many areas and among many species only the strong and fit remain, defying our efforts to control them. Nearly half a century ago, a professor of entomology at Washington State College, A. L. Melander, asked the now purely rhetorical question "Can insects become resistant to sprays?" If Melander thought the answer obscure, or slow in coming, that was only because he asked his question in 1914 instead of forty years later. In the pre-DDT era, when inorganic chemicals were applied in quantities that would seem extraordinarily modest today, strains of insects emerged here and there that could survive spraying or dusting. About 1908, Melander himself ran into difficulty with one of the scale insects. For some years past, the insects, which are a common pest of fruit trees, had been satisfactorily controlled by spraying with lime sulphur, but that year, in the Clarkston area of Washington, they became refractory; they were

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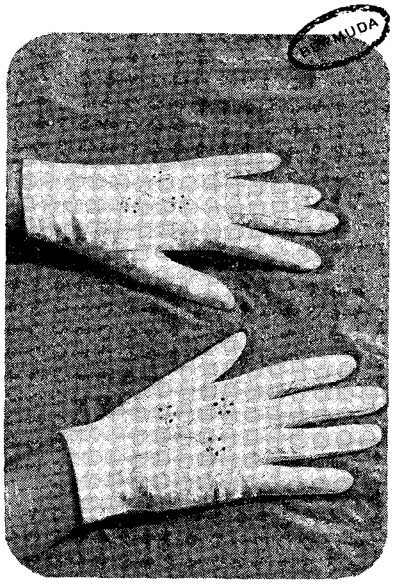

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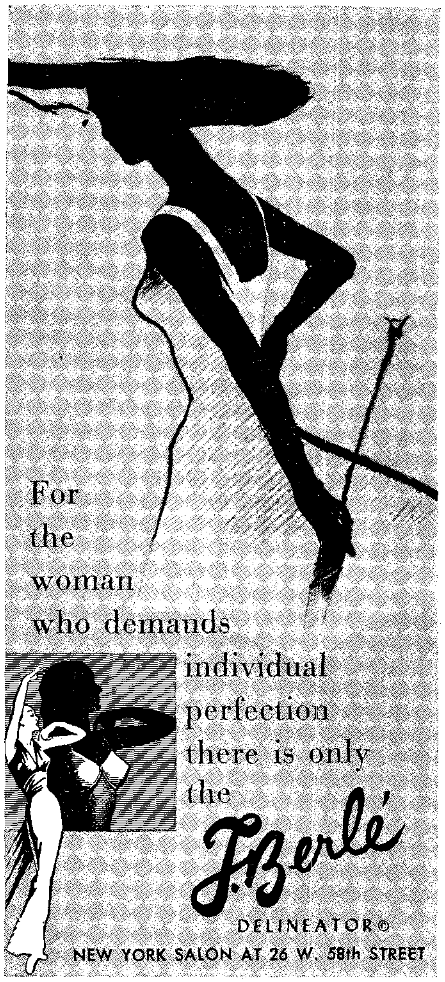
harder to kill there than elsewhere. And suddenly the scale insects in other parts of the country seemed to get the same idea—that it was not necessary for them to die under the sprayings of lime sulphur. In Illinois, Indiana, Arkansas, and other states, thousands of acres of fine orchards were destroyed by the insects. Then, in certain areas of California, the time-honored method of placing canvas tents over citrus trees and fumigating them with hydrocyanic acid began to yield disappointing results—a problem that led to research at the Citrus Experiment Station, beginning about 1915 and continuing for a quarter of a century. In the nineteen-twenties, still another insect learned the secret of resistance—the codling moth, which had docilely succumbed to lead arsenate for the previous forty years.

It was the advent of DDT and its many relatives, however, that ushered in the true Age of Resistance. It should have surprised no one with even the simplest knowledge of insects or of the dynamics of any animal population that within a matter of a very few years an ugly and dangerous problem had clearly defined itself. Yet awareness of the fact that insects possess an effective weapon for countering aggressive chemical attack seems to have dawned slowly. In fact, even now only the research workers who are concerned with insects that are vectors, or carriers of disease, appear to have become thoroughly aware of the nature of the situation; the agriculturists, for the most part, still put their faith in the development of ever more toxic chemicals. But if understanding of the phenomenon of insect resistance has developed slowly, it has been far otherwise with resistance itself. Before 1945, only about a dozen species were known to have developed resistance to any of the pre-DDT insecticides. With the new chemicals and the new methods of intensive application, resistance began a meteoric rise, which by 1960 had reached the alarming level of a hundred and thirty-seven species. And no one conversant with the situation believes that the end is in sight. More than a thousand technical papers have now been published on the subject, and the World Health Organization has enlisted the aid of some three hundred scientists in all parts of the world, declaring that "resistance is at present the most important single problem facing vector-control programmes." Dr. Elton, the distinguished British student of animal populations, has said, "We are hearing the early rumbling of what may become an avalanche in strength."

Sometimes resistance develops so rap-



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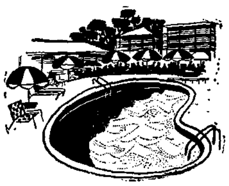

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idly that the ink is scarcely dry on a report hailing successful control of a species by means of some specific chemical before an amended report has to be issued. In South Africa, for example, cattlemen had long been plagued by the blue tick, from which, on one ranch alone, six hundred head of cattle had died in a single year. The tick had for some years been resistant to arsenical dips. Then, about 1947, the chlorinated hydrocarbon called BHC was tried, and for a very short time all seemed to be well. Reports issued early in the year 1949 declared that the arsenic-resistant ticks could be controlled readily with the new chemical; later that year, a bleak notice of developing resistance had to be published. The situation prompted a writer in the *Leather Trades Review*, a weekly published in London, to comment, in 1950, "News such as this quietly trickling through scientific circles and appearing in small sections of the overseas press is enough to make headlines as big as those concerning the new atomic bomb if only the significance of the matter were properly understood."

To that list of about a dozen agricultural insects that showed resistance to the inorganic chemicals of an earlier era there have been added a host that are resistant to such chlorinated hydrocarbons as DDT, BHC, lindane, toxaphene, dieldrin, and aldrin, and even to the organic phosphates, from which so much was hoped. In 1960, the total number of resistant insects of importance in agriculture had reached sixty-five. Perhaps the most troublesome case of resistance in this area is that of the codling moth, which is now resistant to DDT in practically all of the world's apple-growing regions. Resistance in cabbage insects is creating another serious problem. Potato insects are escaping chemical control in many sections of the United States. Six species of cotton insects, along with an assortment of thrips, fruit moths, leafhoppers, caterpillars, mites, aphids, wireworms, and others, are now able to ignore the farmer's assault with chemical sprays.

Although insect resistance is a matter of concern in agriculture and forestry, it is in the field of public health that it has awakened the most serious apprehensions. The relation between insects and many diseases of man is an ancient one. Mosquitoes of the genus Anopheles may inject into the human blood stream the single-celled organism of malaria. Other mosquitoes transmit yellow fever. Still others carry encephalitis. The housefly, which does not bite, may nevertheless, by contact, contaminate human food with the bacilli of some

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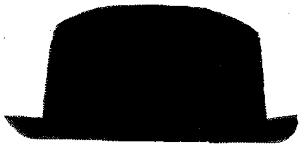
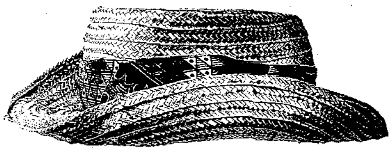


WHEN YOU GET AWAY FROM IT ALL



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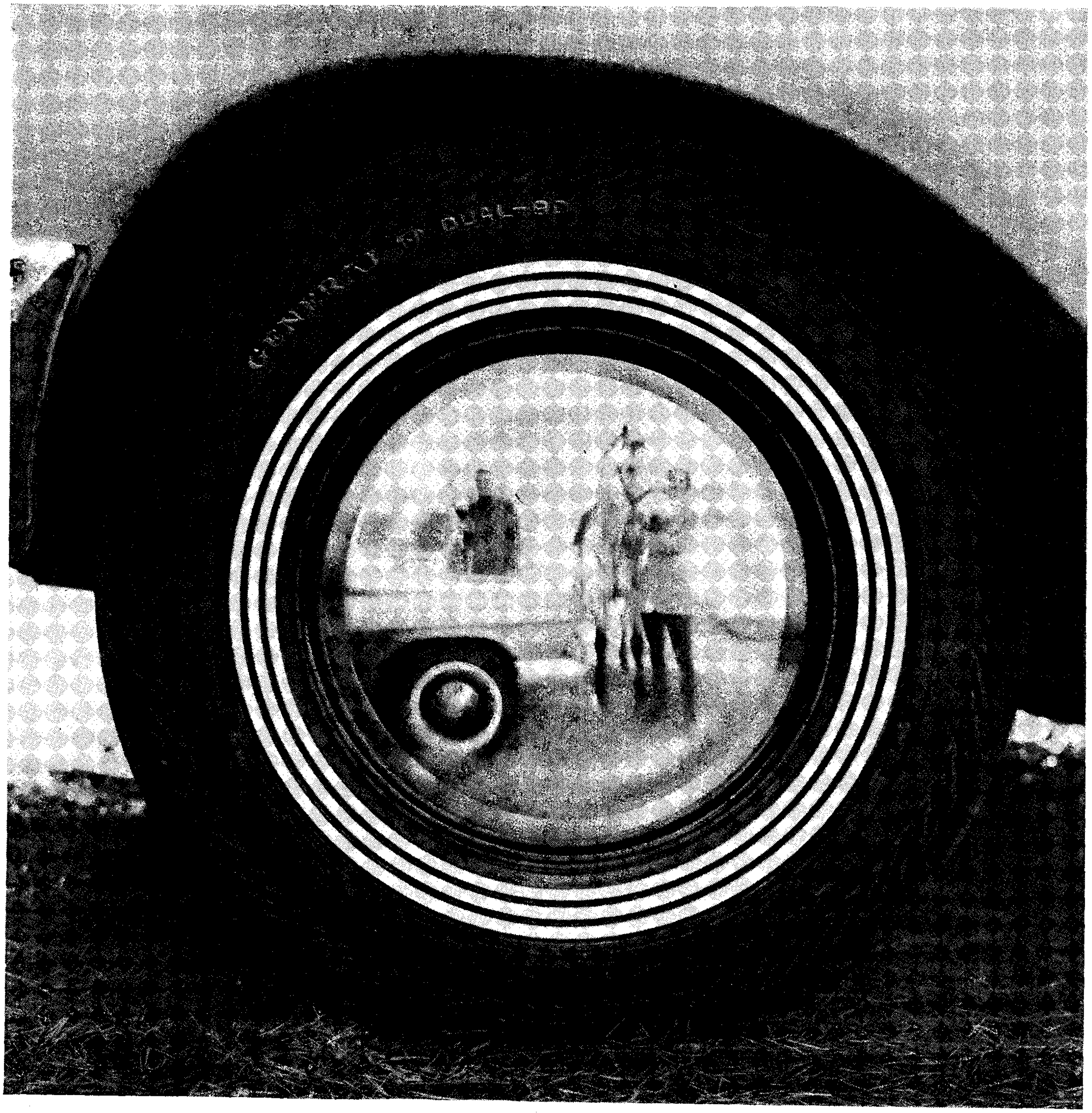
types of dysentery, and in many parts of the world it also plays an important part in the transmission of eye diseases. The list of diseases and their insect vectors also includes typhus and body lice, plague and rat fleas, African sleeping sickness and tsetse flies, and various fevers and ticks, among innumerable others. These pose an important problem, which must be solved. No responsible person contends that insect-borne disease should be ignored. The question that has now urgently presented itself is how responsible it is to attack the problem by methods that are rapidly making it worse. The world has heard much of the triumphant war against disease through the control of insect vectors, but it has heard little of the other side of the story—the defeats and also the short-lived triumphs that now strongly support the view that the insect enemy has actually been made stronger by our efforts. What is even more alarming, we may have destroyed our very means of fighting it. A distinguished Canadian entomologist, Dr. A. W. A. Brown, was engaged by the World Health Organization to make a comprehensive survey of the resistance problem. In the resulting monograph, published in 1958, Dr. Brown has this to say: "Barely a decade after the introduction of the potent synthetic insecticides in public-health programmes, the main technical problem is the development of resistance to them by the insects they formerly controlled." In publishing his monograph, the World Health Organization said, "The vigorous offensive now being pursued against arthropod-borne diseases such as malaria, typhus fever, and plague risks a serious setback unless this new problem can be rapidly mastered." What is the measure of this "setback"? The list of resistant species now includes practically all the insect groups of medical importance. Apparently the black flies, the sand flies, and the tsetse flies have not yet become resistant to chemicals. On the other hand, resistance among houseflies and body lice has now developed on a global scale; malaria programs are threatened by resistance among mosquitoes; and the Oriental rat flea, the principal vector of plague, has recently demonstrated resistance to DDT—a most serious development. Countries reporting resistance among a large number of species represent every continent and most of the island groups.

Probably the first medical use of modern insecticides occurred in Italy in 1943, when the Allied Military Government launched a successful attack on typhus by dusting enormous numbers of people with DDT, to control body lice. This program led to one of the earliest and most widely publicized achievements of DDT. Then, in the winter of 1945-46, DDT controlled lice that had afflicted some two million people in Japan and Korea. Some premonition of trouble might have been gained by the failure of DDT to control a typhus epidemic in Spain in 1948, but even after that encouraging laboratory experiments led entomologists to believe that lice were unlikely to develop resistance. Events in Korea in the winter of 1950-51 were therefore startling. When DDT powder was applied to a large group of Korean soldiers, the extraordinary result was an increase in the infestation of lice. Some of these lice were collected and tested, and it was found that five-percent DDT powder caused no increase in their natural mortality rate. Similar results among lice collected from vagrants in Tokyo, from an asylum in Itabashi, and from refugee camps in Syria, Jordan, and eastern Egypt confirmed the ineffectiveness of DDT for the control of lice, and thus of typhus. By 1957, when the list of countries in which lice had become resistant to DDT was extended to include Iran, Turkey, Ethiopia, West Africa, South Africa, Peru, Chile, France, Yugoslavia, Afghanistan, Uganda, Mexico, and Tanganyika, DDT's initial triumph in Italy seemed dim indeed.

In 1946, again in Italy, extensive applications of residual sprays for the control of malaria mosquitoes were begun. The first signs of trouble appeared only a year later. Houseflies and also mosquitoes of the species *Culex pipiens*—the common house mosquito—began to show resistance to the sprays. In 1948, a new chemical, chlordane, was tried as a supplement to DDT. This time, good control was obtained for two years, but by August of 1950 chlordane-resistant flies had appeared, and by the end of that year all the houseflies, and the *Culex pipiens* as well, seemed to be resistant to chlordane. As rapidly as new chemicals were brought into use, resistance developed. By the end of 1951, methoxychlor, dieldrin, and BHC had joined the list of chemicals that were no longer effective. The flies, meanwhile, had become enormously abundant. The same cycle of events took place elsewhere. What hap-



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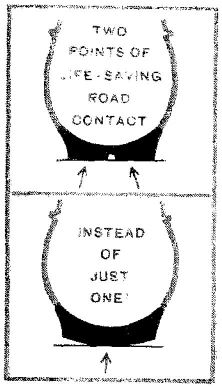

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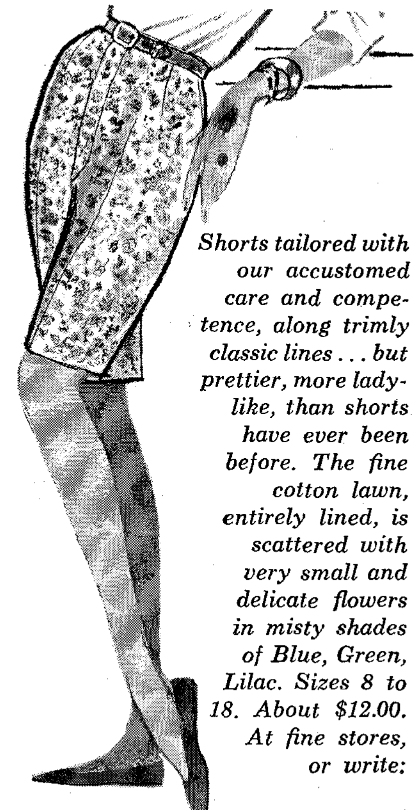

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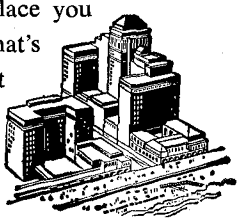

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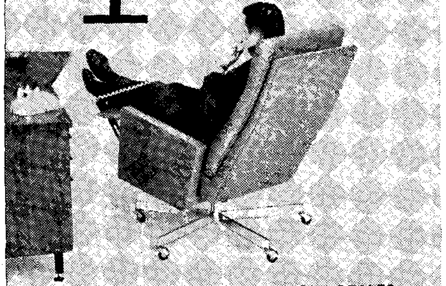

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pened in one Egyptian village epitomizes the problem. Insecticides gave good control of flies in 1950, and during the same year the infant-mortality rate was reduced by nearly fifty per cent. The next year, flies were resistant to DDT and chlordane. The fly population returned to its former level; so did infant mortality. In the United States, resistance to DDT among flies had become widespread in the Tennessee Valley by 1948. Resistance in other areas followed. Attempts to restore control with dieldrin met with little success; indeed, in some places the flies developed strong resistance to this chemical within two months. After running through all the available chlorinated hydrocarbons, control agencies turned to the organic phosphates, but the story of resistance was simply repeated. The present conclusion of experts is that "housefly control has escaped insecticidal techniques and once more must be based on general sanitation."

The first malaria mosquito to develop resistance to DDT was *Anopheles sacharovi*, in Greece. Extensive indoor spraying was begun in 1946, with the usual early success; by 1949, however, observers noticed that adult mosquitoes were resting in large numbers under road bridges, though they were absent from houses and stables that had been treated. Soon this habit of outside resting was extended to caves, outbuildings, and culverts, and to the foliage and trunks of orange trees. Apparently, the adult mosquitoes had become sufficiently tolerant of DDT to escape from sprayed buildings and rest and recover in the open. A few months later, they were able to remain in houses, and were found resting even on treated walls. This was a portent of the extremely serious situation that has now developed. Resistance to insecticides by mosquitoes of the anophelene group has surged upward at an astounding rate, being created by the very thoroughness of the house-spraying programs designed to eliminate malaria. In 1956, only five species of these mosquitoes displayed resistance; by early 1960 the number had risen to twenty-eight. In West Africa, the Middle East, Central America, Indonesia, and Eastern Europe, the resistant mosquitoes include some very dangerous malaria vectors. Among other mosquitoes, the pattern is being repeated. A tropical mosquito that carries parasites responsible for such diseases as elephantiasis has become strongly resistant in many parts of the world. In some areas of the United States, the mosquito vector of western equine encephalitis, which can be transmitted to man, has

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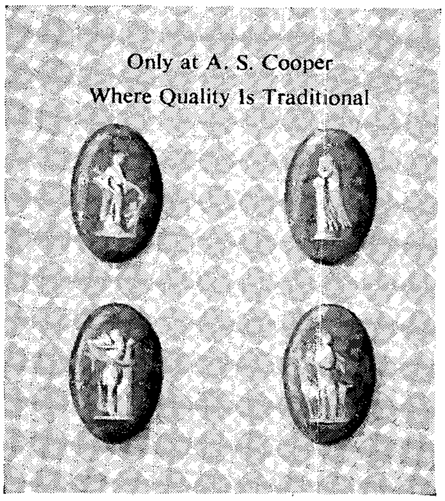

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developed resistance. An even more serious problem concerns the vector of yellow fever, which for centuries was one of the great plagues of the world. Resistant strains of this mosquito have occurred in Southeast Asia and are now common in the Caribbean region.

The consequences of resistance in terms of malaria and other diseases are indicated by reports from many countries. An outbreak of yellow fever in Trinidad in 1954 followed failure to control the vector mosquito because of its resistance. There has been a flareup of malaria in Indonesia and Iran. In Greece, Nigeria, and Liberia, the mosquitoes continue to harbor and transmit the malaria parasite. In Western sections of the United States, loss of control over the mosquito vector of encephalitis poses a problem. A reduction of diarrheal disease that had been achieved in Georgia in the early nineteen-fifties through fly control was wiped out within about a year. A decline in acute conjunctivitis in Egypt in the late nineteen-forties, also achieved through fly control, did not last beyond 1950.

Less serious in terms of human health, but vexatious as man measures economic values, is the fact that salt-marsh mosquitoes in Florida are also showing resistance. These are not carriers of disease, but their presence in bloodthirsty swarms had rendered large areas of coastal Florida uninhabitable until control—of an uneasy and temporary nature—was established. But by the late nineteen-forties control had been lost. The fact that the ordinary house mosquito is developing resistance should give pause to many communities that now regularly arrange for wholesale spraying. This species is resistant to DDT and several other insecticides, in Italy, Israel, Japan, France, and parts of the United States, including California, Ohio, New Jersey, and Massachusetts.

The wood tick, vector of spotted fever, has recently developed resistance, imitating the brown dog tick, whose ability to escape a chemical death has been widely and thoroughly established for some time. This ability poses problems for human beings as well as for dogs. The brown dog tick is a semitropical species, and when it occurs in the north it must live through the winter in heated buildings, rather than out-of-doors. John C. Pallister, of the American Museum of Natural History, reported in the summer of 1959 that his department had been getting a number of calls from neighboring apartments on Central Park West. "Every now and then, a whole apartment house gets in-

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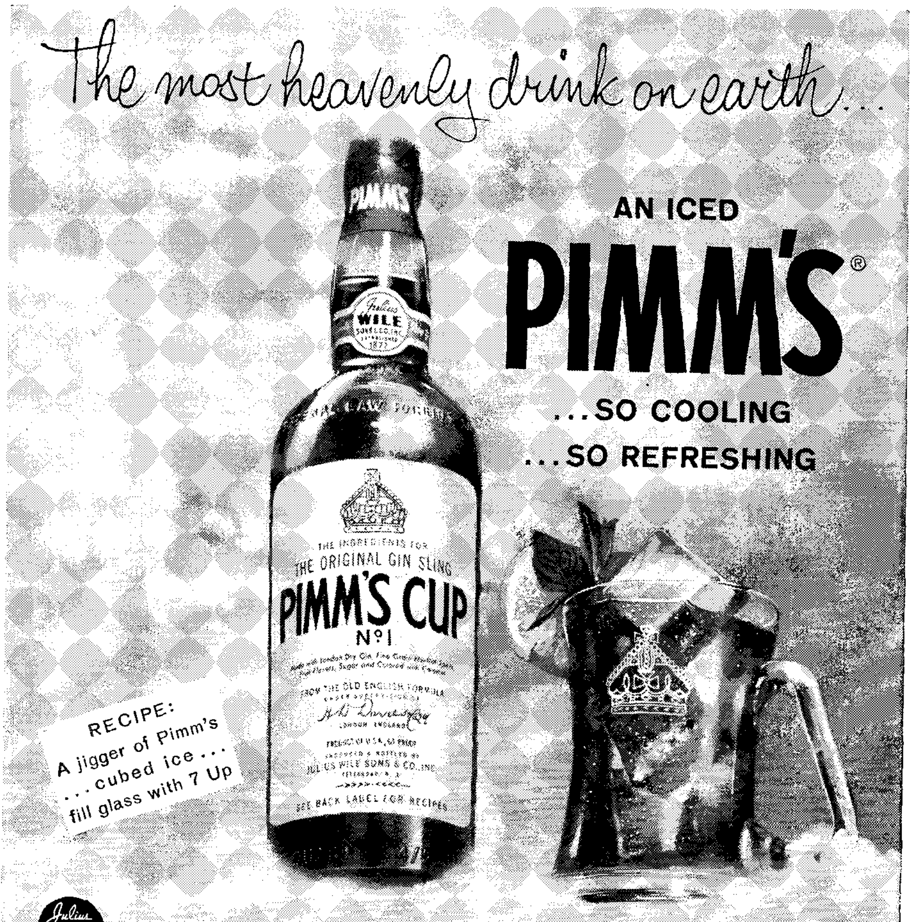

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fested with young ticks, and they're hard to get rid of," Mr. Pallister said, "A dog will pick up ticks in Central Park, and then the ticks lay eggs and they hatch in the apartment. They seem immune to DDT or chlordane or most of our modern sprays. It used to be very unusual to have ticks in New York City, but now they're all over here and on Long Island, in Westchester, and on up into Connecticut. We've noticed this particularly in the past five or six years." Throughout much of North America, the German cockroach has become resistant to chlordane, once the favorite weapon of exterminators, who have now turned to organic phosphates, like malathion. However, laboratory findings on resistance to this group of insecticides in 1960 confront the exterminators with the problem of where to go next.

Agencies concerned with vector-borne disease are at present coping with their problems by switching from one insecticide to another as resistance develops. But this cannot go on indefinitely, despite the ingenuity of the chemists in supplying new materials. Dr. Brown has pointed out that we are travelling a "one-way street." No one knows how long the street is. If the end is reached before control of disease-carrying insects is achieved, our situation will indeed be critical.

The chemical industry is perhaps understandably loath to face up to the unpleasant fact of resistance. Even in 1959, when more than a hundred major insect species were showing definite resistance to chemicals, one of the leading journals in the field of agricultural chemistry spoke of "real or imagined" insect resistance. Yet, however hopefully the industry may turn its face the other way, the problem simply does not vanish. The cost of insect control by means of chemicals is increasing steadily. For one thing, it is no longer possible to stockpile materials well in advance; the most promising of insecticidal chemicals today may be a dismal failure tomorrow, and the very substantial financial investment entailed in backing and launching an insecticide may be swept away. Rapidly as technology may invent new uses for insecticides and new ways of applying them, it is likely to find the insects keeping a lap ahead.

There are good reasons for this. Out of an original population whose members vary greatly in structure, physiology, and behavior, only the "tough" insects survive chemical attack. Spraying kills off the weaklings. The survivors—the insects endowed with some inherent quality that enables them to escape

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harm—are the parents of the new generation, which, by simple inheritance, possesses all the "toughness" of their forebears. Inevitably, it follows that intensive spraying with powerful chemicals only aggravates the condition that it is designed to correct. After a few generations, there is no longer a mixed population of strong and weak insects but, instead, a population consisting entirely of tough, resistant strains. Dr. Briejèr reports watching flies at the Pest Control Institute in Springforbi, Denmark, "disporting themselves in DDT as much at home as primitive sorcerers cavorting over red-hot coals." Similar reports have been received from other parts of the world. In an Army camp in southern Taiwan, for example, bedbugs were found actually carrying deposits of DDT powder on their bodies. When these bedbugs were experimentally placed in cloth impregnated with DDT, they lived for as long as a month, and laid their eggs there; the resulting young grew and thrived. The means by which insects resist chemicals are not yet thoroughly understood, but it is thought that they probably vary. Some of the insects that defy chemical control are believed to be aided by some sort of anatomical advantage, but there is little accurate information on this point. The quality of resistance does not necessarily depend on physical structure, however. DDT-resistant flies possess an enzyme that allows them to detoxicate the insecticide to the non-toxic chemical DDE. The enzyme occurs only in flies that possess a hereditary factor for DDT resistance. Flies and other insects are believed to detoxicate the organic-phosphate chemicals by means of other enzymes. Some behavior pattern may also place the insect out of reach of chemicals. Many fieldworkers in spraying campaigns have noticed the tendency of resistant flies to rest on horizontal surfaces, which are seldom treated, rather than on walls, which habitually are. Resistant houseflies may share the stable fly's tendency to sit still in one place, which greatly reduces the frequency of a fly's contact with residues of poison. Some malaria mosquitoes that have been sprayed in huts have a habit that reduces their exposure to DDT so drastically as to make them virtually immune. Irritated by the spray, they leave the huts, and outside they survive.

Usually, resistance takes two or three years to develop. Occasionally, however, it will do so in only one season, or even less; at the other extreme, it may take as long as six years. The number of generations produced by an insect population in a year naturally ac-

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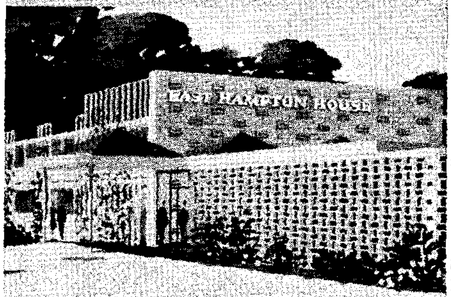

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counts for a good part of the difference, and this varies with species and climate. Flies in Canada, for example, have been slower to develop resistance than flies in our Southern states, where long, hot summers favor a rapid rate of reproduction.

People sometimes ask hopefully, "If insects can become resistant to chemicals, can't human beings do the same thing?" Theoretically, they can, but since this would take hundreds, or even thousands, of years, the prospect affords slight comfort to all of us living now. Resistance is not something that develops in an individual. If an individual possesses at birth some quality that makes him less susceptible than others to a certain poison, he is more likely to survive and to produce children. Resistance develops in a population only after a lapse of time measured in several or many generations. Human populations reproduce at the rate of roughly three generations per century, but new insect generations arise in a matter of days or weeks.

"It is more sensible in some cases to take a small amount of damage in preference to having none for a time but paying for it in the long run by losing the very means of fighting." This is the advice given by Dr. Briejèr, who is director of the Plant Protection Service of Holland. "Practical advice should be 'Spray as little as you can,' rather than 'Spray to the limit of your capacity.' Pressure on the pest population should always be as slight as possible." Unfortunately, such an attitude has not prevailed in the corresponding agricultural services of the United States. The Department of Agriculture's Yearbook for 1952, which is its only yearbook devoted entirely to insects, recognizes the fact that insects become resistant but says, "More applications or greater quantities of the insecticides are needed then for adequate control." The department does not say what will happen when the only chemicals left untried are those that will render the earth not merely insectless but lifeless, yet in 1959 a Connecticut entomologist was quoted in the *Journal of Agricultural & Food Chemistry* to the effect that on at least one insect pest the *last available* new material was then being used. "It is more than clear that we are travelling a dangerous road," Dr. Briejèr says. "We are going to have to do some very energetic research on other control measures, measures that will have to be biological, not chemical. Our aim should be to guide natural processes as cautiously as possible in the desired direction rather than to use brute force. We need a more

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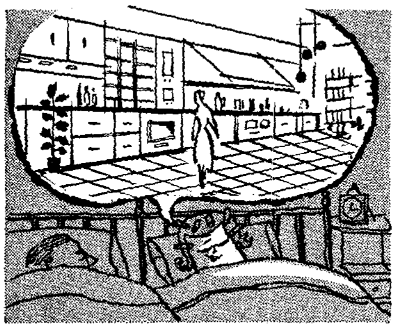

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Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

high-minded orientation and a deeper insight, which I miss in many researchers. Life is a miracle beyond our comprehension, and we should reverence it even where we have to struggle against it. The resort to weapons such as insecticides to control it is a proof of insufficient knowledge and of an incapacity so to guide the processes of nature that brute force becomes unnecessary. Humbleness is in order; there is no excuse for scientific conceit here."

OVER the past decade, most of those people who are best fitted to develop natural controls have been laboring in the more exciting vineyards of chemical control. It was reported in 1960 that only two per cent of this country's economic entomologists—that is, entomologists who are engaged in the control of insects—were working in the field of biological controls, the remaining ninety-eight per cent being engaged in research on chemical insecticides. Why does this situation exist? One important reason is that major chemical companies are pouring money into the universities to support research on insecticides. Biological-control studies are never so well endowed, for the simple reason that they do not promise anyone the sort of fortune that is to be made in the chemical industry. Such studies are left to state and federal agencies, where the salaries paid are far lower. Another reason is that many entomologists have lost sight of the fact that they are neither chemists nor engineers but biologists. F. H. Jacob, a British plant pathologist, has declared, "The activities of many so-called economic entomologists would make it appear that they operate in the belief that salvation lies at the end of a spray nozzle . . . that when they have created problems of resurgence or resistance or mammalian toxicity, the chemist will be ready with another pill. That view is not held here. . . . Ultimately only the biologist will provide the answers to the basic problems of pest control." And A. D. Pickett, an entomologist in Nova Scotia, has written, "Economic entomologists must realize that they are dealing with living things. . . . Their work must be more than simply insecticide testing or a quest for highly destructive chemicals."

Dr. Pickett himself was a pioneer in the field of devising methods of insect control that take full advantage of the predatory and parasitic species. Years ago, after working in the apple orchards of Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, which was then one of the most concentrated fruitgrowing areas in Can-

help urgent

Thelma Sacramento, Filipino in Manila, age 5½. Father's whereabouts unknown. Mother never home during day. Constantly seeks work as washwoman. Occasionally earns $1.00 per day. Thelma, eldest, looks after three younger children. Responsible for entire little household. "Home" is a makeshift room (5' x 5') under low wooden house on piles. Child ragged, worn. Suffers skin disease. Malnutrition. Mother looks with despair on Thelma and other children. Must have better food, clothing, medical care, etc. Help urgent.

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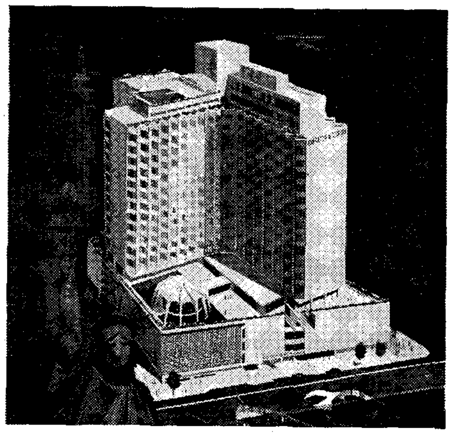

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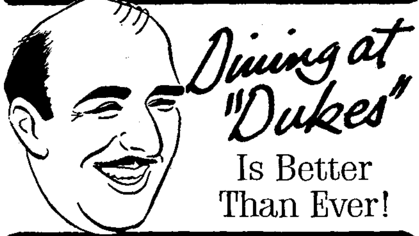
ada, and using insecticides to destroy the codling moth, only to see it give way to the mite, Dr. Pickett concluded, "We move from crisis to crisis, merely trading one problem for another." And he and his associates thereupon struck out on a new road, instead of going along with those entomologists who continued to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of the ever more toxic chemical. Recognizing that they had a strong ally in nature, they developed a program that would make maximum use of natural controls and minimum use of insecticides, and this is now followed by about ninety per cent of the Nova Scotian fruitgrowers. Whenever insecticides are applied, only the lowest effective dosages are used—barely enough to control the pest with a minimum of harm to beneficial species. Proper timing is also an important consideration; for example, nicotine sulphate applied before the apple blossoms turn pink spares one of the important codling-moth predators, probably because it is still in the egg stage. Moreover, Dr. Pickett uses special care to select chemicals that will do as little harm as possible to insect parasites and predators. "When we reach the point of using DDT, parathion, chlordane, and other new insecticides as routine control measures, in the same way we have used the inorganic chemicals in the past, entomologists interested in biological control may as well throw in the sponge," says Dr. Pickett. Instead of these highly toxic, broad-spectrum insecticides, he places his chief reliance on ryania (derived from the stems of a tropical plant), nicotine sulphate, and lead arsenate. In certain situations, very weak concentrations of DDT or malathion are used (one or two ounces per hundred gallons, in contrast to the usual one or two pounds per hundred gallons). Although these are the least toxic of the modern insecticides, Dr. Pickett hopes by further research to find more selective substitutes for both, and for the lead arsenate as well. How has this program worked? Nova Scotia orchardists who are following Dr. Pickett's modified spray program are producing as high a proportion of first-grade fruit as those who are using intensive chemical applications. They are also getting as good production. They are getting these results, furthermore, at a substantially lower cost. The outlay for insecticides used in Nova Scotia apple orchards is a mere ten to twenty per cent of what is spent for the same purpose in most other apple-growing areas. And even more important than these excellent results is the fact that the modified program worked out by the Nova Scotian entomologists

in Washington, D.C.



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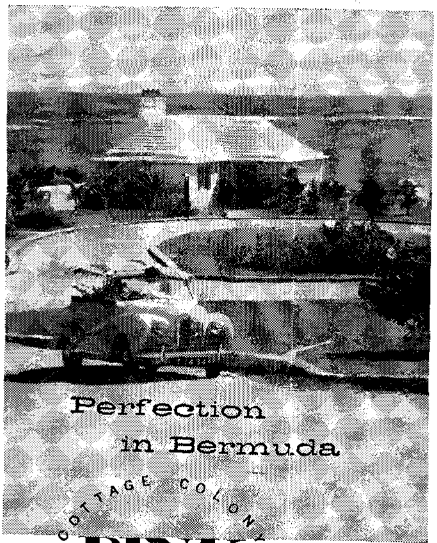

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is not doing violence to nature's balance.

There are other ways of attaining reasonable control of insects without contaminating the world and endangering its life. Indeed, a truly extraordinary variety of alternatives to chemical control is available. Some are already in use and have achieved brilliant successes. Others are in the stage of laboratory or field testing. Still others are little more than ideas in the minds of imaginative scientists, who are waiting for an opportunity to put them to the test. All have this in common: they are biological solutions, based on an understanding of the living organisms that they seek to control, and of the whole fabric of life to which these organisms belong. They recognize that we are dealing with living populations, with all their pressures and counterpressures. Specialists representing various areas in the vast field of biology—entomologists, pathologists, geneticists, physiologists, biochemists, ecologists—are contributing, pouring their knowledge and their creative inspiration into the formation of a new science of biotic controls. As yet, few people are aware of these developments, and the public still tends to accept the chemical pollution of the environment as inevitable. We must encourage and support both government and private research in these new fields. Our best hope of escaping from the present situation lies in these imaginative, creative approaches to the problem of sharing our earth with other creatures.

—RACHEL CARSON

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

•

UP-UP-UP—No job for the nervous is the repairing of the Ellsworth Congregational Church Steeple, which is now being carried on by the Chick Construction Co., of Portland. The 125 foot steeple will be repaired and painted. Some of the old timbers taken out of the steeple were thought to be, by the workmen, the ones originally used in the construction of the church which would make them 114 years old.

Rev. George Bovill has gold leafed the weather vane that is at the top of the steeple.—*Ellsworth (Maine) American.*

There's not a nerve in the parson's body.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer]

WASHINGTON, MAY 21—(UPI)—The Senate Commerce Committee tentatively approved a bill to establish a Space.

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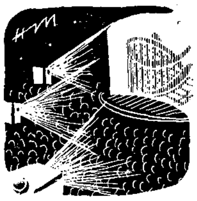
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Little Girl, Big Girl



As a novel, Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita" is a radically witty and heartless morality for intellectuals, told in the form of a posthumous memoir by a middle-aged professor whose sexual pleasure lies in making love to extremely young girls, and who, having enjoyed a lacerating affair with a twelve-year-old New Hampshire "nymphet," later murders the half-impotent playwright whom he discovers to have been the true object of the little one's desire. Mr. Nabokov is the master of a Wallenda-like prose—one is aghast at the reckless stunts he undertakes and enchanted by his bringing them off so successfully—and the occasional discontinuity of his narrative passes nearly unnoticed behind a dazzling display of anti-Freudian, post-Joycean verbal high jinks, which are themselves kept from being examined too closely by being set inside a frame (the memoir) inside a second frame (the memoir has been edited by one John Ray, Jr., Ph.D., who received it from the late Professor Humbert Humbert's lawyer).

As a movie, "Lolita" necessarily lacks both the beguilement of the Nabokov style and the protection of its double frame. The screenplay, written by Mr. Nabokov, retains many of his wry jokes, though in passing from printed page to film the wit has become humor and lost much of its saving heartlessness; long before the picture ends, we find ourselves feeling rather sorry for poor Humbert Humbert, whose tears are not without cause. There have been other, more obvious changes. Probably in order to be able to distribute the picture at all, the producer, James B. Harris, and the director, Stanley Kubrick, have seen to it that their heroine is at least imaginably nubile. Sue Lyon, who plays Lolita, is fifteen, not twelve, and has the look of a young woman, not a child. The novel struck many people as scandalous; I don't think the movie will. The story isn't so altered as to be downright wholesome, but neither is it any longer perverse. Lolita is a sexy adolescent, eager to act on an already formidable amount of knowledge, and any forty-year-old man might well prove unable to resist her provocations.

Stanley Kubrick is famously bold, and his boldness serves here the same office as the novel's prankish tropes—it conceals the fact that events within the plot often take place in a remarkably hit-or-miss fashion, and that Mr. Nabokov, like Jack Kerouac and company, uses cars and highways to give an appearance of action, even of progress, where nothing much is happening except acceleration. Mr. Kubrick is wonderfully self-confident; his camera having conveyed to us within the first five minutes that it can perform any wonders its master may require of it, he proceeds to offer us a succession of scenes broadly sketched and broadly acted for laughs, and laugh we do, no matter how morbid the circumstances. Why should it be hilarious to see Professor Humbert lying drunk in a brimming bathtub while neighbors condole with him on the death, in a street accident a few moments earlier, of the wife he hated and had just failed, out of cowardice, to shoot in that very tub? Yet it *is* hilarious, and even the long-drawn-out murder of the wicked playwright is, as Mr. Kubrick depicts it, as funny as it is horrible.

Mr. Kubrick's self-confidence has inspired his cast, which, besides Miss Lyon, includes James Mason, as Professor Humbert; Peter Sellers, as Quilty, the playwright; and Shelley Winters, as the Professor's wife. I salute them all.

"That Touch of Mink" stars Cary Grant and Doris Day in a movie identical in almost every respect with "Lover Come Back." "Lover Come Back" was a funny picture and "That Touch of Mink" is a funny picture. Stanley Shapiro was one of the authors and producers of "Lover Come Back" and is one of the authors and producers of "That Touch of Mink." Mr. Shapiro is not ashamed to repeat himself. Ashamed? Am I kidding? The only significant difference between "Lover Come Back" and "That Touch of Mink" is that in "Lover Come Back" the Cary Grant part was played by Rock Hudson, and in "That Touch of Mink" the Cary Grant part is played by Cary Grant. When it comes to playing Cary Grant, nobody can beat Cary Grant. Go see for yourself.

—Brendan Gill

•

Three Worcester area persons are slated to receive bachelors of art degrees from Princeton University at commencement exercises today on the campus in New Haven, Conn.—*Worcester Telegram.*

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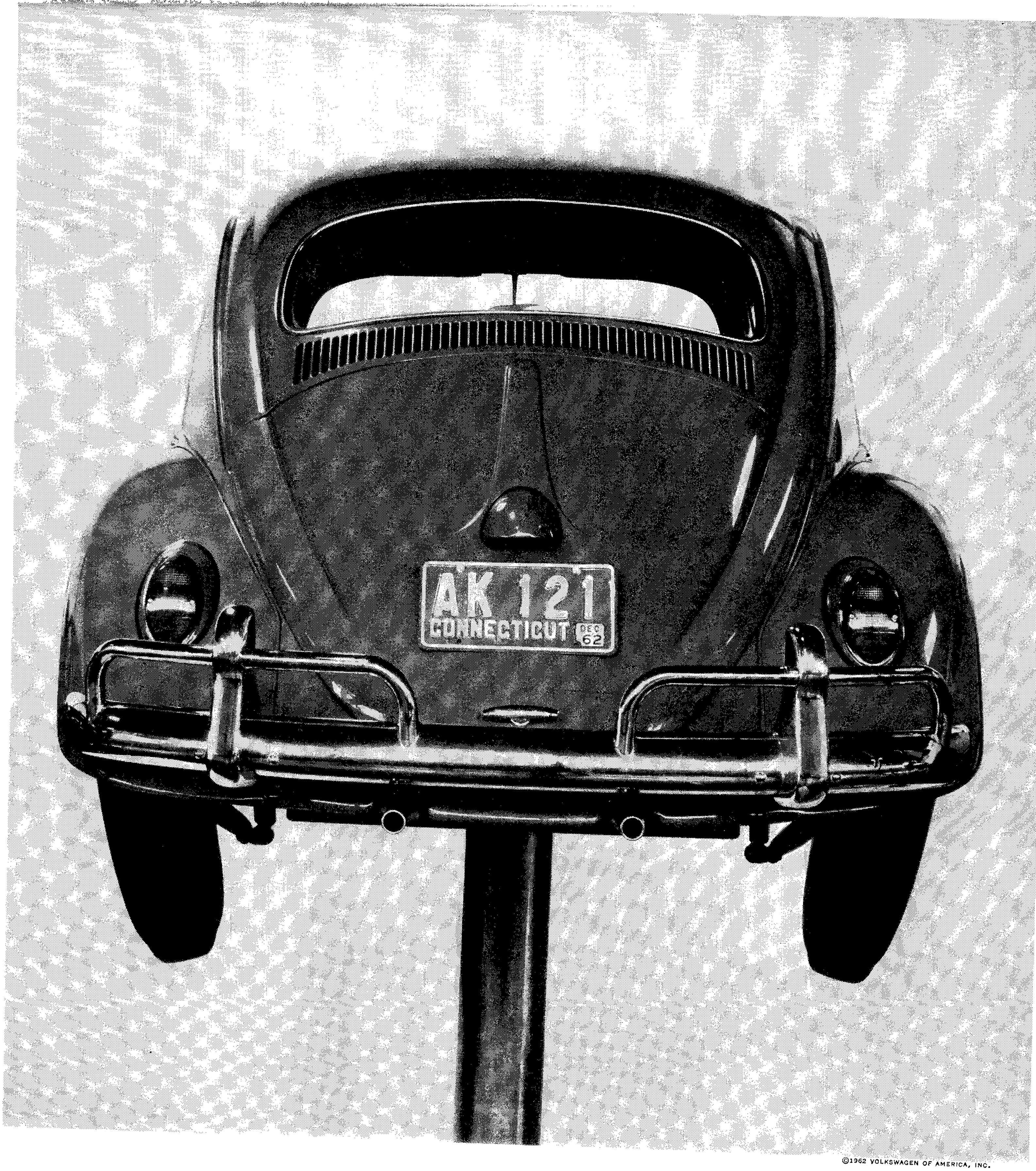

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 13

THIS is the final fortnight before France's seven-and-a-half-year war with Algeria comes to its factual end and solution. What was so long going on in blood will now finish up on paper, in ballots. On July 1st, the great day, the Algerian electorate—both the dominant Arabs and the minority whites (continually diminished by the daily thousands fleeing in panic to France)—will vote in the self-determination referendum on what form their future Algeria is going to take. That is to say, they will give their answer, which is sure to be affirmative, to the single question of vital interest to President de Gaulle, which constitutes his referendum's entire program: "Do you wish Algeria to become an independent state, coöperating with France under the conditions defined in the declarations of March 19, 1962?"—meaning the Evian accords. The Moslem masses being mostly illiterate, few of them can have read the Evian agreement, but they all know about the desirability of becoming an independent state, which is what their men in the F.L.N. were fighting and dying for all that time, and the answer will be yes, we wish it—even with France tied like a tricolor tail to their high, politically ambitious kite. The public announcement last Sunday of the single question marked the official opening of the referendum campaign. Special itinerant voting bureaus are to be set up in the oasis *départements* in the Sahara, where the population is small and scattered—the only *départements* where women vote. By Saharan tradition, the Tuareg women are the tribe's militants and go unveiled, and now that there is a ballot, they will use it. The ballots come in two colors—white for "Yes" and rose for "No," which seems an odd psychological *gaffe* on the part of de Gaulle's election agents. The white ballots have "*Oui*" printed on them, and also transliterations of "*Kab-el*" and "*Kag-lah*," which are Arabic and Kabyle, respectively, for "Yes."

Half a dozen political parties—most of them exclusively Moslem and all of them favoring a "Yes" vote—are active in the referendum campaign, the dominant one being the Front de la Libération Nationale, whose F.L.N. army made the war. Then there is the Parti du Peuple Algérien, led by the picturesque old Messali Hadj, formerly a Communist, now a Trotskyite, and the revolutionary founder, years ago, of the Mouvement National Algérien, the first ever organized to demand liberty, for which he was eventually arrested by the French and until recently kept in *résidence surveillée* on the lonely Breton Ile d'Aix. He was politically eliminated during the Algerian war by the new young bourgeois leaders, Mohammed Ben Bella and Benyoussef Ben Khedda, and is now rather a sad elderly nostalgic figure but still of some influence. The French Communists and Socialists have each installed a campaign party, so as to have a finger in the Arab pie. There is an East Algerian party called the Comité Blida-Mitidja, and, from Orléansville, a Gaullist group redundantly called the Mouvement pour la Coopération—with the Evian accords, that is, which all the parties, including the Communists, are naturally for. There is no all-European party, which de Gaulle has stated he regrets, because it leaves incomplete the total representation he so clings to as a fetish of democracy. To Paris political commentators, it has seemed inexplicable that the O.A.S. has not formed its own party of opposition.

Here in Paris, you can now see in public the advance reaction to the coming end-solution of the war—two different kinds of Algerian people bent on two different aims, two different streams, of two different races and skins, from the same land flowing in two opposite human directions. One stream is composed of the thousands of Arab men who work here, and who since Saturday have been lining up before the *mairies* of certain *arrondissements* to present their identity papers and obtain their sacred ballots, which will be mailed by them to their former *communes* in Algeria. For instance, the Fifth Arrondissement's *mairie*, on the Place du Panthéon, with its dome rising aloft in august European grandeur, is now the center for one of the city's new Arab quarters—rabbit warrens in the antiquated side streets running down to the Seine. Here, on Saturday, hundreds of Arabs waited in orderly groups to get their precious ballots, the poorer, dirtiest Arabs wearing their skull-tight faded black berets, which are the conventional Moslem headdress here, and the more prosperous ones—probably café waiters or scullery men—dressed in sharp, fashionable bright-blue suits, the local summer style. The other stream of Algerians consists of the Algérie Française whites, who have been arriving in France by boat and plane at the rate of eight thousand a day, in panic at the prospect of the July vote's making the Algerian na-

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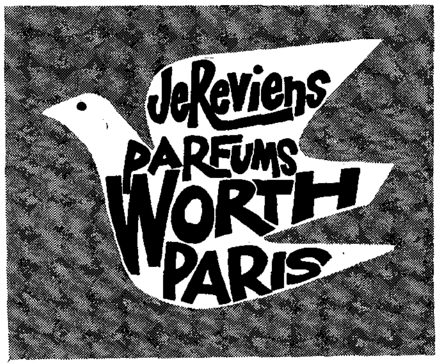

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tives more powerful than they—refugees here because if they had stayed home some Moslem with a long memory of injustice might have knifed them. And, indeed, the chance of the resident whites' being murdered during the difficult, delicate days in the first weeks of July is not to be gainsaid. These *rapatriés* are to be seen here in Paris in masses before the central office set up for their problems, on the Boulevarde Gouvion-St.-Cyr. They are mostly women, carrying babies and bundles, and dressed in travel-wrinkled clothes—harassed-looking, resentful, unhappy. Yet, as Parisians say, compared to their own condition during their 1940 exodus, and compared to the tragic enormous population of refugees from Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Austria, whom many of us saw camped in desperation and hunger on Europe's crossroads in the cold spring of 1945, just before the last great war ended, these from Algeria seem well off. At Orly, there is a reception center with three hundred beds for those landing by plane. The children are being sent gratis to summer camps, and the Catholic Church has requested that in each of France's thirty-eight thousand parishes three rooms be given free for the use of an Algerian mother and her offspring. There is a permanent housing shortage in France, so flats and rooms are hard to find (as they are for the French). The Algerian white's first welcome from France consists of a lump sum of four hundred New Francs, plus a monthly allowance (for a year) of three hundred and fifty New Francs—the wage of a normally paid good cook, which the refugee does not have to be. In country districts, there are more offers of employment than there are takers. The government's Finance Minister has just estimated that to meet the massive "phenomenon of repatriation" twice the sum originally set aside for it will now have to be raised, which may even unbalance the 1962 national budget. This is the government of General de Gaulle, whom these white Algerians have execrated and, now that they are here, still declare they detest.

THE annual spring-and-summer international theatre season at the Sarah Bernhardt has left behind it two indelible theatrical memories. The most unexpected was one of expiatory courage. This was the Bavarian State Theatre's production, in German, of Millard Lampell's dramatization of John Hersey's epic novel "The Wall," about the Jews doomed by the Nazis in the War-

what the MINORITY says....

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saw ghetto. It was brilliantly staged, was not a great play, not even a good play, but it had the action and stench of truth, had the impact of the claustrophobic tragedy of those sealed in—the rich jeweller, the old-clothes vender, the modest rabbi, his daughter at her wedding, and the first Jewish resistance fighter to fire a pistol shot against a German Storm Trooper. Its facts date back twenty years; Eichmann was hanged this month. Produced by any but a German theatre and in their language, which is that of guilt, this play could not have been *echt*. As "Die Mauer," it came close to communicating a *mea culpa*.

The other item of memorabilia was "La Sonate des Spectres," the last play written by August Strindberg, given here, in homage to the fiftieth anniversary of his death, by Sweden's Royal Theatre, the Kungliga Dramatiska Teatern, of Stockholm. This was not merely the reality of Lutheran hypocrisy in a bourgeois society—the rich old trickster in his wheelchair, the woman he has driven so mad that she squawks like a parrot, the young student whose "eyes have been opened by the poison of lucidity," and the nightmare of their obscure relationships, all brought in their secret drama to the surface. What made it unforgettable theatre, though less sociological than Ibsen's and less clearly analyzed than Pirandello's, was the physical technique of the troupe—the disciplined acting of body, face, and timing, the practiced intelligence of speech (in a language few of us could understand) that made it seem as if the actors were by their voices the translators of the author. It was Nordic Continental acting at its best. The main set was stupendous—a town square (with a pump that pumped real water) before a démodé brick apartment house that filled the stage to the top and to the sides, with the characters in the first- and second-floor open windows.

"MOBILE," written by the French novelist Michel Butor, is a curious travel book in de-luxe typographical format. An account of nine months' intermittent motoring in the United States and including at least a sample experience of each of our fifty states, it is undoubtedly the oddest, most fragmentary, yet stimulating journey-record ever compiled from so much humdrum mileage in our vast land. Butor is a major member of the famous New Novel group, led by Alain Robbe-Grillet, who created the puzzling, oneiric screenplay of "Last Year at Marien-

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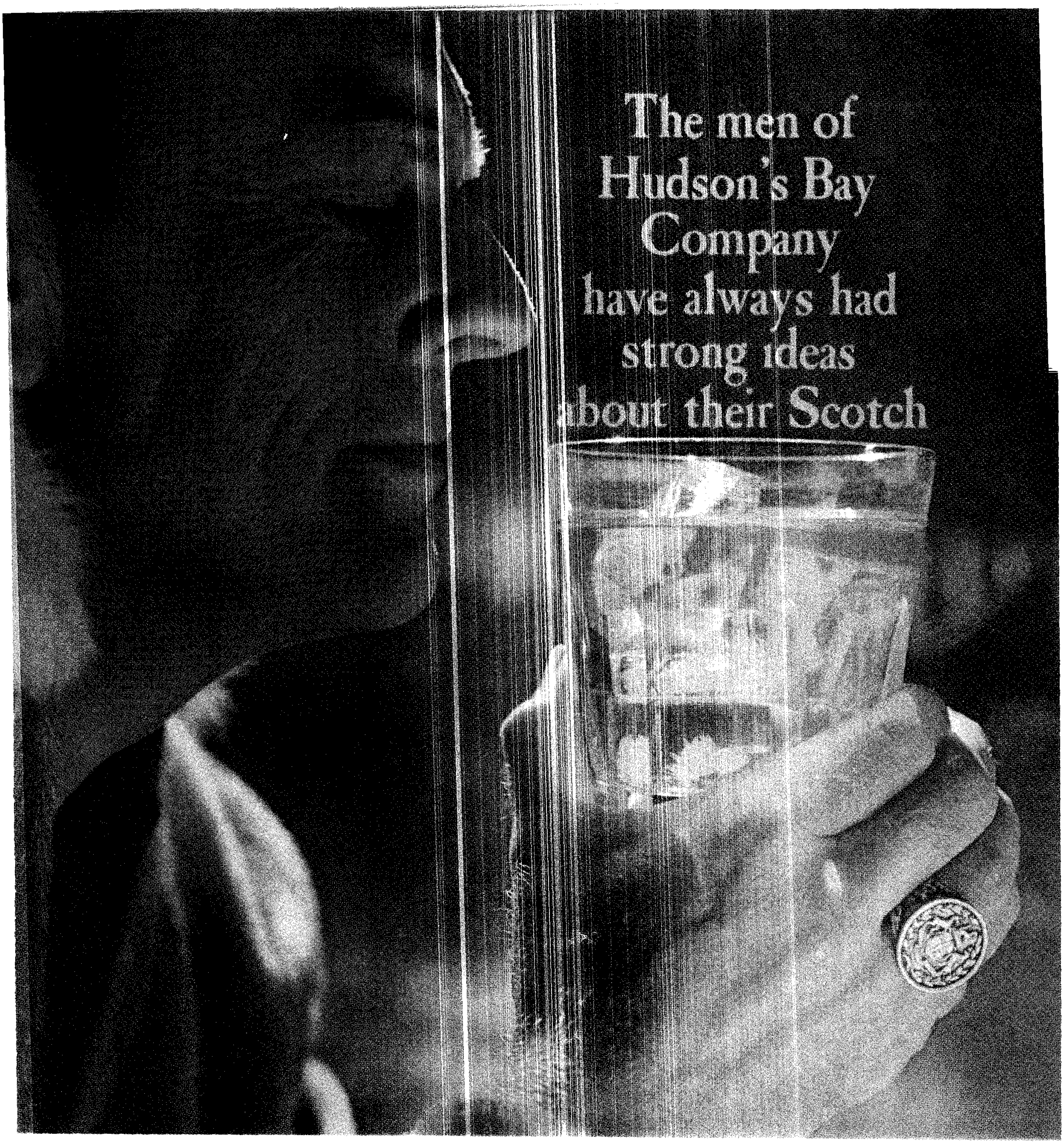
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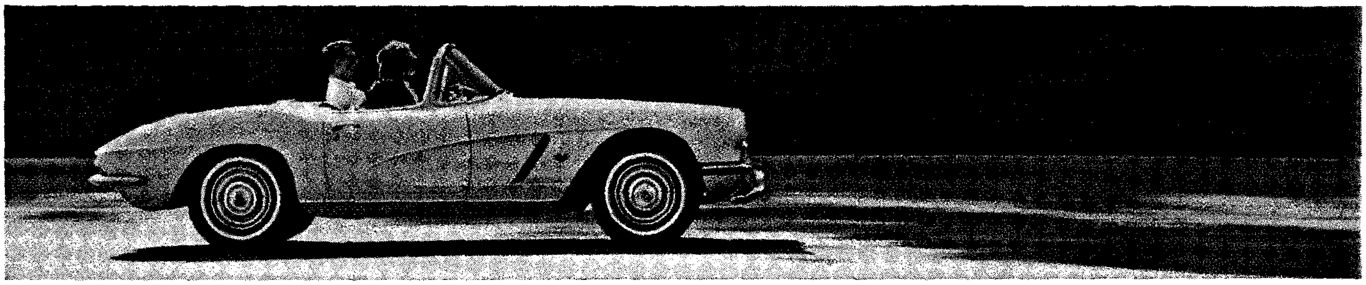

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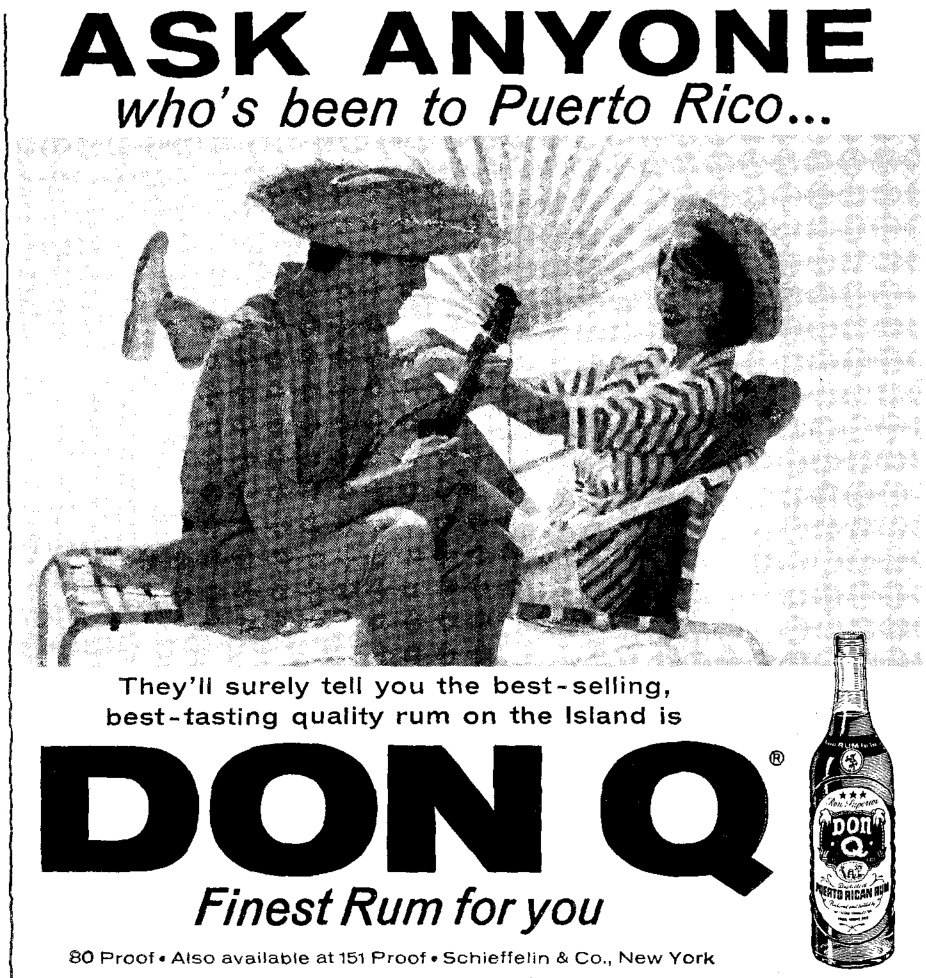
bad." Butor's interest, however, lies in writing truth, his main concern being his "concrete literary philosophy of the nature of appearances and of perception." His travel book seems a confusing mixture of his observations and peregrinations until the reader gets the hang of it through the typography, which furnishes a visual key. The names of the towns or cities he mentions are printed in capital letters; what he has to say about them or about the state or region they are in, or any talk he heard while passing through, or any roadside sign he happened to note there, is printed in ordinary type. But what he literally has on his mind—what he is thinking about in his stream of consciousness—is in italics and naturally the best part. It would break a snake's back to follow his random itinerary, based on what one French critic distastefully called "toponymic coincidence," a monotonous quality of our country being that so many towns have the same name. Thus, in the opening pages of the book, "AURORA, MISSOURI (for whites only)" is followed by "AURORA, COLORADO," and after "LEBANON, OH., middle-west" comes "LEBANON, IND. Smile!" As a travel book, his is a mélange of poetic, gay sensibility and prosaic American facts; of brief sections on our history and on our ornithology, botany, advertisements, flora, geology, and habits of friendly speech. In italic type is his repeated concern over the genocide of our Indians and over the earlier force of our Negro problem, which animates his curiosity and inflates his imagination. His book is a kind of loose-leaf private road map by an intelligent visiting Gallic brain, moving around mile after mile on four wheels in a condition of sensitized mobility.

"Mobile" has enraged French critics and disappointed many of Butor's admirers here, who were expecting another novel from him, and who think his sporadic Americana boring and silly. To us Americans who have travelled our endless highways, his book is as true as the roadsides themselves, as familiar, and far funnier for being in French and reflecting a French mind. The dangers of our countryside alarm him. From the depths of Kansas he writes, "What is terrifying about this continent is not only its poisonous vines [poison ivy does not exist in France] but its poisonous oaks, poisonous sumacs, venomous serpents, poisoned Indian arrows." He is a bird watcher, rare for a Frenchman, usually interested only in bird eating. He mentions Audubon and his three portraits of the bald eagle, "national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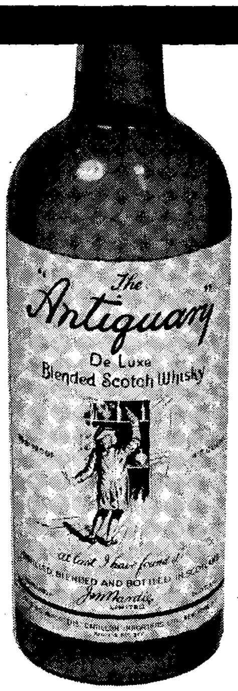

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emblem almost exterminated." In South Dakota he saw "pine siskins, yellow-bellied sapsuckers," and in Montana a bittern—in French *le butor*, his own name. His maladive identification with the color black haunts him in his italicized musings on our racial problem. He says, "One drop of their color in all the milk of a white skin suffices to make for them an ally"—meaning another Negro. Pretending to speak the thoughts of white Southerners, he has them say, "We know they are stronger than the Northerners imagine. They have made our syllables black"—with their accent and vocabulary—"they have taken over our pianos to make black music. They enchant us, they enchain us by this black *mélopée*. That is why the future civilization of the United States in which we are their equals can only be invented by them"—a strange statement. He quotes with fascination such Sears, Roebuck mail-order items as a monkey sent by express; is entranced by Howard Johnson's chain of ice-cream flavors that crosses our whole country. From New Hampshire, where he has a house, he motored to Vermont, and, in the museum at Shelburne, saw his first collection of American quilts, "in mosaics of stuff," and he adds, "This 'Mobile' is composed a little like a quilt." Among French critics, only Louis Aragon, one of the best, fully appreciated Butor's patchwork, stretching across our continent "with a sentiment of grandeur." "Mobile" is to be published in English next spring, and might well entertain and stimulate many intellectual American cross-country drivers. —GENÊT

•

Two Ohio boys nearly drowned when their canoe tipped over. Always change seats in a canoe before you get in.—*Palm Beach Times.*

You hear?

•

A radar of such precision that it can detect the difference between a man or a woman walking a mile away is being developed by line troops.—*Washington Star.*

The line troops of *our* day didn't need radar.

•

GOOD EVENING

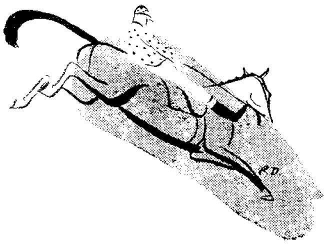
CANANDAIGUA—The field of 8 candidates for the post of superintendent of Canandaigua schools has been narrowed down to 10, school authorities reported.—*From a column in the Hornell* (*N.Y.*) *Tribune.*

And a very good evening to *you*.

THE RACE TRACK

One, Two

CONTINUING the roll call of E. P. Taylor's successes in the Queen's Plate (this was his seventh), I am pleased to report that his filly Flaming Page and his colt Choperion finished one, two in the hundred-and-third running of the Canadian classic for three-year-olds at Toronto's Woodbine last weekend. It was an occasion made memorable by the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and it reminded many people of her visit with King George VI to the old Woodbine in 1939. This year's crowd, which numbered more than thirty-two thousand, was the largest ever at the track, and altogether it was an almost perfect day's racing.



Perhaps because there are so many of them and they are so evenly matched, the three-year-olds have been putting up the best show this season. Remember how exciting the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes were? Well, I'd put the Queen's Plate right up with them. As the thirteen runners filed through the paddock gate in the bright sunshine, I thought Choperion, a strapping, very dark bay colt, was the showiest fellow in the parade, though Flaming Page seemed to have more quality. Peter's Chop, who beat Choperion in the Plate Trial earlier in the week, appeared to be fit and full of run. King Gorm and Tres Suave, another fancied pair, looked as gay as you please, their manes and tails done up with ribbons of orange and green, their stable colors. From a quick start, Tres Suave led past the stand, with Peter's Chop in a good position behind and Choperion in rather close quarters along the rail. Flaming Page, who begins slowly, was next to last, but she was hardly around the first turn when she started to move up on the outside, and in almost no time she was right behind the leaders. It was a spectacular run, but it made me wonder if Fitzsimmons, her jockey, who comes from Calgary and has done most of his riding on the prairie circuit, might not have made his move too soon. He certainly had not, because in the next furlong Flaming Page disposed of the leaders easily and went on to win by nearly two lengths. Choperion, coming up fast in the last quarter, beat Peter's Chop handily for second place. King Gorm was fourth, and the others were strung out down the course.

Flaming Page, who is by Bull Page out of Flaring Top, is the third filly in twenty years to win the Queen's Plate; the others were Paolita, in 1943, and Canadiana, an old pet of mine, in 1953. Mr. Taylor thinks Flaming Page is a better stayer than Canadiana, whom he also owned, so if Horatio Luro, who trains her—and does a good job, too—believes she's up to it, Flaming Page will go for the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont on Saturday. By the way, Mr. Taylor, who bred both Flaming Page and Choperion, also bred—and sold—Peter's Chop, King Gorm, Lavella, and Monarch Park. That makes six of the thirteen starters, and ought to be some sort of record.

For many years, when the Plate hasn't been run the same afternoon as the Belmont Stakes, I've been going up to Toronto to see it. After all, it is the oldest fixture run continuously on this continent. It also is put on with dignity, in an atmosphere that some tracks this side of the border don't have. Of course, this time the visit of the Queen Mother made it a special occasion. There were more morning coats and gray toppers in the enclosure than usual, and the Governor-General's Horse Guards, who have been the escort for royalty for more than a hundred years, added a touch of the old Empire to the pageantry in their full fig. Also, the stand and the grounds never looked better; the new landscaping in the infield was well done, and the decorations in the Directors' Room on Plate Day, all tricked out with home-grown fresh flowers, deserved a blue ribbon.

From all accounts, the Queen Mother enjoyed every minute of her afternoon at Woodbine and wished her stay could have been longer. As everyone knows, she's as keen about racing as her daughter the Queen, and has a small stable of her own, mostly jumpers. She went to the paddock twice, saw a start at close range, and examined the starting gate (Marshall Cassidy, honorary steward for the day, showed her how it worked), and, as she left, said she was sorry that there wasn't time to have a look at the stables. It was quite a day.

—AUDAX MINOR

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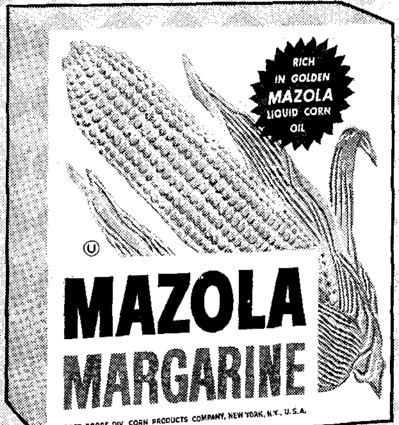
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THE SUPERMARKET

Stu Cowell had just turned away from Picnic Needs—a display that included a Wagon Grill with 3-Position Motorized Spit, a pile of Authentic Japanese-Style Hibachis with Adjustable Grills, sacks of charcoal briquets, bags of hickory chips, cans of odorless charcoal lighter, Bar-B-Q thermometers, and a mixed heap of insect-repellent candles—when, looking down the long aisle of the supermarket, he saw them. "Look," he said to his wife.

"Look at what?" said Maggie Cowell. Glancing up from her marketing list, she followed her husband's nod and at first saw only Sally Osborne, in her white tennis dress and pale-pink sweater, standing by a shopping cart at Frozen Foods, and, beyond Sally, some summer people she didn't recognize. She and Stu had given Sally a ride from the beach club, because Jack Osborne had taken his car to the golf course and Sally's was at the garage. "What am I supposed to look at?" said Maggie. Then she saw them, standing next to one of the checkout counters at the far end of the store—three gaunt, dark-skinned women of indeterminate age, wearing ragged dresses. The women had faded scarves tied across their foreheads, but their hair hung down their backs, long and matted and wild.

"Gypsies," said a voice. Stu and Maggie turned around and saw Mrs. Price, a portly, middle-aged woman who worked at the fruit counter. "Gypsies is what they are, Mrs. Cowell," said Mrs. Price.

"Gypsies," repeated Stu. "I'll be damned."

"What in heaven's name are they doing here in Quonnock?" asked Maggie.

Mrs. Price folded her heavy arms over her white apron. "Nobody knows," she said. "They don't work, that's for sure." She leaned toward the Cowells. "Look how they do," she said, lowering her voice. "They have just so much to spend, no more, so they pick up some items and then they take and carry them to the checkout to see how much they spent so far. Then they go back and get a little more."

Sally Osborne came pushing her heavy cart up the aisle. "Isn't it unbe*lie*vable?" she said, excitedly. "Maybe they'll tell our fortunes."

Suddenly three small gypsy children—two boys and a girl—appeared from another aisle. They were barefoot, and even darker than the adults. The girl's hair hung to her waist, uncombed.

Maggie Cowell gasped and grabbed her husband's arm. "My God," she whispered, "they're filthy!" She tightened her grip. "Look, Stu," she said, "they're absolutely filthy."

As the adults watched, the dark, skinny children moved quickly down the aisle, silently, past the bright stacks of boxes, and vanished behind a row of shelves.

"Appalling!" said Sally Osborne. "Especially here in Quonnock."

"They won't let them stay here long," said Mrs. Price. "The police, I mean."

"They must be migrant workers," said Stu. "Something like that."

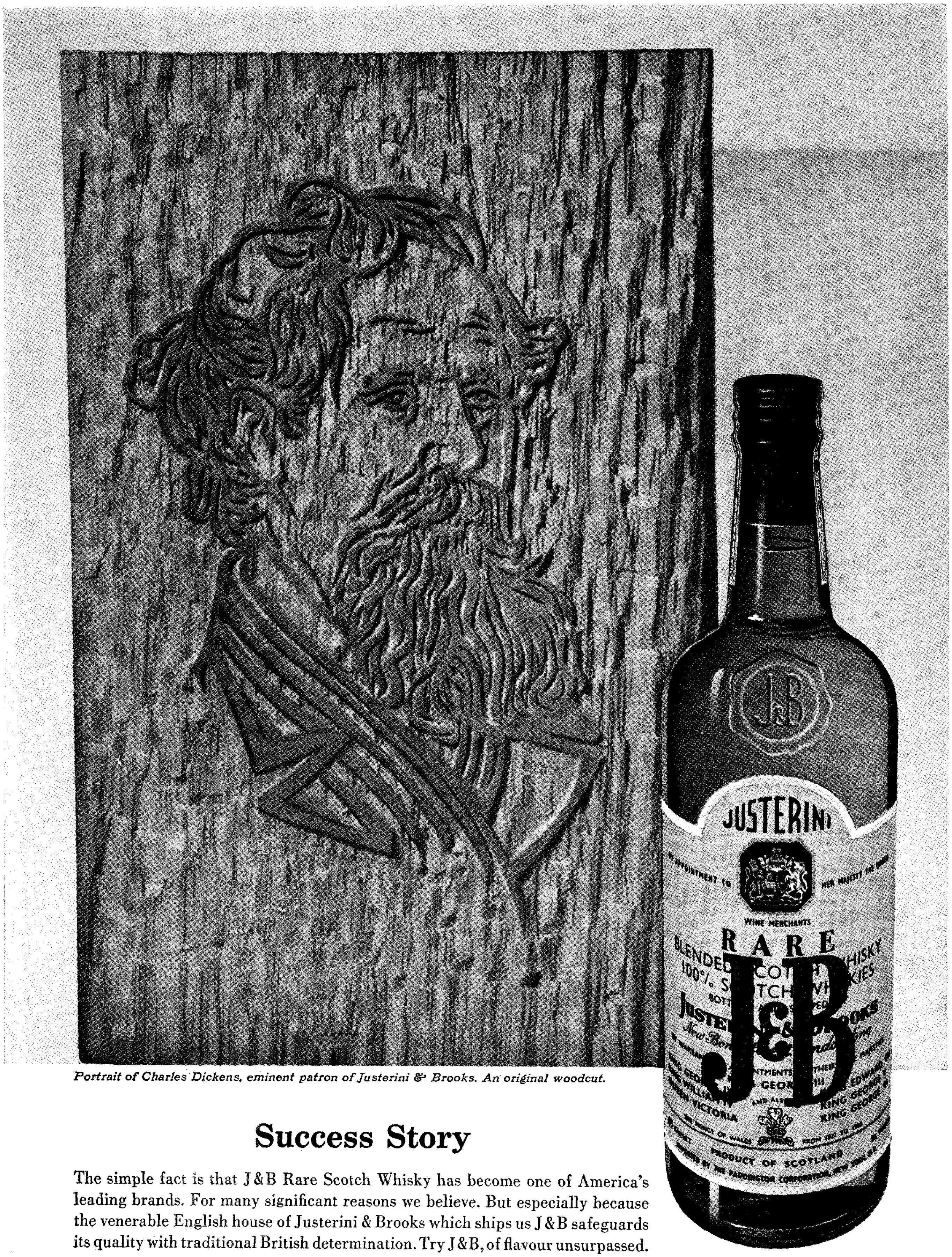
"Well," said Sally Osborne, "I must scramble. It's quarter of ten, and by some miracle I'm still in the ladies' doubles. We're supposed to play at eleven."

"And *we're* supposed to watch the children's swimming thing at ten-thirty," said Maggie. "Here, Stu—take some of this." She tore a piece from the bottom of her shopping list and handed it to him. "Otherwise we'll be here for*ever*."

" 'Potato Frills, Joy, Lestoil,' " Stu read aloud. "O.K.," he said.

Stu walked toward the back of the store, unconsciously keeping time to the soft, muffled music that came over the loudspeakers. When an abandoned shopping cart blocked his way, he gave it a brisk shove and it rolled quietly across the aisle, coming to rest with a clatter against a shelf. Stu lit a cigarette and threw the match down on the glossy floor. How the hell could there be people like gypsies in this rich country, he wondered, angry that the burden of their presence should seem to fall on him. There must be agencies, he thought, to take care of them. What about all those taxes?

He turned past a shelf labelled "Gourmet Spice Rack" and saw the glistening bags of potato chips clustered



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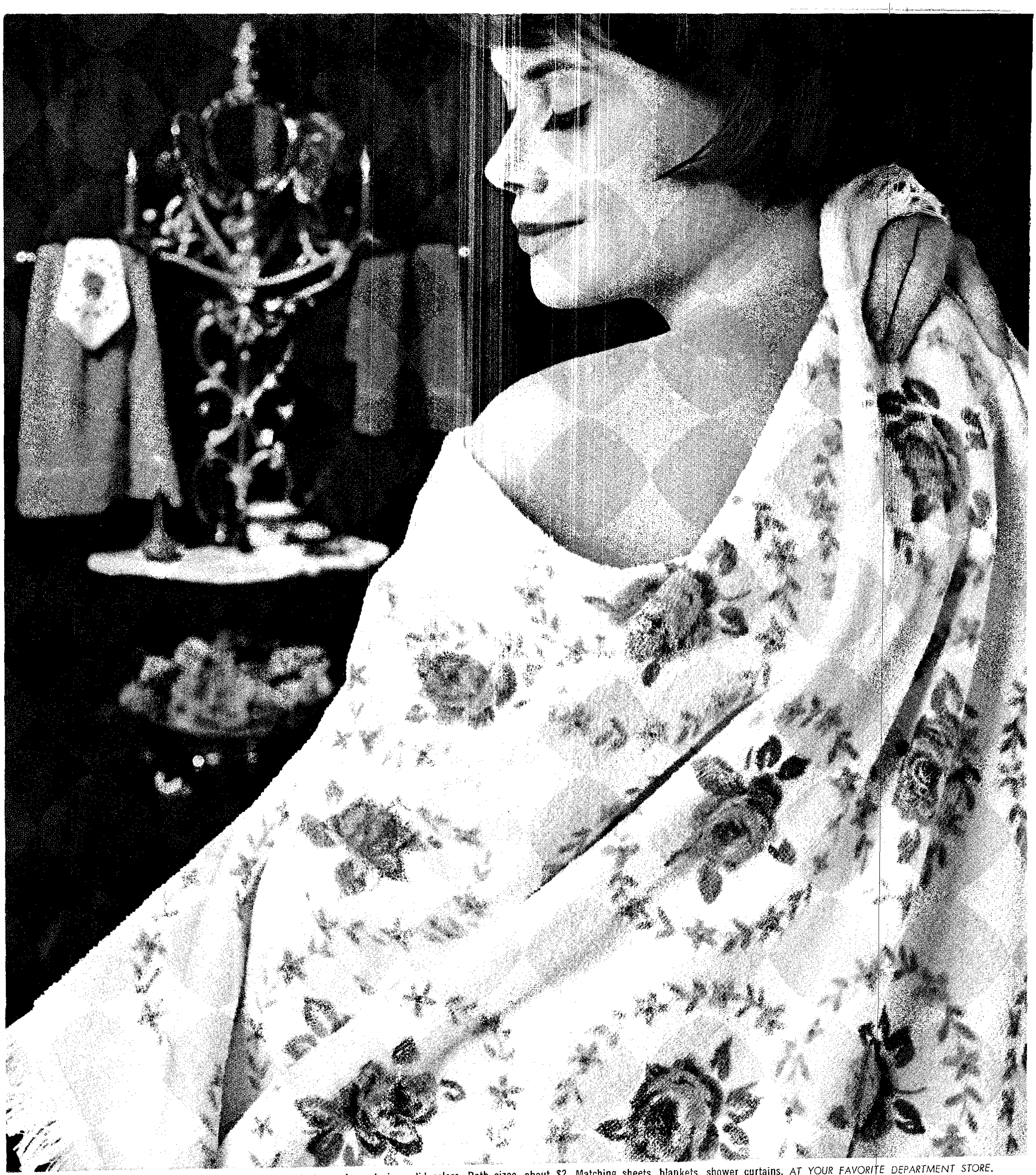

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just beyond. Potato Frills, he knew, could not be far.

Why did the gypsies come into a store like this one, anyway? Weren't there small, dim, neighborhood groceries that specialized in cheap cuts of meat and soup greens and that sort of thing? Places with pickle barrels and sawdust on the floor? Not any more, he guessed. They'd probably all been put out of business, and now even the poorest people had to come to huge, bright stores where the walls were pink-and-blue pastel, and where tangos played in the background. But how did these people dare to roam around without jobs or homes or schools, in the first place? How could they do it?

"Mr. Cowell."

Stu looked over his shoulder and saw Mrs. Price.

"Oh, Mr. Cowell," she said. "Your wife left this behind on the shelf." She handed him Maggie's large red leather purse. It had a gold clasp and a long red strap. "You have to be careful," said Mrs. Price, "especially with *them* around. They take anything, you know."

Stu nodded. "I know," he said. "Thanks, Mrs. Price."

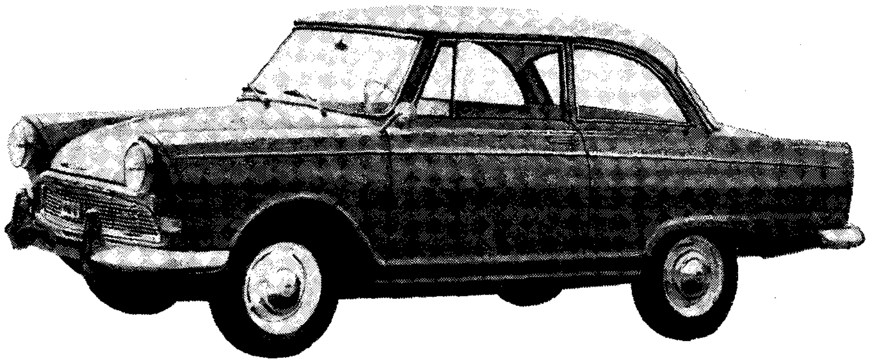
"Welcome," she said, and walked away, her apron flapping.

Stu looked at the purse he was now holding in his hands, and glanced around for Maggie. She was nowhere in sight. Feeling ridiculous, he put the purse under his arm like a football. The strap hung down, slapping lightly against him, as he continued searching for the Potato Frills.

He found them almost immediately, took a box, and turned around to hunt for the Joy and Lestoil in another aisle. As he turned the corner, he came face to face with one of the gypsies. She stood in front of him, her feet apart, a fierce, shrunken old woman with a sallow face and dull earrings under her black hair. In her scrawny hand she clutched a cellophane-wrapped package of meat. She examined him swiftly.

He stood still, unable to move, as her dark eyes flicked over him—first to the red purse under one arm, then across his yellow tennis shirt, with its small alligator emblem, to the box of Potato Frills under the other arm. She examined his white shorts—they had a thin blue stripe down the side—and then stared at his bare knees, his white socks, and his sneakers. Her eyes rose to his face, and Stu looked quickly away. For a moment, neither of them moved. Then she suddenly darted past him and was gone.

Stu found Maggie and her shopping cart by the Health & Beauty Aids. "You



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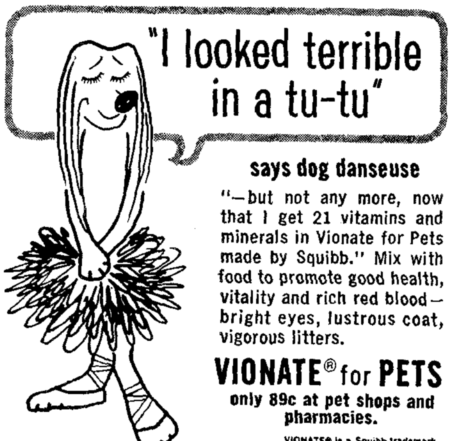

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left your damn purse," he said, thrusting it at her.

"I did?" she said. "Oh, so I did." She took the purse. "Couldn't you find the things?"

"Just the Potato Frills," he said. "Let's round up Sally and go."

"What about the other things?"

"Oh, forget 'em," said Stu. "Let's just get out of here."

"Goodness," said Maggie, "aren't *we* in a hurry today."

—James Stevenson

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

Mr. Manuel (Central Ayrshire, Lab.).—I had occasion a short time ago to go down on behalf of constituency business to the interview rooms. I found it difficult to get in there at all because of sleeping Tories. Every couch is occupied by Government supporters . . . .

The Deputy Chairman, Sir William Anstruther-Gray.—That is not a point of order.

Mr. Harold Wilson (Huyton, Lab.).—On November 17, 1955, when a member of the Opposition was prevented from having a normal meeting with one of his constituents the Chair ordered the Serjeant at Arms to make inquiries and to report back and was willing to accept a motion to report progress in order that the Serjeant's report might be considered.

Sir W. Anstruther-Gray.—The larger the numbers of the public watching our debate the more important I conceive it that the debate should be properly conducted. (Ministerial cheers.)

Mr. Wilson quoted Erskine May on the responsibilities of the Serjeant at Arms.

Sir W. Anstruther-Gray.—I think I am sufficiently seized of the point to give a ruling. The Serjeant will already have heard and taken note of what has been said. I am prepared to go further and request him to investigate the complaint and to inform the occupant of the Chair in due course. (Opposition cheers.)

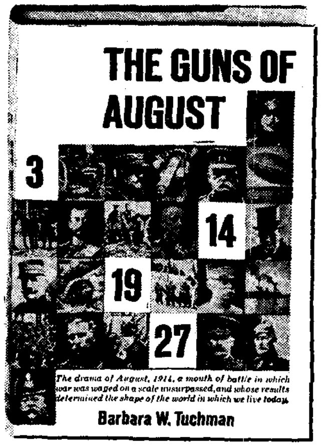
With Their Boots On

Mr. Manuel said later.—Undoubtedly the whole of the couches outside the interview room were occupied with sleeping persons belonging to the Government, some equipped with blankets and pillows and with their boots on. (Laughter.)

Wing-Cmdr. Grant-Ferris (Nantwhich, C.) said he had carried out an inspection and found there were more members of the Opposition cluttering up the place than Government supporters.

Sir W. Anstruther-Gray announced at 1.3 a.m.—I have received this report from the Deputy Serjeant. There are four empty interview rooms; there are four interview rooms occupied by members who are working and there are two interview rooms occupied by members who are sleeping. There are six empty cubicles; there are eight cubicles occupied by members working and two cubicles occupied by members who are sleeping. In view of that information I feel that the rights of members on both sides are in safe keeping and we can proceed with our work. (Cheers.)

The House was still sitting when we went to press.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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MARIA LIGHT, by Lester Goran (Houghton Mifflin). The difficult widowhood of Maria Light has lasted six years at the time the story opens. Maria was married at nineteen to the man of her dreams, and enjoyed twelve years of unusual happiness before his death. By thirty-eight, she has had the six empty years—and, in addition, a year of legal thralldom to one of the greatest neurotics of all time—and now she is desperate for the affection of some nice, ordinary, good-tempered man. Mr. Goran is a very good writer, but his story loses force as it progresses, because of a lack of real force in the character of Maria. She is extremely human in her eagerness for life, but she is without pride and without very much intelligence, and there are times when she comes pathetically close to being just another lonely woman whose courage does not save her from making a nuisance of herself. The time of the telling is 1943.

THE PLEASURE SEEKER, by José Luis de Vilallonga, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Simon & Schuster). The pleasure seeker is a rich, handsome middle-aged writer who is irresistible to women. His name is Mario, and he is blasé. He is bored with Paris, where he lives, and bored with champagne, which he drinks all night every night, and bored with tiresome, beautiful women, who always want to embrace him and make a fuss over him. In the garden of love, Mario is a lemon. Mr. de Vilallonga writes tersely and, considering his subject, sounds foolish. The time is the present.

NOTE: "The Saucer of Larks," a collection of short stories by Brian Friel, has been published by Doubleday. Many of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

ONE MAN'S FREEDOM, by Edward Bennett Williams, with an introduction by Eugene V. Rostow (Atheneum). Mr. Williams is a well-known trial lawyer, whose clients have included an obscure former O.S.S. lieutenant accused of lying about having murdered his superior officer, an even obscurer Russian diplomat accused of espionage, and a number of prominent, debatable personages, like Joseph McCarthy, James Hoffa, and Adam Clayton Powell. There is, he explains, a reason for this: He believes (without false modesty) that every man is entitled to the best possible defense within our excellent legal system. He isn't bragging about his courtroom victories; this is a first-rate exposition, both reasoned and impassioned, of how American liberty rests on American law. Mr. Williams, not surprisingly, is a topflight advocate; he knows how to make a worthy argument not just convincing but lively.

THE TIGER OF CH'IN, by Leonard Cottrell (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A short, galloping history of China from its prehistoric origins to the third century B.C. This is the period that embraces Confucius, the Emperor Shih Huang Ti of Ch'in (who created a nation from a dozen feudal states, gave it the name of his native place, and conceived and built the Great Wall), and the warrior Liu Pang (who founded the durable Han Dynasty), and it is to these leading figures that Mr. Cottrell primarily devotes himself. His book is not entirely his own. He draws heavily on the translations of Arthur Waley, on Fung Yu-lan's "A History of Chinese Philosophy," on Derk Bodde's "China's First Unifier," on Tsui Chi's "A Short History of Chinese Civilization," and many other authoritative texts. Indeed, the liberality with which he quotes gives his book something of the look of an anthology. The result, however, justifies the method. It has produced a most instructive diversion. Photographs.

PORTRAIT OF MANET BY HIMSELF AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES, edited by Pierre Courthion and Pierre Cailler, and translated from the French by Michael Ross (Roy). A collage of documents, neatly snipped and thoughtfully arranged as a portrait of a man who was a good painter, an attractive person, and the target of some exceptionally stupid criticism. Manet's innovations—his choice of contemporary subjects and his use of bright colors—appalled most of the taste-makers of his time. To justify

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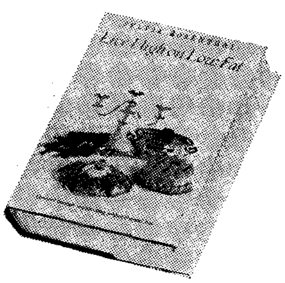

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their dislike of his work, they invented a wild, ill-trained, bohemian Manet and cruelly belabored him in the press. They wounded Manet, who actually was a modest-mannered man with a modest private income and no ambition to upset anybody's aesthetic applecart. Most of Manet's friends and admirers—this book is largely made up of their testimony, although the editors have included a few examples of the brutal comment itself—also had their troubles with critics, and they, too, were artists whom we now accept without a qualm: Baudelaire, Zola, Mallarmé, Monet. They saw what Manet was doing and tried to buck him up. Baudelaire once wrote that all artists naturally became critics, and this valuable little book suggests why: It so often takes an artist to know an artist.

SPEAKING THE LANGUAGE LIKE A NATIVE, by Aubrey Menen (McGraw-Hill). Thirteen essays on Italy, where the author—an Indian, a graduate of University College in London, and a Catholic convert—now makes his home. Mr. Menen is a bubbling, high-spirited writer, and he is entertainingly informative about the nuances of spoken Italian, the mushroom prosperity of Milan, the Italian's down-to-earth acceptance of great art, the *pappagallo* (or professional ladies' man), and the out-of-the-way attractions of his adopted country. But when he approaches Rome and the Vatican and his adopted religion, a curious change comes over him. He tenses, his humor fades, and he emerges as an earnest defender of the faith.

•

TACHIKAWA AB, JAPAN—Col. Lester J. Maitland (USAF Ret.), famous in Air Force history for being one of the two fliers to make the first transatlantic flight over any part of the Pacific Ocean, was a visitor recently at the 1503d Air Transport Wg.'s MATS Terminal here.—*Air Force Times*.

He may be famous, but he *sounds* shifty.

•

CORRECTION

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Spencer, 769 Clark St., entertained at a garden party Sunday afternoon at their home. It was erroneously stated in Thursday's issue of The Tribune that the group played cards following dinner. The group did not play cards any time during the afternoon or evening, a spokesman said.—*Meadville (Pa.) Tribune*.

Russian roulette, maybe?

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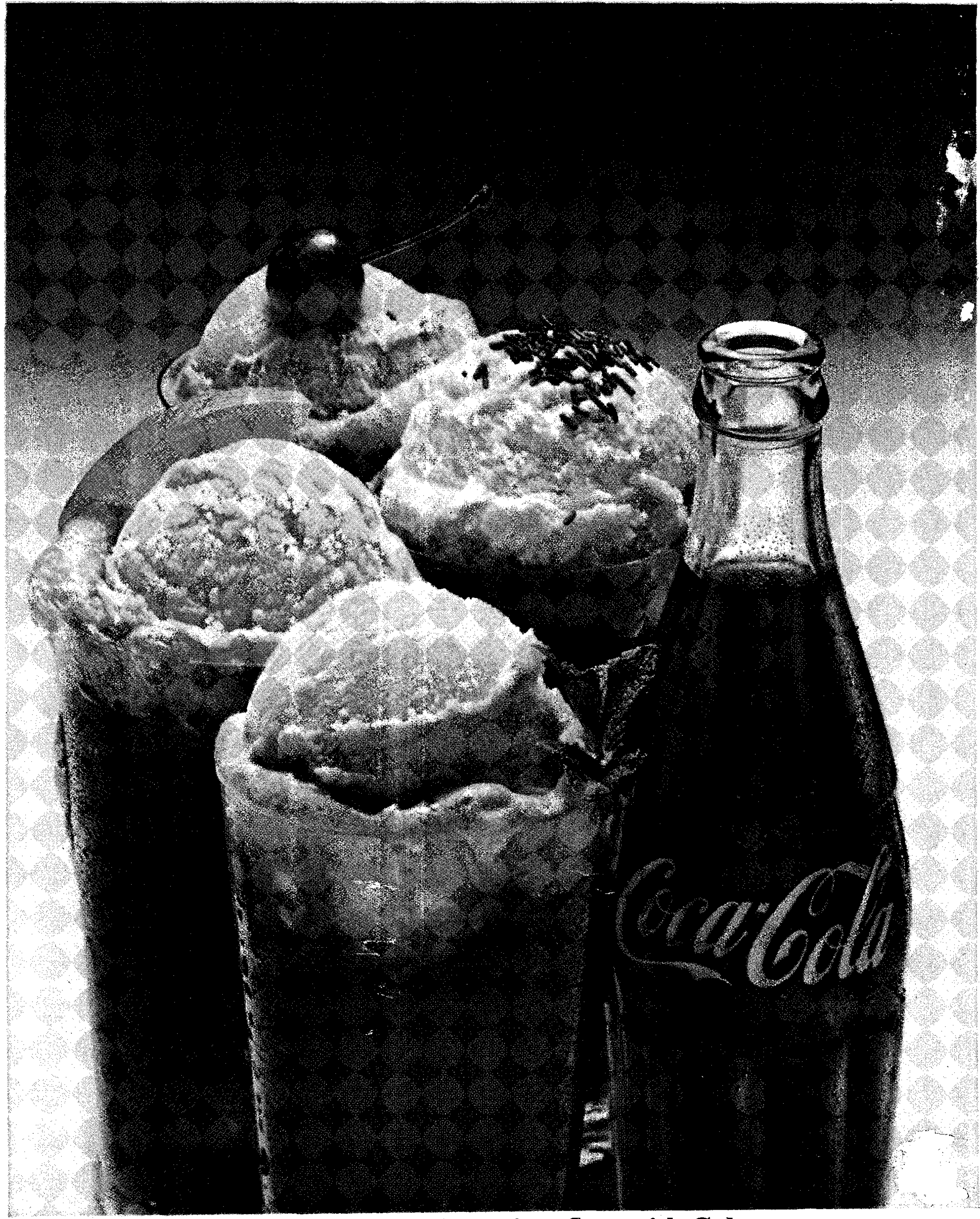

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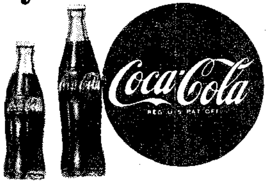

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